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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the cheerful warmth of the first fires of autumn there is a temptation to draw our chairs together and relate reminiscences of the summer holiday. Now I am going to tell the readers of the National Magazine, as briefly as possible, some of the things I saw during my holiday.

Do not be alarmed—I did not keep a diary—so we we will have to skim along the high lights of memory. On the good ship New England, of the Dominion Line, we sailed from Boston. There were waving and cheers, smiles and tears as the great vessel backed out and moved gently down the harbor—with the snort-

NEWSBOYS ESCORTING THE PRESIDENT AT MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT, DURING HIS NEW ENGLAND TOUR

Photograph by Helen Arthur



ing little tug boats barking at us. The last line of shore faded away as we retired to the stateroom,—a snug, comfortable, airy home for the "week out of the world." There were flowers, books, cigars—remembrances of the dear ones at home. Well, we couldn't help it—there were moistened eyes as the farewell notes were read. How we all like to be remembered! I started for the saloon with the heroic purpose of writing each one a long reply and a sparkling letter to the National—a sort of philosophy of life written in a "week out of the world." Now the good ship New England—bless her!—is true to the traditions of her

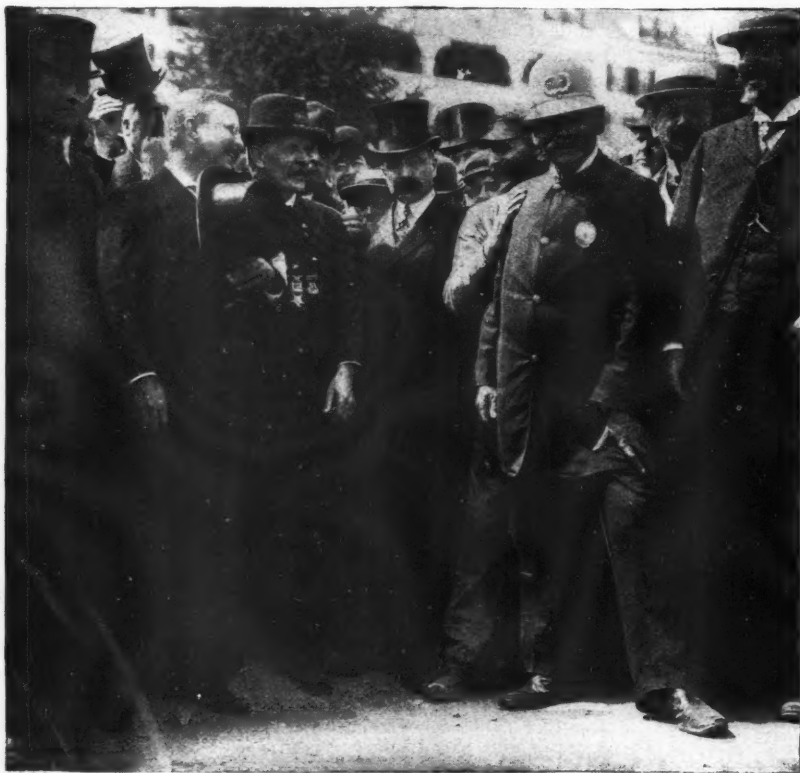
name, the pink of neatness and comfort, so that any passenger who has ever been with Captain James feels that the ship is his own personal property—his yacht, as it were—after he has learned the difference between eight bells and the dinner bugle. On the wide swelling seas my determination grew fainter. There was a jiggering inside that I couldn't harmonize with pen pulsations.

"Poor fellow—he's gone. See how pale," said the Considerate Man, who had crossed forty-seven times.

Then came the Intelligent Man, looking for an Intelligent Lady to read and discuss deep—very deep—sea books on

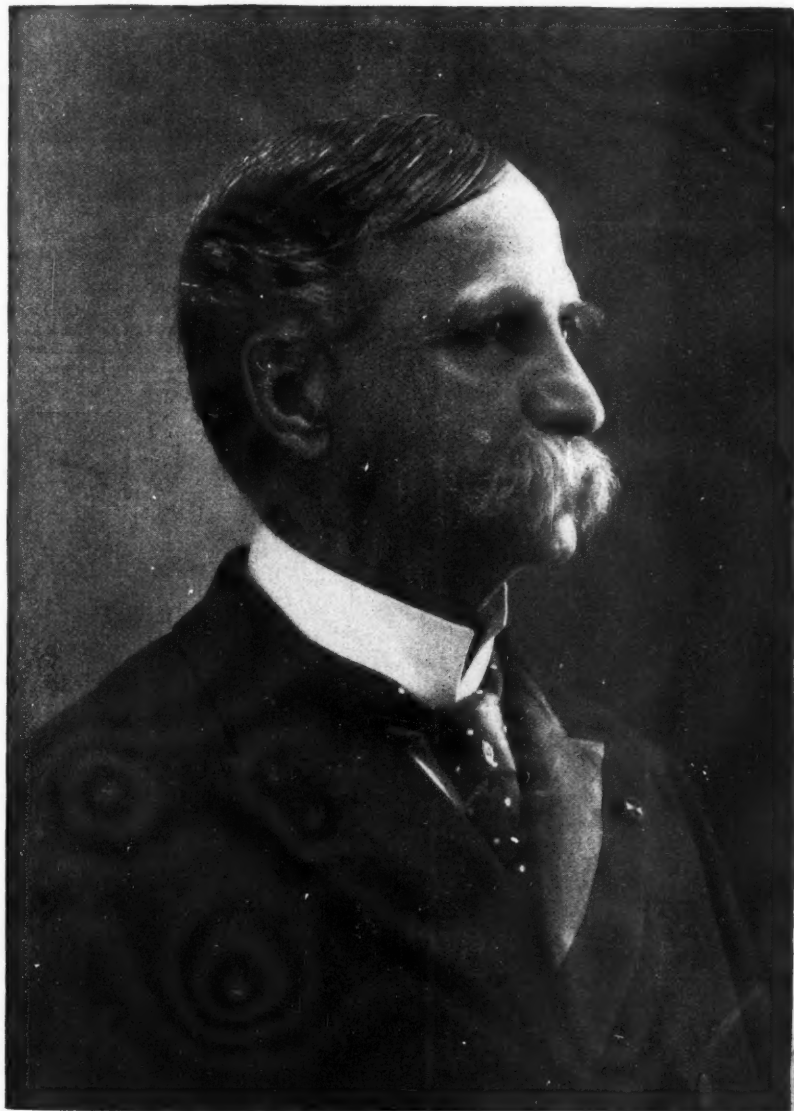
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT REVIEWING THE VETERANS AT THE WEIRS, NEW HAMPSHIRE, DURING HIS NEW ENGLAND TOUR

Photograph by R. L. Durn



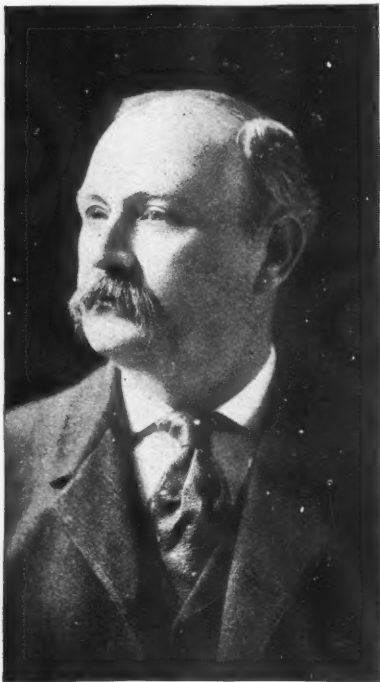
CARROLL DAVIDSON WRIGHT, UNITED STATES LABOR COMMISSIONER, AND PRESIDENT OF CLARK UNIVERSITY

Mr. Wright, always a foremost authority on economic themes, and never permitted long to remain out of the public eye, has recently been a prominent figure in the discussion of the coal strike. He investigated the strike for the President, and his report was generally interpreted to favor the contentions of the miners, though since then Mr. Wright has said that he did not believe that compulsory arbitration would remedy matters. Mr. Wright is the son of a New Hampshire clergyman, received an academic education and has been a voluminous contributor to the discussion of economics in America.



CONGRESSMAN HENRY DE LAMAR CLAYTON OF ALABAMA

Now serving his third term in the lower house of congress. A native of Alabama. A lawyer by profession. Active in the politics of his district and state since early manhood. Has been legislator, United States district attorney, presidential elector, and is now one of the influential southern members of congress.



philosophy. He said in the real Boston way:

"How unfortunate that one has to endure the disagreeable consequences of *mal de mer*."

Then I passed to the upper deck and sought a steamer chair in a secluded nook and was lulled by the swishing waves, for the study of "all phases of human character on shipboard" no longer interested me. A whale spouted. How I envied him, and I wondered if Jonah ever felt as badly on his famous

voyage as I did. The fog horn awakened me on the Newfoundland banks.

Every one was so kind.

"How are you feeling?"

"Too bad to come so—"

Then the kindly fog horn broke in every seventy seconds interrupting the stream of condolences.

I suppose there have been some things written on sea sickness before; but to feel it—there's the real eloquence of it all!

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CONGRESSMAN HENRY SHERMAN BOUTELL OF ILLINOIS

Born in Boston, the center of the universe, in 1856; removed to Chicago, the future metropolis of the world, in 1863. Graduated from Northwestern University, Evanston, 1874; given Harvard's degree of A.M. (constitutional history and international law) in 1877. Admitted to the bar, elected to the legislature and was one of the "103" who elected General Logan to the United States senate. Now serving his third term in congress.



Hasten on—the hours, days and nights glided into each other. After a day the Boston frost wore off and a finer lot of people never paced a deck for exercise. The first duels of acquaintanceship were over and the golf caps were donned; the squatters' rights to nooks and corners on deck and in smoking room were declared. Family history was related in thirty minutes and the real Person began to assert itself in primeval simplicity. Business men forgot all the brutalities of trade in shuffle board and whist and a game which I believe was called poker.

All went well until the concert impressario came abroad — then there were exciting times. The artist who ~~was~~ always sketching young ladies was disturbed. There was a call for Talent.

At first many who were asked to "sing a song, or dance, or tell a story," blushed modestly and then went quietly down to the saloon to show what they could do. Performing Billy, a beautiful white dog, was secured to give statuesque poses, and that started the ball rolling. The concert was a success and the talk of the

hour. You become better acquainted in one week at sea on the New England than with your next door neighbor in ten years.

All sections of the country and many nations of the earth were represented in that passenger list. All races and creeds, ages and sizes. The six boarding school misses made life on board ship a mazy whirl for the staid chaperones. Foggy nights were preferred to witching moon-

MRS. JOHN JAMES JENKINS OF WISCONSIN, THE WIFE OF THE CONGRESSMAN FROM THE TENTH WISCONSIN DISTRICT AND A POPULAR MEMBER OF WASHINGTON OFFICIAL SOCIETY



CONGRESSMAN MAECENAS E. BENION OF MISSOURI

A Tennessean by birth, educated in two west Tennessee academies and St. Louis University, graduated from the law department of Cumberland University in June, 1870, he immediately removed to Missouri, and has since made his home in Neosho. He has been a delegate to something like a score of democratic state conventions and chairman of three, and is said to be the original "offensive partisan" who was charged with "pernicious activity" in politics—while he was serving as United States district attorney. Now serving his third term in the house.



light. Those young doctors, lawyers and all the other professional men, with newly creased trousers and blue ribboned diplomas, were taking a post graduate course in "human nature and its varying phases at sea." The "man-who-looked-like-Senator-Hanna" was there, and it seemed as if every known celebrity had his double on board, even to Lord Dundreary.

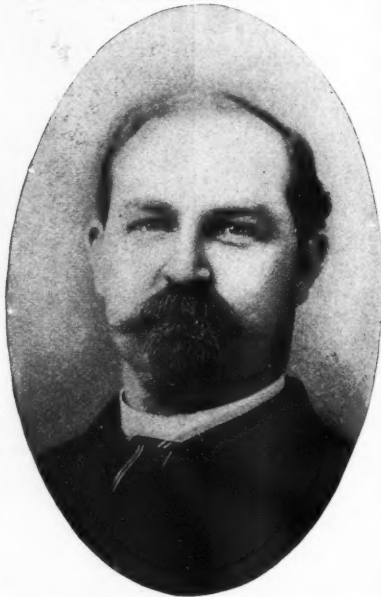
Those welcome rockets at Queenstown; a glimpse of the real Emerald Isle, with

a checkered coast of green and gold, ripe for harvest; the sail on the Welsh coast, where the stately white lighthouse towers loomed out of the purple haze. On this coast Captain James was born, a real, true Welshman,—and if you should call Jones or any other good Welsh name on a Dominion liner there would be a rush in response.

That last day was a kodak campaign. Everyone had finished that classic European guide book—Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad"—and the groups were snapped. Every nook and corner, with the "captain in it"; and the groups assumed that "kodak pose" which indi-

CONGRESSMAN HENRY D. ALLEN OF KENTUCKY

Henderson county in the race horse state is the scene of his nativity. He was reared on a farm and educated in the common schools, later at Morganfield Collegiate Institute, taught for five years and was admitted to the bar in 1878. Has been school commissioner, county attorney and twice elected congressman.



cated good sea legs. There is a buzz of expectant conversation. In the early dark the sparkling lights of Brighton are

sighted. The tower glistens a twinkling welcome. The good boat sidles up to the floating quay in the Mersey and the custom house man is upon us. England

land of the Druids. There may be a difference in degree, but the picture of emigrants landing in America came to mind, as we whisked past the double

*LADY WARWICK, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF ENGLAND
AND A CONSPICUOUS FIGURE AT THE CORONATION OF KING
EDWARD VII.*



—yes, but is it English that is spoken? The American ears are soon focused to a vernacular of question marks, and the passengers huddle together in a hotel as if loath to break loose in the strange

decked tramways, through William Brown and Mary Jones streets, past St. George's Place, to a hotel to spend the first night on English soil, and loath to leave Captain James and his ship, the New England.

Liverpool gave evidence of the "American invasion." The shoe store with the neat array of boxes and modern fixtures, and shoes enfolded in the stars and stripes. In the shop windows was an interesting sight. And yet the talk of the "American invasion" is greatly exaggerated. In Edinburgh one large department store on Princess street has a huge American flag unfurled in front, which attracts the attention of the tide of tourists with inquiries as to whether it is the American consulate. And it is

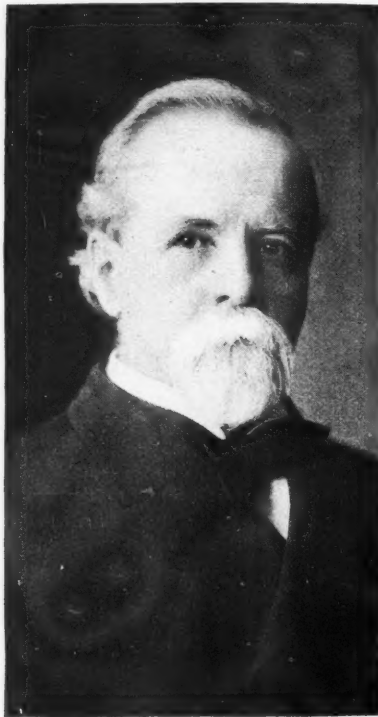
CONGRESSMAN ROBERT G. COUSINS OF IOWA

The brilliant orator of the Iowa delegation in the house. Young enough to be still full of red blood and ambition; cool enough to wait for promotion. Born in Cedar county, Iowa, and graduated at Cornell—Iowa's Cornell. Admitted to the bar in 1882, and a practitioner since then. Serving his fifth term in congress. Doesn't agree with the dominant element of his party in Iowa that there is need of tariff revision, but may see it later.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN FLETCHER LACEY OF IOWA

Like Senator Dolliver of Iowa, a native of what is now West Virginia, then a part of Virginia. Removed to Iowa at fourteen, educated in public schools, served through the Civil war, rising from the ranks to shoulder straps. Has held many minor political offices and is now serving his sixth term in the house. A lawyer and author of Lacey's Railway Digest and Lacey's Iowa Digest. One of the strongest members of a very strong delegation.



significant that the flag is only displayed when the fifty thousand American tourists are passing that way. The American trade alone is a consideration worth looking after by shrewd British shop keepers.



Railroads are great barometers of trade here as in America, and one of the first things that interested me was the little "toots." A time table of the "Cheshire Lines Committee" Railroad, with an

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN H. MITCHELL OF OREGON

Though his state is not so solidly republican as Iowa, say, the fall elections have no terrors for Mr. Mitchell: his term will not expire until 1907. He is a Pennsylvania born—and, by the way, he is one of six native Pennsylvanians in the senate. The others are Quay and Penrose, who represent the Keystone state; Burrows, of Michigan; Clark, of Montana, and Bard of California. Mr. Mitchell got his schooling in his native state, then practiced law in California, later driving stakes for a permanent home in Portland, Oregon, where he has resided since 1860.



emphatic headline—"Punctual Service to Manchester, forty minutes"—caught my eye. A chat with Mr. J. D. Meldrum, general manager of the "Cheshire Lines," revealed a system of short distance service not equalled in the world and gave me an interesting insight into the operation of English railroads. Mr. Meldrum is a large man with piercing black eyes and an iron gray beard, and has the appearance of a man who moves things. The Midland route to London is a part of the "Cheshire Lines System" and is without doubt the most picturesque line to the metropolis. Ramsden & Co., a

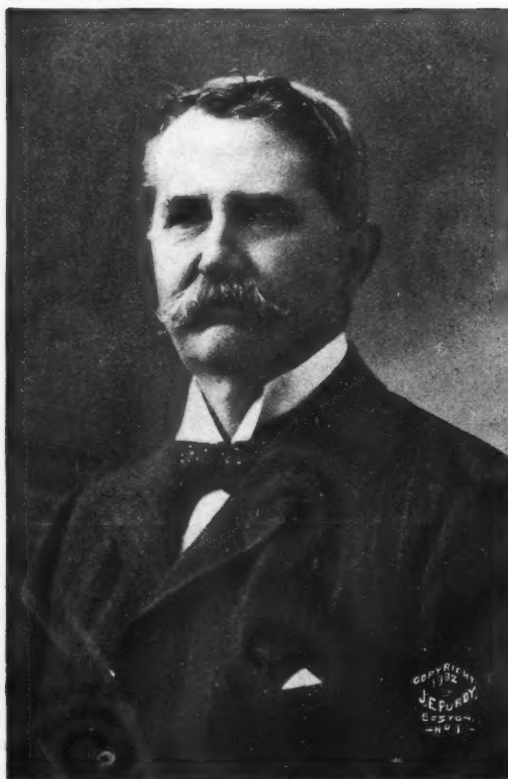
typical energetic English firm, represents the Boston & Maine Railroad here, and carries on an immense emigration business to all parts of the world. They have the American spirit of "go," and nothing in a business way appears to escape them.

The trip to Manchester "in forty minutes" was a pleasure. There was scarcely time to look over the handsome colored photographs and maps on the walls of each compartment. The clatter of closing doors before the train started sounded like a parting artillery salute. Whistling through the Cheshire country

in a soft falling rain, looking upon the beautiful landscape—I must confess it—I thought of "Cheshire cheese." After becoming accustomed to the "razor strops" with which the car windows are raised and lowered, I felt that I had mastered the first of the intricacies of European travel.

In London, at St. Pancras station, we dropped, bewildered pilgrims, in the early evening. With the top of an old, rickety four wheeler covered with trunks, steamer rugs and the omnipresent American dress suit case, ready for a coating of Continental hotel labels, (as evidence, you know) we drove directly to Carleton Terrace, the home of Ambassador Choate. It was the night before the coronation, but there was little evidence in the streets of London of the morrow's great events. A few straggling decorations, but none of the effervescent enthusiasm of an American city on the eve of any event

HENRY WHITE, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY AT LONDON, AND ONE OF THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED DIPLOMATS IN THE SERVICE OF THIS GOVERNMENT



of national importance. I found that Ambassador Choate was not at home, and was about to turn back to the four wheeler when I met him on his return from a walk. There was a twinkle and quizzical look in his eyes as he read my letters and glanced at the pretentious

hall. Mr. White was out—and there was nothing to do but wait until morning. As soon as I could push through the lines on coronation morning, I was at Whitehall, but the stream of carriages wheeling down toward the Abbey through the Canadian arch, over the pavements

MRS. HENRY WHITE, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY AT LONDON



array of baggage on the four wheeler. It looked like a realistic arrival of "Our American Cousin."

"You are rather late to get into the Abbey tomorrow, but go to Mr. White at Whitehall, who I think will have the tickets for you."

The four wheeler rolled toward White-

sprinkled with yellow sand, had already begun to flow. It was a question of early bird, from those of high degree down to the curb spectators. Mr. White had left, giving me up. Then came Colonel Robinson, secretary of the National Club at Whitehall, to my rescue, and won the life long gratitude of the American

stranger in London. He gallantly provided the best seat for the patient lady of

our party, so I could push up toward the Abbey without my fully accredited credentials.

CONGRESSMAN FRANK WHEELER MONDELL OF
WYOMING

Mr. Wheeler is the entire congressional delegation from his state, and it is doubtful if the delegation of any other state has a higher average of energy and ability than Wyoming's. A native of Missouri and of St. Louis into the bargain, Mr. Mondell spent his boyhood in Iowa. He was an orphan from his sixth year. After the Iowa schools and a private tutor had done what they could for him, business enterprises led him west. He settled in Wyoming in 1887, developed coal and oil properties, entered politics and held several positions of honor in the state. As assistant commissioner of the general land office, he got a full knowledge of the West that made him later a strong advocate of national irrigation. Mr. Mondell is serving his third term in the house.



"I am afraid you will not succeed, but no harm in trying; come back if the 'bobbies' stop you," he said. There were five or six lines of policemen to pass before reaching Parliament Square and nothing was recognized but a commissioner's pass. Too late for that, as Sir Edward Bradford, the one-armed veteran in charge, was already on his horse looking after the procession. I had a note from President Roosevelt—it was simply a question of proving that I was really myself.

"H'it's a bloody Yank—just h'arrived with a letter from Teddy. Come to see h'our Teddy, did you?" That was my cue, and I used more eloquence in the next few seconds than I will ever again be able to compress into that space.

There was a consultation between the helmeted bobbies with strings under their chins. Over their shoulders, one of them gave me a knowing look to move on. I moved.

Then there was another line of blue coats. The letter was examined.

"'Ow did you get 'ere?"

I pointed as eloquently as possible to the signature of Theodore Roosevelt.

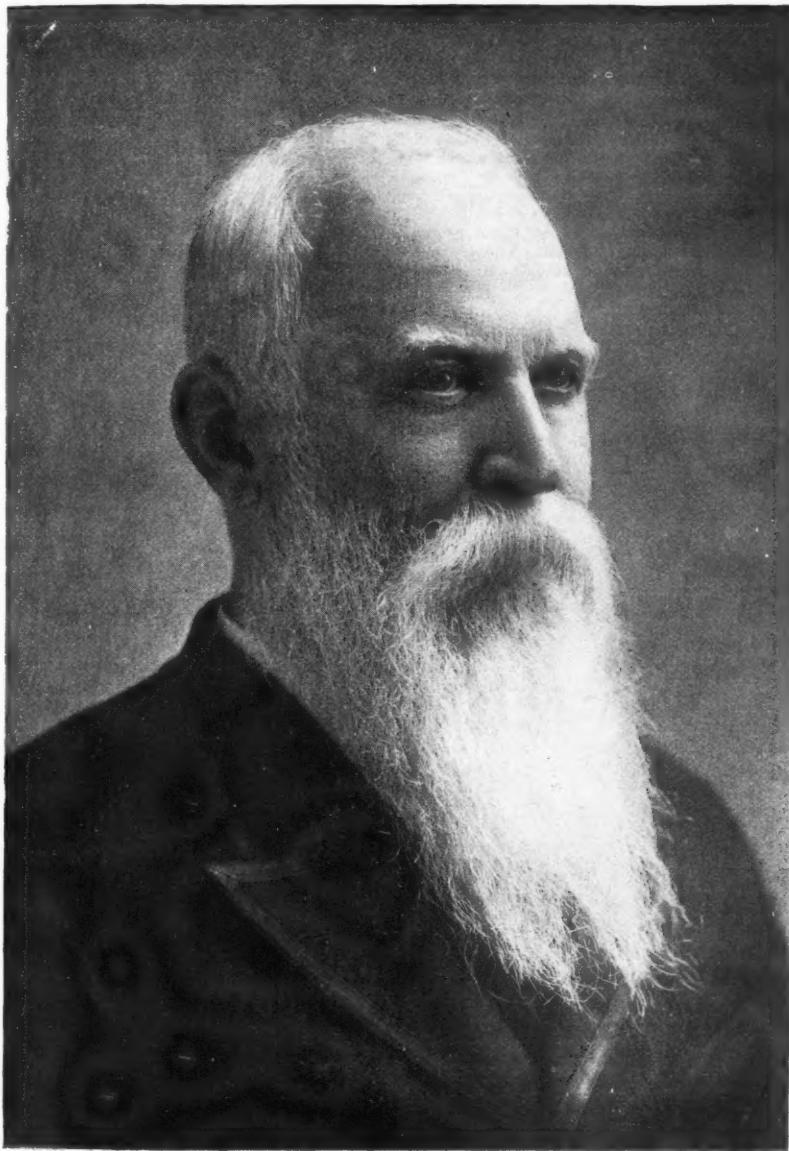
"H'it's against h'orders without a pass, but that's the greatest man on earth next to King H'edward. H'i—"

I had moved again, not waiting for him to finish, but he gave me a parting wave of the hand. Sauntering toward the covered walk, glowing with a red carpet between the houses of parliament and the Abbey, in the open square I was accosted: "Your pass!"

The letter was produced. "That don't go 'ere. You must get out of 'ere," and he marched me toward the fire engines beside the Abbey on the other side of the walk. This, I thought, was the end until I could try another tack, for the hose looked forbidding.

UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM MORRIS STEWART OF NEVADA

Mr. Stewart is one of the seven senators who are natives of New York. The others are Platt and Depew, who represent the Empire state; Teller, of Colorado; Mason, of Illinois; Gamble, of North Dakota, and Clark, of Wyoming. Mr. Stewart got his early education in Ohio, attended Yale until 1849, when he joined the gold rush to California. It should be said right here that he earned his own academic and legal education. He rose to be attorney general of California in 1854; in 1860 he removed to Virginia City, Nevada, where he has since resided. He passed the various grades of political service and entered the senate in 1864. He served two terms, then practiced law until 1887, when he was elected to succeed the late James G. Fair. He was re-elected in 1893 and 1899. His term will expire in 1905.



"You're one of those H'american newspaper chaps. Well, just keep out of sight till I find Baird."

Visions of the tower came to me. All the horrors of English history swept

over their arms, jauntily carrying their coronets in their hands, I was trying to find a face known in America. Some had the air of the Waldorf corridor strutter, smoking cigarettes and affecting an indifferent unconsciousness of the throng that was gazing upon them. Looking straight ahead over the crowd and chatting among themselves, they seemed oblivious of the presence of the human beings standing by. The members of the House of Commons wore black court dress — knee breeches and cutaway coats. Each one carried a clanking sword at his side with the same grace that a civilian aide on a governor's staff handles himself in the meshes of official gold braid. Strange to say, the only face that I recognized in the passing throng was that of Sir Henry Irving. He was peering about in an anxious manner to find the right way into the Abbey. Perchance it was the R. U. E. in the production of one of his Shakespearean plays he was thinking of, for he maintained the Irving walk and the mannerisms so characteristic of the man.

The policeman was returning with Chief Baird. I held my breath and glanced furtively at the fire hose. One glance sufficed. I read the twinkle in his eye. The brusque bobby had proven a friend at court. The letter was produced again and the honor and respect shown our own President Roosevelt made me feel like hurrahing. It was evident that Superintendent Baird, Chief of Division A, was a friend. Passing through the lines of red coated soldiers with bear skin hats, the same uniform pictured in our school history of the revolution, we finally

ARCHBISHOP JOHN MURPHY FARLEY, RECENTLY APPOINTED SUCCESSOR OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN IN NEW YORK

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate

A native of County Armagh, born in 1842. Educated at St. Marcartan's college, Monaghan; St. John's college, Fordham; St. Joseph's seminary, Troy, New York, and the American college in Rome. Ordained a priest in Rome in 1870. Since then he has been secretary to Archbishop McCloskey, private chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII., with title of Monseigneur; vicar general of the archdiocese of New York; prothonotary apostolic, auxiliary bishop of New York, titular bishop of Zeugma. His writings include a *Life of Cardinal McCloskey*.



before me; but precious hours were passing.

As I stood beside the covered way leading from the houses of parliament to Westminster Abbey, watching the peers and peeresses sweep by, holding up their great red robes, trimmed with ermine,

found a position near the very entrance to the Abbey. An it was there, among the gorgeously arrayed "beef eaters" from the Tower, that I saw the procession.

As the great pageant moved by, the throngs seemed to feel it was all their own. The nobility in carriages simply represented them and their ideal of national life. It seemed to me the satisfaction of a craving for display that is found with us in the American circus and industrial parades; and the reflection of all this is seen in the American civic organizations, where plumed magnificence and display of gold lace and purple will assert itself. Even labor organizations develop the same idea in their parades, where gaudy buttons and sashes are the insignia of authority. In England the Royal Display Department is a fixed tradition. In America it changes and shifts with financial and political fortunes.

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The carriages containing Prince Henry, Prince George of Greece and others stopped for some time in front of us. There was an air of patient resignation on Prince Henry's face, as he met the eyes of the curious crowds on the curb. A yawn now and then by way of punctuation—a tired look. He focused his blue eyes on me with a peculiar interest after he heard my nasal American twang. Perhaps it brought to mind his recent visit to America. I gave his gaze a fixed response and with a swing of my hat to Chief Baird, I shouted "America," and Prince Henry smiled in a hearty German way.

The royal carriages were greeted with "God Save the King" as they passed, and off went the hats of the crowds every time the band played. The Prince of Wales, a dignified little man with yellow beard, and the Princess were favorites. Tall and erect, Lord Kitchener, on a small horse and escorted by two com-

panions, was given the most hearty greeting of any one in line, as the man who had saved South Africa. Lord Roberts, a little man on a big horse, rode alone, but it was plain to see the latest hero of South Africa was the first favorite. The carriage containing the daughters of the king were the cynosure of all eyes. Their clear cut patrician faces had something of the melancholy soberness of the queen. Lady Alexander Duff, eight-year-old grand-daughter of the king, with fluffy hair, thrilled the hearts of parents. It all seemed like a great stage scene. The procession was arranged to work up to a grand climax. The royal coach was preceded by the life guards, bargemen and heralds, and was drawn by the famous cream colored horses ridden by purple garbed men in jockey caps.

Yes, there was the king and the golden coach of state. A large, heavy man with whitened beard, bowing slightly, as if swaying in sympathetic movement with the coach. His large, full blue eyes were stolid; he turned slightly, but his nods and bows were enough. The cheers and hurrahs were heartfelt—I felt my hat going off and I cheered with the rest. That pleased Baird. The band played and the people sang *God Save the King*, but the only words I knew to that tune were *My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty*, and these words I sang. The scene brought to mind the times I had often seen McKinley riding out and bowing to the people. His bow was princely, graceful; it went directly out to the people. King Edward seemed like some Americans recently elected to office, who are ruggedly honest and earnest, but lack the unstudied grace of McKinley; and yet that man and what he represented was as dear as life itself to the phlegmatic Englishmen.

At the king's right sat the stately and beautiful queen, white as marble and in her blue eyes a sadness and soberness that was touching. Her finely chiseled

features were of patrician cast. The coronation would not have seemed a coronation without Queen Alexandra; in her high cut dress and general simplicity of attire there was a suggestion of a modern Priscilla. What more can a woman be than queenly? And what more can a queen be than womanly?—to adapt a mother's phrase. As the royal couple stepped from the carriage there was a hush, and then began the procession of state entering the old Abbey, where all the kings since William the Conqueror have been crowned. What a flood of history that moment recalled—the young Victoria, stately Queen Bess, good Queen Anne. I confess it—my mind all ran to queens, and there were the same styles of doublet and hose and buskins, the same head gear and insignia generally, that were used when the earlier rulers were crowned. The past centuries were linked to that moment in the ceremonies of the day.

After they had passed into the Jerusalem chamber (a large temporary vestibule built in the front of the Abbey of World's Fair staff, and made to look aged) we passed around to the north transept. I noticed one of the outside pillars of the Abbey had been cleaned—one, that was all—and its very whiteness was offensively out of harmony. We stood by the gallery of the peeresses in one wing. Opposite were the peers; overhead the members of the House of Commons. At first I could get no idea of location, despite the maps. The altar at the back glittered in the somber light. At the right, diagonally across, was the royal box. Above were the king's friends, and on the opposite side were the queen's friends. What a scene to look upon! Diamonds and jewels flashing in the soft light. It all seemed like a dream of history; the spell was on me until one of the knickerbockered ushers bade us move back.

The music seemed to speak a language that no human voice could utter, to portray the spirit of the hour. There was no time to study details. All eyes were fixed on the royal pair as they took their places on the blue footstools. I could not see it all. The backs of the coronation chairs in front of the altar were toward me. A few feet in the rear was the raised platform or dais, upon which were the special coronation chairs, side by side, the king's chair being some inches higher than that of the queen. Far up to the roof were seats in every nook and corner; six thousand people were crowded into that small space. The emblems of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick were emblazoned upon the royal box. It took me more time to realize that, after all, it was human. When I saw the two little princes fidget and grow restless and curious, as a large program book was accidentally dropped from the royal box, there was a flash of common human interest in the scene.

Of the two things that impressed me most, one was the crowning of the queen, the American Duchess of Marlborough holding one corner of the canopy. This seemed appropriate—the crowning of a woman. Her stately grace made a picture long to be remembered, not by reason of the regal occasion, but because it symbolized to me the coronation of twentieth century motherhood, full orb'd, beautiful womanhood, and the homage that manhood owes to her. The other incident was when the Prince of Wales greeted his father and kissed him. There was a touch of filial affection in this, that for me transcended all the bewildering, gorgeous pageant; it symbolized the beauty of domestic affection.

For the moment, the home superseded the throne. When the peers approached to pay homage they touched the crown and kissed the king, and this suggested ties of brotherhood. I had entered the

Abbey filled with awe and reverence for the traditions and memories it possessed, and rather glad that we have no coronations in America; but I came out with broader ideals of the tributes due to motherhood, womanhood, fatherhood,

stopped. We rushed outside to see the procession. Many of the peers and peeresses went out, hoping to catch a glimpse of the royal procession returning. There were some moments of suspense outside, over the delay in the Abbey, but

MAYOR TOM LOFTIN JOHNSON OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

Tom Johnson is here shown in his automobile, in which he is touring the state of Ohio urging the election of democratic legislators. The great issue before the next Ohio legislature is on home rule for the cities. Johnson leads the democratic forces, having routed John A. McLean in the latest state convention. Senator Hanna leads the fight for the republicans. It is a battle of the giants. If Johnson wins he may be the democratic nominee for president in 1904. Bryan favors him. But he will have to make new records if he beats Senator Hanna before the people of Ohio.

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate



sonship and brotherhood. These are the ideals that were presented to me, and the royalties were simply the actors.

The burst of light from the central pillars, as the crown was being placed on the king's head, was impressive. The gypsy's warning had failed — King Edward was crowned sitting on the ancient scone (or stone) handed down, with all its Scottish traditions, from Edward the Confessor.

When the bells began to clang all together at 12:37, the clock in the Tower

the throngs were patient. They were waiting for the crowning of their king. The tired little princes were drooping heavily, elbows on their knees, sleepy and weary of it all. These little fellows, princes of royal blood,— what will their lives yield for the history of the future?

The king wore his crown on the return and nodded his greetings a little less frequently than on the way to the Abbey.

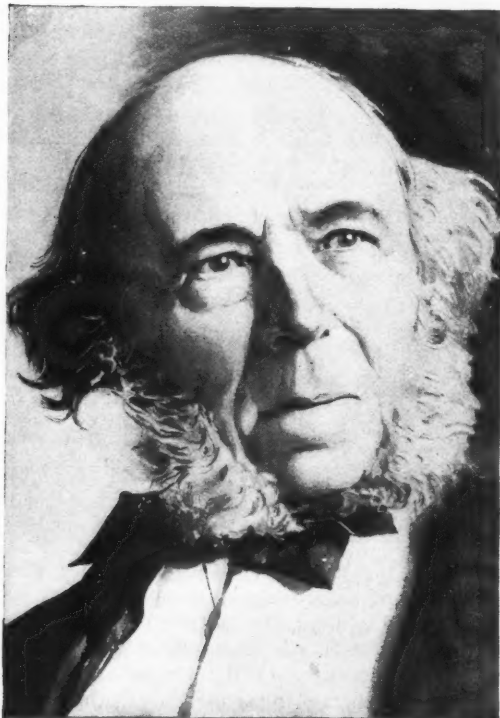
With all the glitter and richness of the scene the best of it all was to see back of it a grave, good hearted man who represented constitutional liberty more than

royal blood. The coronation seemed more like a great family gathering for the British people than a national holiday. There were few foreigners present and it was a day for the British people

with them in events commemorative of the fundamental liberties which we all enjoy. National patriotism centers in our recognized administrators. National patriotism on these occasions rises above

HERBERT SPENCER, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Spencer more than any other man has dominated scientific thought during the last quarter century. His "Synthetic Philosophy" is his monument. He is very old, ill and not very cheerful. He regards with sorrow the recent revival of imperialistic spirit in England and elsewhere and takes a gloomy view of the future of mankind. Very recently he published these views in what he declared to be his last book.



with "our king," and "our queen." As cousins, our relationship was not so close in the family as that of others, but the kindly feeling expressed toward Americans emphasized the ties of language, custom and blood that awake an American's cousinly impulse to rejoice

petty party strife and personal differences. Our president to us is not only a man but an idea, and we love, honor and cherish that idea with the same affection that England crowns her king and queen. Each involves the inalienable rights of citizenship.

From the sublime to the ridiculous: one of the funniest scenes I have ever witnessed was the nobility and officialdom waiting for the carriages to return home. There was the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain in front of me, a smallish man with one eye flashing through his monocle and the other glowering. The coachman and footman were evidently celebrating. All was confusion. For hours the justices in scarlet, peers and peeresses in ermine, waited for carriages. The powder had fallen in showers on the shoulders of the footmen. What was all so stiff and formal a few hours ago was now chaotic. It was like the last dance at the ball. Archbishops and dignitaries, duchesses and countesses

waited impatiently on the curb for the truant carriages. Chamberlain was emphatic; but he who could rule a colonial office with a rod of iron could not control a coachman on coronation day. He stamped and said something under his breath which I am glad I did

not hear. Peeresses swept down Victoria street, in their long robes and dainty skirts, hunting for carriages. The yellow sanded streets were no barrier. All was confusion, until it was difficult to tell "who was who" in the throng. One peer, in flowing robes, walked through the streets to his hotel, followed by a procession of mocking street urchins.

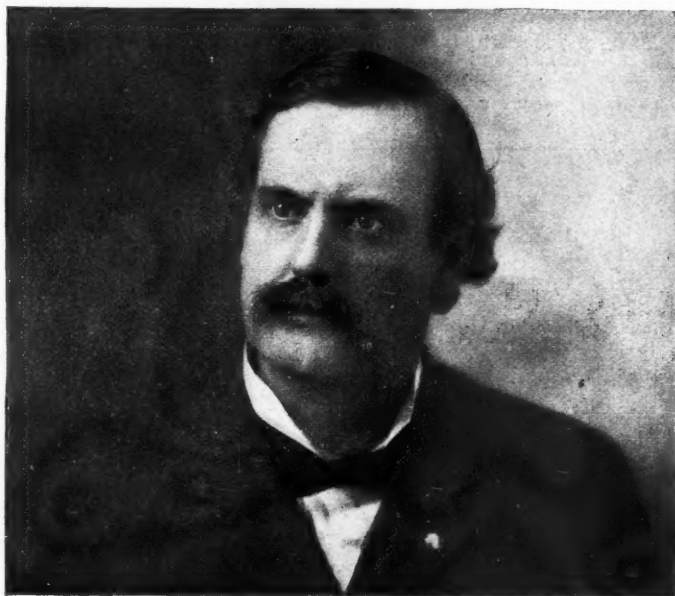
The strain was over. The street hawkers had begun in earnest. The great city of London had almost ceased its activities a few hours before, for the coronation; now it was all rush again. Near Trafalgar Square a young girl was lifted tenderly into an ambulance. She had died from exhaustion. The rumpled ribbons and dress told of a good country lass. The medallion, "God Bless Our

King and Queen," was on her breast; a crumpled souvenir was in her hand. Following was a weeping young lover, for whom coronation day will remain a sad memory. Lights and shadows, tears and cheers—the procession moved on. The gas and night lights for the illumination began to glimmer.

Jostled and pushed on by the throng. I passed up the Strand and in the brilliant glow surrounding was the statue of Queen Victoria, hand outstretched, as if to give her benediction to the event of the day. The crowd surged by, but I stood for one moment with bared head to pay tribute to one whose life had blessed the race and helped greatly to place the ideals of true womanhood where they never can be shaken.

BEN P. BIRDSALL OF CLARION, IOWA, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR SPEAKER HENDERSON'S SEAT IN CONGRESS

Mr. Birdsall is a native of Wisconsin—born in Weyauwega in 1858. The family removed to Iowa in 1870, the father engaging in banking. Ben Birdsall was educated in the common schools and the Iowa state university. He practiced law, served six years on the bench and resigned to resume his practice. He is a Mason, an Elk, and a Knight Templar. A strong, well balanced man. His opponent is former Governor Horace Boies, the strongest man the democrats could have named, and the race will be a hot one.



MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

II. The Passing of Mexico's Man On Horseback

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

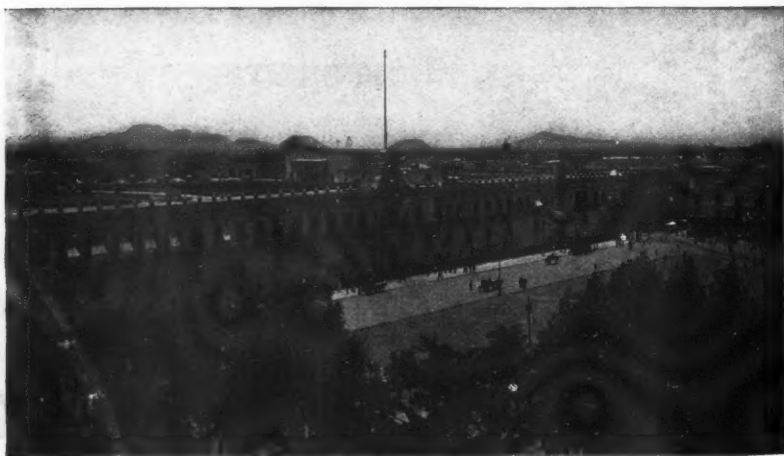
IT is an open secret in Mexico that President Porfirio Diaz is very near the close of his official career. In official circles it is whispered that two years hence another hand will take up the reins and assume the labors which General Diaz has carried on with dazzling brilliancy for nearly a quarter of a century. But for certain conditions which exist in the revolutionary districts the event would have taken place ere this. For several years President Diaz has ardently wished to retire from office and would have

done so but for the urgent pleading of the men of his cabinet and others who are influential in national affairs and who feared what a change in administration might bring forth.

The Mexican press does not handle public men and public affairs with the freedom that is enjoyed in the United States, therefore the public does not know that for more than two years the president has been in rapidly failing health and the tremendous burden of government has been too grievous for

THE MEXICAN PALACE OF GOVERNMENT IN THE CITY OF MEXICO

Photograph by Dr. C. W. Hawley



him to bear. President Diaz is 73 years old and had he not possessed a constitution of iron would have completely broken down under the strain long ago. As it is, he continues to exercise a personal supervision of the most important affairs of state, but gradually the burden has been transferred to other shoulders and a

school of training is in progress preparatory to a change in administration.

Who will be Diaz's successor and what has the future in store for the republic when the stern yet loving hand that has guided her from a comparative state of barbarism into one of awakened and rapidly advancing civilization? To

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO



Mexico the question of Diaz's successor is the most vital that has confronted her people in years. Accustomed as we are to such a republic as the United States, the question naturally arises: why is a prospective change in the presidency of such vital moment to Mexico? It finds partial answer in the statement that Mexico is a republic in name only. Her government is an absolute dictatorship backed by the force of the army. From our standpoint her elections are howling farces in which the people are supposed to have the choice, but in which actually they have no choice. Governors of states are picked up and shuffled about at the will of the republic's dictator as chess men on the national board. When a new president is chosen it will be the army and government, not the people, who will place him in Diaz's chair.

Another reason for the fear attached to a change in the presidency is revolution. Lucky will Mexico be if such a change is brought about without the letting of much blood. This is why President Diaz is still retaining his office. When he retires, the army of the republic will be in position to cope with any rebellion that may occur, — in short, to make a president and see that his seat is kept secure. With this end in view Mexico's army is undergoing a revolution of its own and when the revolution is ended and Diaz steps down and out the army of the republic will not be a thing to be treated lightly by any foreign power in the world. Those who ought to know declare that Mexico was never more ripe for revolution, but two years hence it will be a sorry job to start any trouble in the republic.

Unless there is a change in present plans Honorable Jose Ives Limantour, minister of finance, will be the next president of the republic. It is openly stated in official circles that General Bernardo Reyes, secretary of war, has withdrawn his candidacy, if such it might be called,

in favor of Senor Limantour. Since Diaz's gradual self effacement began, Limantour has undoubtedly been the brains of the republic; and where two years ago the army was probably to a man with General Reyes, it is now with Limantour, despite the fact that he is not a soldier. In view of this fact, Limantour's views upon subjects of national importance to Mexico are of importance.

While in the City of Mexico recently I had the honor and pleasure of an interview with the minister of finance and secured from him an authorized statement regarding many public questions. I found him to be a man of great magnetic power, short of stature, small of frame and very slender. Secretary Limantour is not at first glance a man of engaging appearance. When he looks at you, however, and speaks in his short, sharp, incisive way as though delivering a broadside, you are suddenly filled with the idea that you are face to face with a great man. His eyes rivet you, his voice demands your whole attention and you can think of nothing save the man before you. In conversation Limantour takes short, quick walks about his room, ever and anon turning quickly and unexpectedly facing you to deliver another broadside.

He is the kind of man you cannot afford to waste words with. He takes the shortest cut in conversation and is impatient if you do not do the same. Courteous to a fault, he will not let you know when he is annoyed unless you catch the trick of watching the uplifting of his eyebrows or the flash of the eyes. The secretary speaks seven different languages fluently. In conversation about the United States he is likely to make you feel ashamed of your lack of intimate knowledge which he possesses of the affairs of your own country. Talk about Mexico and he expects you to be as conversant with the affairs of his country as he is with those of your own. With

all his evident great reserve force he gave me the impression of a man who had been driving ahead for years at reckless speed with the safety valve tied down.

When I expressed my desire to talk with him about Mexico he smilingly replied: "Pretty large subject for a busy man. Ask me some questions."

"Do you think that Mexico is destined to become a world power?" I asked.

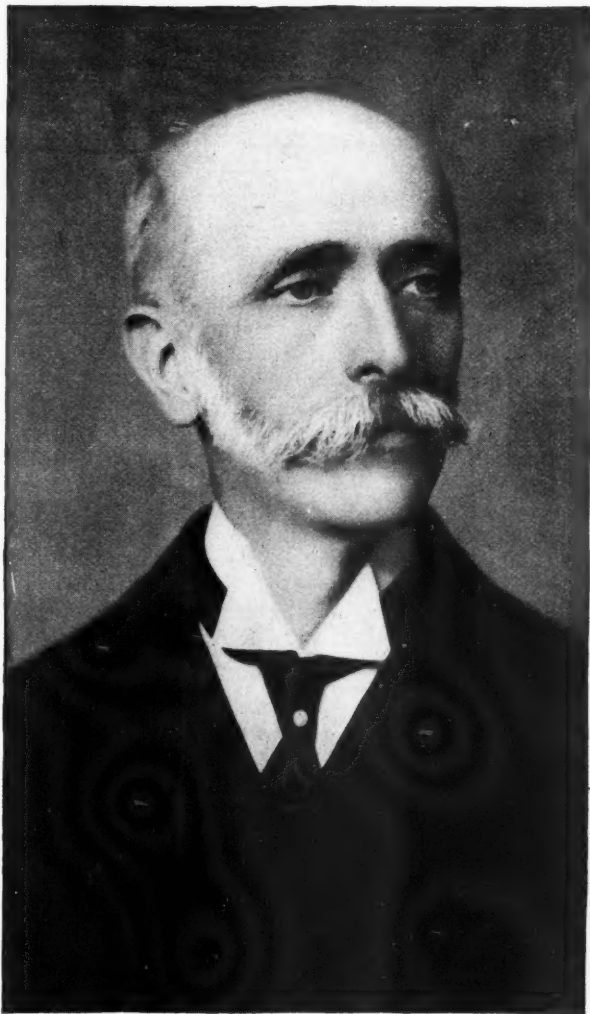
"That question covers one of the biggest subjects that can be formulated with respect to this country. I might say that I firmly believe that the geographical situation of Mexico, her resources—which are of all kinds—and the number of her people, place the republic in a position to become in a short time a very powerful nation."

"Upon what main resource does Mexico depend for future greatness?"

"Upon none but upon all. The mining future of the republic will certainly be for many years in proportion to her present condition. Mexico is already on a level with the United States in the matter of mining produc-

tions and we can say that although the working of the silver mines commenced some four centuries ago, these works are still in their infancy and that they are susceptible of immense development, especially if we take into account the

SEÑOR JOSE IVES LIMANTOUR, MEXICO'S MINISTER OF FINANCE AND PROSPECTIVE SUCCESSOR OF GENERAL DIAZ AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC



immense variety of ores that are found in this country. Pass to our agricultural productions. It is sufficient to say that the territory of the republic contains the most varied climatic conditions and a great variety of soils. Water may be scarce in some of the higher regions, but it is easy to construct irrigation works and by means of dams detain the water that during the rainy season precipitates itself in torrents without any benefit whatever and finally runs off into the sea.

"You have asked me about the commercial interests of the country. The commercial importance of the republic will naturally rise as a consequence of the development of the mineral, agricultural and industrial resources. It is to be noted regarding the latter that the rapid evolution that has been seen in several branches of industry during the last ten or fifteen years and the abundance of raw material that is to be found in the country, constitute the best promise for the future of manufacturing industries in Mexico."

It had occurred to me that the rapid invasion of México by foreigners who are apparently seizing all the larger business interests of the republic might have awakened the fear in official circles that the United States would eventually dominate there. So I asked the minister how the government viewed the investment of foreign capital in Mexico. He answered without hesitation and with positiveness which left no doubt as to his sincerity.

"The government," he declared, "looks with the greatest sympathy upon the investment of foreign capital in the republic, when such investment is carried out with prudence and good judgment and thus leaves in this country the staple elements of prosperity. Unfortunately, we very often see illy meditated undertakings organized outside of the republic which are gotten up for mere speculation through middle men who

know little of the country and who make use of improper methods. The failure of these undertakings is to be lamented, seeing that, generally speaking, those who lose their money do not attribute their loss to the carelessness with which they have proceeded nor to the conduct of the promoters. On the contrary, they attribute their failure to the country; whereas, the truth is that in the majority of cases neither the people nor the authorities nor the institutions of the country have had anything to do with the ill success of the business.

"It is therefore of the greatest importance to confide the investigation of every prospective investment to honorable persons of experience who have knowledge of men and things in Mexico. When carried out in this manner, the investment of foreign capital in this country will always be beneficial to the investor and to the country and will be received by the government with open arms."

Passing to the subject of commercial relations between the United States and Mexico, Senor Limantour said:

"The probability of steady increase of trade between the two countries is very great. In my judgment both countries will derive immense benefit from everything that will tend to increase trade relations. Lack of transportation facilities between the States and Mexico no longer exists. It is very recently that a new link has been forged by the construction of a line of railroad from El Paso to Liberal, Kansas, whereby the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific has been joined to the Mexican Central, thereby making a short route from the City of Mexico to Chicago and through Chicago to the vast markets of the American seaboard. Such undertakings as these cannot but promote greater trade relations. American capital is now engaged building lines of railroad in Mexico which will cause us to seek your country more and more as a market for our products."

The secretary's remarks regarding careless investment of capital in the republic naturally led me to question him as to the best investments offered there. "The industries," he said, "which present the greatest possibilities of development, very naturally, are those which utilize

the raw material which this country can advantageously produce and those which count on a large domestic consumption. Such industries present good opportunities for investment, for the markets are to be found at home. We have not reached the time when we can export on

GENERAL BERNARDO REYES, MEXICO'S SECRETARY OF WAR AND HEAD OF THE MEXICAN ARMY



a large scale the manufactured products of the republic."

I tried with ill success to get the minister of finance to talk upon the subject of Mexico's money standard, the depreciation of her currency and of what he thought would be the result should the republic adopt the gold standard. He was not to be drawn in that direction. "I can give no information regarding questions of that character connected with our monetary system," said he, "as I do not want my words to be in any way twisted with respect to the policy of the Mexican government regarding the money standard. It is sufficient to say that for the present the government is not thinking of amending the laws now in force with regard to coinage."

One of Senor Limantour's greatest works was the founding of the present national banking system of the republic and I asked him to outline the elements of the strength of the system. He replied:

"The strength of the national banking system of Mexico is undoubtedly to be found in the absolute independence of the banks with respect to all political or administrative influences. The guarantee of the bank notes issued is exclusively in the hands of the respective establishments and the Mexican law has looked to the bullion deposits in proportion to the issue of notes and the capital of the bank and to the preference rights that the holders of bank notes have on the assets of the institution for the efficient protection of the note issue. Besides this, the government exercises a careful

supervision over the fulfilment of the law, but at the same time takes care not to interfere with the administration of the bank."

The conversation finally turned upon the public schools of Mexico, which the government officials naturally view with great pride.

"Education of the masses is doing a great work for Mexico," exclaimed the minister. The government has made elementary and primary instruction obligatory, gratuitous and undenominational. We have every reason to hope that the legal provisions which have been enacted during the past few years will, among other profitable results, bring about the elevation of the moral and material conditions of the native races who for many reasons deserve the attention and aid of the public authorities."

The government of Mexico has in mind great things for the army and navy, but of these Senor Limantour refused to talk except to say:

"The government does not now propose to increase the standing army, but is occupying itself with the organization of the reserves, the perfection of military instruction and with supplying the army with the best possible armament and equipment."

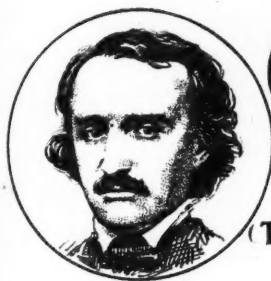
It only remains to be said that after talking with such men as Senor Limantour one cannot fail to be convinced that the future of Mexico is safe and that the young republic of the southwest will yet give an account of herself in the congress of nations.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson



CORONATION ODE

(TO EDGAR ALLAN POE)



By *ERNEST MCGAFFEY*

PRINCE of the realms of Song!
Thou who didst feel the thong
Of poverty, of cold neglect, of sorrow and of shame:
O! minstrel half divine,
What jeweled crown was thine?
What shall we say when questioned by the Delphic lips of Fame?

We know thy faith and truth,
Thy scarred and bitter youth;
Thy hopeless fight against great odds, thy courage well we know;
And not bedimmed by Time,
The luster of thy rhyme
Shall star-like shine, as fixed and far, and guard the name of Poe.

The insect brood which crawled
About thy feet and brawled
Against thy fame when thou wert gone, are sunk to yesterday.
They passed as motes that dance
Dim on a sunbeam's lance.
In dawnlight reared, by noon-tide spent, through twilight borne away.

Not that thou need'st a word.
But my disdain is stirred
By later sordid tribute of base and cringing song;
Soft, fawning melodies,
Sent wide, and over-seas,
'To hail a rotten Kingdom built on centuries of wrong.

CORONATION ODE

Mere accident of birth
But gives the high Gods mirth!
Not rank nor wealth, nor lineage, will stand for long renown.
Only the brave and true
The souls who dare and do,
May win the right to purple, and wear a royal crown.

Thy sceptre was the pen.
Whilst vain and lesser men
A monarch's bauble held aloft, in gilt, fantastic state;
Thy throne was but a chair,
Yet courtiers gathered there,
And many a herald now proclaims thy kinship with the great.

Thy kingdom is the world,
Past where the sails are furled
In all the lands, and every clime, friendly or alien fleet;
The echo of thy strain
Its sweetness and its pain,
Will speak for thee wherever sounds the fall of human feet.

Borne far across the sands
Thy name in other lands
Shall still endure, through day and night, out to the tides of Doom;
Daring the ages dire
By night a pillared fire,
By day a cloud as dusk and straight as thine own Raven's plume.

Prince of the realms of song,
Round whom the spirits throng;
Thou who hast blown through Fancy's reeds with brief but fiery breath—
Thou more than peer with Kings,
Thy weird imaginings
Are laurel-wreathed, and thou art crowned, high in the Courts of Death.

Ernest W. Gaffey.

The STORY of CAPPIE

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN



THE story of Cappie is one of pioneer life in Wisconsin half a century ago. Of such tales there are sometimes current numerous versions. I here present the one which came to me from an actor in the strange events. Yet I can imagine no version more complete in the dramatic detail which goes to make up a tragedy; for the story of the boy Cappie is shrouded throughout in uncertainty and ends at last in mystery.

Among the early settlers of Vinland, in Winnebago County, Wisconsin, were five brothers named Partridge. They were Alvin, Frederic, Thomas, William and George. There was also a sister, Mrs. Philip Harper, and in Waupaca County, hard by, another sister, a Mrs. Bouton, the wife of a surveyor. The brother Frederic was a free will Baptist preacher. The family came originally from Pennsylvania, from there to Ohio, from Ohio to Vinland, and were people of consequence in what was then northern Wisconsin.

Alvin Partridge settled in 1847 half a mile south of what was afterward known, and may yet be known, as Thompson's Corners. His family consisted of his wife, a daughter and a son, the latter a bright little fellow of four years named Casper; but his pet name was Cappie—so Cappie he shall be to us. Alvin Partridge had taken up a fine quarter section of farming land and built on it a

preemption shanty of poplar poles, consisting of only one room with a portion curtained off for a bed room. Mark these details, for they bear on the story.

The two children slept in a trundle bed which in the daytime was pushed under the bed used by the parents. On the south side of the shanty was rather a large opening floored with stone for a fireplace and chimney. It opened out into the main room and at the top was drawn into a flue topped out with sticks well daubed with clay. The main room was some twenty feet square, serving, my informant quaintly says, as kitchen, sewing room, sitting room and parlor. The floor was made of poles dubbed somewhat smooth with an adze after being laid. On either side of the cabin was a huge door so that in winter the beech logs for the fire place could be hauled in by a horse.

Alvin Partridge was a large, powerful man, a good mechanic and a master of woodcraft. He could shoe a horse or build a logging sleigh and could do the work of two men any day.

The winter of 1848-9 he spent in the pine woods on the upper Wolf river, getting out lumber for a house and barn. When his task was finished in the spring of '49 he came down into the neighborhood of How's, four or five miles north-east of his homestead, where was located a thick hard maple grove. Here he

built a sugar camp, set his kettles and worked industriously until near the end of the sugar season.

On a certain Saturday, having come home the night before, he took his family up to the sugar bush with him for a day's recreation, intending to gather up his implements and carry everything home that evening with the team.

The night before had been frosty and the sun rising bright and clear made a good sap day: they concluded to gather some sap and boil it down so the children could see how maple sugar was made.

Partridge, busy gathering sap, saw Cappie toward noon with one shoe off, a few rods from the sap kettles.

"Go to your mother, Cappie, and have your shoe put on," he commanded, and giving the matter no further thought proceeded to reset his sap troughs; but the question of all this strange story is

whether he ever saw Cappie again. On his return he asked his wife where Cappie was. "I thought he was with you," she replied. But Cappie was nowhere to be found.

They began to search for the boy. He had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. In fact, the wilderness had swallowed him up, just as effectually. The distracted parents looked until dark in vain. That night they sent word to Neenah and through the surrounding country. The next day the entire settlement were scouring the woods for Cappie, but in all the heart breaking search they found only one trace of the missing boy. About two miles west of the sugar camp, searchers detected, on a little patch of snow not yet melted by the spring sun, two childish foot prints: one that of a shoe and one of a stocking foot.

The whole country was aroused.



"Cappie had vanished."

Food and camping outfits were sent on as required and the search was kept up for a week or more by nearly the entire community: nothing but those two foot prints were ever found. Cappie had vanished.

For two years following, stories would float back to the settlements of a white child among the Indians in the north woods, and in the fall parties would be sent from Vinland to the annual gathering of the Indians at Lake Poygan, hoping to get some track of Cappie: no trace of him was found.

During the fall and winter of 1850-51, settlers heard of a white child among a band of Indians at Waupaca. The sister of Cappie's father, Mrs. Bouton, who married the surveyor, had settled near Waupaca and in time the story reached her ears.

"If it is Cappie," said she when told, "I should know him by a scar on one of his ankles."

Impressed by repeated rumors concerning the child she went to Waupaca, hunted up the Indians, saw the reputed white boy, *and found the scar on his ankle*. She was fully convinced that she had found Cappie and immediately sent her husband forty miles across country at night and on foot to inform her brother of the discovery.

George Partridge, one of the younger brothers, hitched up his team when he heard the news and with another brother, Frederic, started at once for Waupaca. Two days later they returned to the settlement, bringing the Indian woman together with three or four of her children and the mysterious boy whose identity was in doubt. The Indian woman claimed that the boy was a half breed, his father a trader. The child was cadaverous and unhealthy looking, of an uncertain complexion and with a formidable scar at each corner of his mouth. He seemed very much afraid of the whites and could not be induced to

talk. The only words to be gotten out of him in English were:

"Don't cut the skin!"

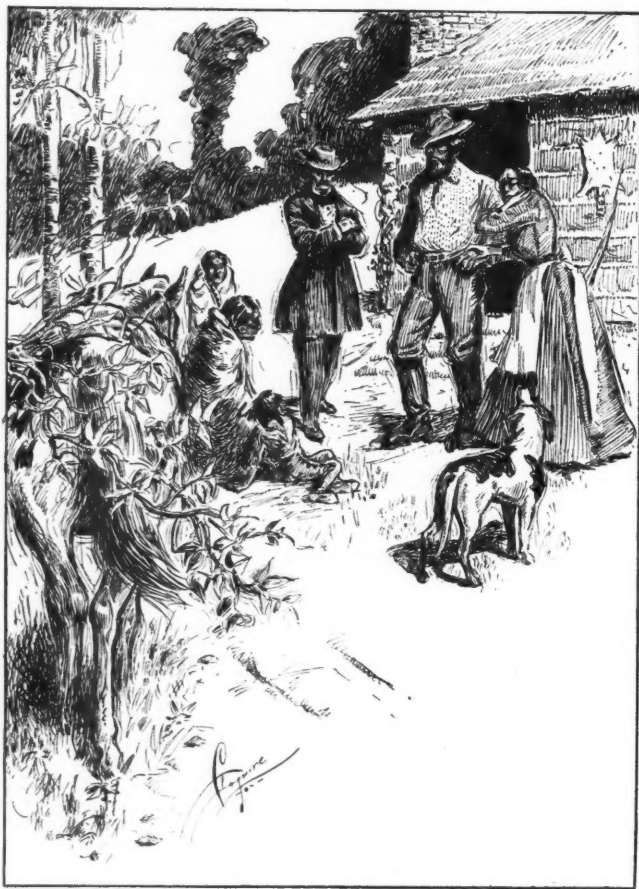
Two years before, Cappie's mother had lost a bright, chubby, rosy cheeked child, though somewhat dark, being of low Dutch ancestry. When she saw this boy, his every feature was so repulsive that she put up both hands in horror, exclaiming: "That is not Cappie!"

Accordingly the squaw with her little ones was allowed to go back to Waupaca. The uncle, Frederic, who had helped bring the boy down, was, as I have said, a preacher. On his return from Waupaca with the child and squaw he was hurried away to fill an appointment and did not learn of the decision of Cappie's mother until he got back. He refused to believe she was right and with one or two of the other brothers believed that the mysterious child surely must be Cappie and that he must be recovered and brought back. Accordingly William Partridge and a family friend, Dr. J. J. Sherman, still living at Marinette, Wisconsin, (1901) started for Waupaca with a team to hunt up the Indian woman and the child. When they reached there the Indians had disappeared.

The hunters soon got upon their trail; then followed a long and fruitless pursuit. Keeping always on their track the white men could never with their utmost efforts overtake them. Night after night they reached the spot where the Indians had slept the night before. Frequently they made their fire from the embers of the deserted camp of the Indians. Still they could not come up with them. Does it not call to mind Longfellow's Acadian story of the weary efforts of Evangeline to overtake Gabriel?

So these men struggled determinedly on week after week until at last the Indians, perceiving they must in the end be overtaken, sent word that they would surrender to the sheriff of the county.

The white men accordingly procured



" . . . put up both hands in horror, exclaiming: 'That is not Cappie.'"

a writ and, taking the sheriff with them, proceeded to the old Indian play ground at Lake Poygan, where the little band, true to their promise, surrendered and were taken to Oshkosh, then as now the county seat of Winnebago county.

At Oshkosh, Cappie's father, Alvin Partridge, appeared and, through friends, gave bonds of three thousand dollars for the custody of the child, pledging as security to his bondsmen his farm, on which he had built a good

house and barn and planted an orchard; in a word, made the usual improvements of a thrifty pioneer. He took the boy home.

A day in the near future was appointed for a hearing before Court Commissioner Butrick. The examination, for convenience, was held in the largest church in the city of Oshkosh before an audience of several hundred people. The testimony on both sides was clear and positive, and the dispute now assumed something of a sectarian character, the Indians being Catholics and the white claimants and their friends Protestants.

Father F. J. Bonduel, one of the French Canadian priests who devoted their lives to the Indian missions—he was at Green Bay between 1830 and 1846—testified in behalf of the squaw that he had known the boy from his birth and had given him bread and butter almost every day. A Mrs. Douseman, housekeeper for the reverend father, testified that she had known the boy for several years and that he belonged to the squaw. Finally Captain —, an Indian trader of Neenah, testified, as the Indian woman had in the beginning claimed, that he was the child's father.

On the other hand many persons from Waupaca testified in regard to the treatment of the child by the squaw; they said she had used him as interpreter. But could a child at this age act as an interpreter? They testified further that she sent him out to beg of the white families, taking away what he brought back and giving it to the other children, who were fat and sleek while he was poor and scrawny. Others testified the child had told them in English that the scars on his mouth were made by the Indians heating a horseshoe and putting it in his mouth for the purpose of disfiguring him, and that the Indians had told him if the white folks got him they would skin him and make a white child

of him, hence his exclamation, "Don't cut the skin!"

It was also alleged that he had frequently told men driving teams that his father used to have a team of horses and that he used to ride after them. These things, together with Mrs. Bouton's testimony concerning the scar on the ankle and many other matters, my informant continues, led the bulk of the Protestant people to believe the child in dispute was really Cappie, and Mr. Sherman's recollection is that Cappie's mother testified positively that this was her child. When the testimony was all in, Commissioner Butrick announced that he would take two weeks to examine the evidence and render his decision. This was on Saturday night. On the second Sunday following, a messenger came up to Vinland from Alvin Partridge's attorney at Oshkosh stating that the decision had gone against them: that the commissioner believed the child to be the child of the Indian woman.

Overcome with the news, Cappie's father in desperation sacrificed his farm to the bondsmen, took the child and fled to Ohio with him, the mother following. There they remained some two years before the Indians learned of their whereabouts. Finally, with the assistance of Catholic sympathizers, a sheriff was sent to Ohio with a requisition from the governor of Wisconsin and the father and child were brought back as far as Milwaukee. At that point, through the assistance of friends, the prisoners at night were spirited out of the jail in which they were held temporarily, and they again disappeared from Wisconsin, and this time forever.

It is now A. D. 1902. The father is probably dead. The boy, if alive, is about fifty-seven years old. He may even read these words and wonder whether he is really Cappie! For how can even he certainly tell?

But listen further to the views of Dr. J.

J. Sherman, who, as has been noted, was one of the actors in the tragedy. On the first return of the doubtful child from Waupaca he says that he was as much disappointed in his appearance as the mother of Cappie. He had fixed in his mind the image of a chubby little fellow who used to come over to the neighbor, for whom Mr. Sherman then worked, with a cent in his hand to buy a boy! For the neighbor had six boys and poor Cappie had none to play with. What a gentle pathos in the incident! Doesn't it make little Cappie stand out very much alive? On the other hand, Dr. Sherman continues, Alvin Partridge was a much loved friend of his, a member of the same church, and a man in whose word this surviving witness had every confidence; then Dr. Sherman relates the most mysterious incident in this chapter of mysteries.

After the disappearance of Cappie, Alvin Partridge had built, as before stated, a new farm house. In this home he was living at the time of the reputed Cappie's return; the preemption shanty, Cappie's old home, was still standing, but then used as a work shop.

Before Cappie was lost they had bought a cook stove which was set up in front of the fireplace: when the boy was brought back the stove had been taken away from there and put into the kitchen of the new house. Now comes the statement made by Alvin Partridge to Dr. Sherman.

"It was a rainy day," said he, "and during the interval between the taking of the testimony and the day of Commissioner Butrick's decision, I was working in the shop, the old preemption shanty, and Cappie was with me. After looking around the boy said: 'Pa, the stove used to stand here,' pointing with the words to the spot where the stove did formerly stand. Again, in a few minutes, going to the side of the room which was in Cappie's babyhood curtains off for the

bed, the boy said: 'My bed was here: it used to go under your bed.'"

"Now, I say," concludes Dr. Sherman, "if the boy said this without prompting, no power on earth can make me believe that he was not Casper Partidge who was lost in the spring of 1849."

And so say all of us. If this was true it must convince anyone. Was it true? Or was it said, as Dr. Sherman puts it, without prompting? Could an almost frantic desire to find in the doubtful child his missing boy have unbalanced the father mentally, or bent him to undue effort to elicit these words?

If he did not believe, above everything a man ordinarily holds precious, such as home and companionship of relatives and friends, that the boy was his child, why should he cast all these aside, forfeit his home and fly with him from a decision which would not only part father and child but make his boy an Indian rover for life?

What of it all, though, from the Indian's standpoint? It must be remembered that even where a deadly enmity did not exist between the settlers and the red men there was ever a continual distrust and suspicion. The testimony of the Indian was universally regarded as untrustworthy, and from the point of view of the red man I doubt if the testimony of the white man stood much higher. We have learned in later years that there are two sides to the Indian question, one of which belongs to the Indian.

Consider that in the first instance this Indian woman went voluntarily from her people at the request of the white men to place her child before its reputed white mother; that the white mother distinctly repudiated the child; and that the Indian woman was left to return with her papooses to her people.

Again, after the white men had fruitlessly pursued her band for months, they voluntarily offered to surrender her to

the white man's sheriff and to allow the white man's court to decide the identity of the child.

Is it not a rather remarkable instance of a willingness, on her part, to abide by the white man's law? — which heaven knows the red man has little enough reason to respect.

Then the testimony at the trial. The positive statement of the missionary priest that he had known the child for years and had seen it probably for long intervals every day: note the corroborative testimony of the house keeper: and the testimony of the Indian trader that the child was his own. Put against all this the identification of the boy as Cappie by Mrs. Bouton, through the scar on his ankle. Could all that be no more than one of life's strange coincidences?

Solomon had such a case before him once and solved it happily. In that instance one of the mothers knew the child was her own; the other knew it

was not her own. In this case only the Indian woman knew whose child was in dispute. If it was really the squaw's child Solomon's proposal must have failed because neither mother would willingly have seen the child dismembered.

Be it as it may, the white man's court gave the child to the Indian woman. Then, the white claimant stole it away, not once, but twice. Was justice or injustice done in this? Look at it as you will, the story of Cappie ends in mystery. If the boy was really Cappie there is one tragedy in the story. If he was not, the story suggests two, because Cappie's distracted parents not only failed to recover their own child but robbed an Indian woman of hers to replace it.

On the other hand, if Alvin Partridge told the truth to John J. Sherman, the boy must have been Cappie. And the story ends with the question which has never been solved, and never can be.

Did he tell the truth?



By EDWARD W. WOOLLEY

IN a little country cemetery that lay on a knoll, surrounded on all sides by the rolling acres of cultivated farms, with farm-houses and red barns and wind-mills scattered over the landscape, — in this little country cemetery on a certain summer's afternoon, a middle aged woman was engaged with a trowel, a green painted watering pot and a sickle, upon and about a burial lot, which was fenced in from the rest of the graveyard by a low, white railing. The woman was substantial and matronly looking, and her plump figure was enveloped in a

freshly washed and starched gown of light summer material, the sleeves of which she had drawn up above her elbows. On her head she wore an old fashioned sun bonnet of stiffened calico, which concealed her face as she leaned over to ply the trowel and rake, and to pour, now and then, a little water from the green watering pot upon the thirsty ground.

The cemetery, small though it was in area, was well populated, as the numerous upright marble slabs bore evidence. It was clear, too, that many of the grave

stones had been there for several decades, for they were yellow and moldy and leaning, and the inscriptions were chipped and blackened by the storms of winters and the heat of summers.

There were a great many little railings in the cemetery, like the one near which the woman worked, but most of them, instead of being fresh and clean with white paint, were soiled and moss covered. There were numerous low hedges, also, in hollow squares; but, like the railings and tombstones, they seemed to have suffered neglect, for they were in sad want of trimming and training.

But the most striking feature about this little country cemetery was the rank growth of grass and weeds that filled the lots, concealed the mounds and fairly overtopped the marble slabs themselves. Here and there a weeping willow or a cypress tree, straggling, unkempt and drooping, mingled its branches with the weeds and formed a miniature jungle.

The outer fence surrounding the place was almost invisible because of the luxuriant growth of these weeds and grasses. The double gates leading from the country road could never have been opened short of half an hour's vigorous work with the scythe, and even then a carriage would have found a guide necessary to pilot it through the choked up roadways. It was years since the last solemn cortege had entered the little cemetery, and however much the silent sleepers may have been adored in life, they were wofully neglected in death. Indeed, is it not strange how quickly the affairs of this world take our thoughts from those who have preceded us to the other?—how quickly the sting of death is forgotten?

But, to do a simple justice, it should be said that here and there in the graveyard was a spot which showed that memory lingered fondly over some lost one. Now and then a little oasis in the

wilderness of weeds showed a grave with blooming plants upon it, and with close cropped lawn about it—evidence of some mother's never dying love or some sister's tender thoughtfulness.

It was at such a grave that the matronly woman in the sun bonnet labored. The lot within the white railing was very small, and the solitary grave upon the lot was also small, but the little mound was carefully rounded and its edges were bordered with the softest and thickest of sod, while its top was a mass of blooming violets. The rest of the lot was like a lawn, so completely was it carpeted with closely cut and velvety grass. At the head of the grave stood a small but massive monument of granite, upon one side of which was carved this inscription:

ROBERT STRAND
Died May 16, 1874. Age, 9 years.
Sweet be your rest.

"There!" said Bob's mother, at last, gathering up her utensils and stepping back to take a final look at the violets. "There, Bob, they're looking real nice! I'll come again soon, dear. I must go now and meet your father, for you know he's coming home tonight from the city. I must bring him here with me to see how fresh and lovely everything is. Goodbye, Bob!"

So saying, Mrs. Robert Strand made her way to the road, where a big gray horse, attached to a phaeton, was contentedly nibbling the clover. She piled the things into the phaeton and, climbing in herself, gathered up the reins and turned the horse's head homeward.

"I wonder," she mused, as the big gray jogged along—"I wonder what Robert will bring me for my birthday? Perhaps the unexpected business that delayed him will make him forget all about it. But he never has forgotten it yet. Dear me! Forty-four years old

today! What an old crone I'm getting to be!"

But Mrs. Strand, in reality, was very far from being an old crone, as she knew quite well. There was scarcely a line in her genial face, and the tresses under the calico sun bonnet were streaked only here and there with a gray hair. She knew, as well as anybody, that Mary Strand was a remarkably comely and attractive woman for four and forty years, and she smiled to herself as she made a mental comparison between a genuine crone and the picture she had seen in the mirror that very day.

Having arrived at the Strand homestead, she drove through a double gate, on either side of which stood a great chestnut tree, and tied the horse to a red hitching post under a kitchen window. Then she went into the house and bustled cheerily around, giving orders to the servant regarding the evening meal, which was to be quite elaborate in honor of two events—first and foremost, the return home of Mr. Robert Strand from his trip to the city with the cattle, and secondly, the birthday of Mrs. Strand.

The irregular, two-story frame house, painted white and with old fashioned green blinds, stood at the summit of a gradual rise, so that from the well kept lawn could be seen the fertile acres of the estate. This had been the birth place and the death place of Bob. It was not a great estate, nor was Robert Strand what is known as a country gentleman. He was an unpretending man of agriculture. Over the sunny pathway of this favored couple there had fallen but one sorrow—a sorrow so deep that it shadowed all their joys. In the little neglected cemetery lay buried the one great hope and idol of Robert and Mary Strand.

When Mrs. Strand had seen the supper arrangements under full swing, she exchanged the light gown for a more pretentious one, untied the big gray horse

from the red post, and once more climbed into the phaeton.

"Be sure to have supper ready at six o'clock, Ann!" she called to the servant, as she drove away. "Mr. Strand will be real hungry after his long ride on the cars, and so will I."

"Shure, Miss Stra-han!" Ann shouted back, in a rich brogue, and returned to her task of beating eggs, cutting dough into little patties, spreading jelly upon appetizing looking tarts, and doing a hundred other things.

Meanwhile, the mistress of the household was on her way to the little village of Stratford, three miles from the farm. Having arrived there, she tied the horse to a railing outside the depot platform, and sat down in the combined ladies' and gentlemen's waiting room. The rickety and solitary town omnibus clattered up and let out a commerical traveler or two. The man with the bag of mail over his shoulder came sauntering along and dumped his burden on the platform. The village loungers ambled over to see the train come in, and the dingy old depot took on the lively and expectant air that precedes train time at a country station.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Strand," said the station agent, courteously lifting his hat. "Is Mr. Strand coming home today?"

"Yes, Mr. Reddy, I hope so. He was to have been here day before yesterday, but he wrote that business would detain him for several days. I was awfully disappointed, because I had planned a little social time at our house for tonight with some of the neighbors. You see, it's my birthday, Mr. Reddy—no, you needn't ask me how old I am, for I won't tell. Well, this morning I got another line saying he'd be home tonight. Wasn't that fine! And I'm just dying to know what it was that kept him away so long, and—and—to find out what he's brought me for my birthday."

Mrs. Strand laughed merrily, and the affable station agent was about to say something very witty, when a long, hoarse whistle in the distance announced the approach of the train. The station agent hurried out unceremoniously, the loungers lined up against the depot, the mail carrier seized the leather bag, and the big gray horse stuck his ears forward and jerked up his head, as if he had half a mind to run away—which he hadn't at all.

The long train slid up to the depot and stopped in the midst of much hissing and clanging and creaking of brakes. The one or two drummers climbed aboard and two passengers got off. One was Robert Strand, the other a very small boy in a brand new knickerbocker suit, with big, puzzled, brown eyes and a wan face, and who clasped Mr. Strand's hand as tightly as he could with his own. Mrs. Strand started forward the moment she saw her husband, to give him an eager reception, but her eyes, falling on the small boy the next instant, she stopped in astonishment. The following moment she found herself clasped in the arms of her liege lord.

"Just a little surprise, Mary!" he whispered, as he kissed her. "I have brought you a birthday present. It's the best thing I could find, Mary—the very best. It was sent to me; God sent it, Mary—sent it because he took away our—our Bob! This is another Bob, a homeless, forsaken Bob. Fortune threw him in my way, and he will not be homeless any longer, will he, Mary?"

Mr. Strand couldn't have said anything more just then, if he had tried, for there was a singular lump that insisted on rising in his throat, and when Mrs. Strand looked into his eyes she saw they looked peculiar—like the sky just before it rains.

It was all so sudden, so unexpected, that for a few seconds she could not realize it. A birthday present!—Bob!—

the little stranger standing there and clinging to her husband's coat, with the scared look on his face. Could it be true! Then suddenly her body, from her head to her feet, thrilled with a mighty emotion. The joys and griefs of all her life seemed to surge again into her breast. She knelt on the railway platform and took the child to her mother's heart.

The hissing, clanging train pulled out and left her there; the mail carrier stood with his sack over his shoulder, watching her; the town loungers, lined up against the depot, stared at her; but she saw nothing, she cared nothing whether they stared or not. Her eyes were too full of tears to see; her heart too full of joy to care. To her it was Bob she was clasping once more in her arms—this little stranger whom God had sent; it was Bob's soft cheek she felt against her own; they were Bob's tears that mingled with hers. What cared she for all the loungers on earth! Bob—her Bob—had come back.

The big gray horse jogged along and drew them away to the farm—jogged along as unconcernedly as if nothing whatever had happened; as unconcernedly as if a new era of happiness had not commenced in the Strand household.

Yes, Bob, lying under the violets in the little neglected graveyard, it was you, indeed, who came back! It was you—your cherished memory—that came back and gave to this other Bob a home! Then let it not be said that you sleep to no purpose under the flowers of the graveyard!

With Bob between them, Mr. and Mrs. Strand drove homeward through the village, past fields of waving wheat and corn, up the little hill by the clump of locust trees; and the late afternoon sun, bursting from masses of fleecy clouds, smiled upon them in its benign glory. It tinted the grain and the pastures with golden radiance; it touched with daz-

zling splendor the babbling waters of the brook; it lighted up the patch of hickory woods where the road wound through. In the little cemetery it caressed the violets and lingered long upon the granite monument—lingered, while the crystals sparkled like costly gems. And if it could have spoken—this fire from heaven—it might perhaps have taken up the final sentence on the gravestone and breathed it to the south wind—"Sweet be his rest."

The birthday supper that night at the Strand homestead was a happy one. The cloth was snowy white, the china the choicest of Mrs. Strand's company set, the cream the richest, the berries most luscious, and the biscuits the hottest and flakiest that Ann could produce. There was honey that Mr. Strand's busy bees had garnered from the white clover blossoms beyond the orchard. There were delicate slices of cold chicken, appetizing little squares of pressed veal, brown and brittle Saratoga chips, hot from the kettle. There was fruit cake and angel food, and there was the clearest of tea, which Mrs. Strand poured from the silver pot into the cups with the dainty forget-me-nots and roses painted around the borders.

Bob never had conceived such a supper before. He was diffident, but he was hungry, and he ate everything that was put upon his plate, until at last he could eat no more. Mr. Strand ate, too, as if he hadn't relished living in the city for several days, and Mrs. Strand made a feint of eating, but she did not make much of a success of it. Her heart was too full. She chatted with her husband, and talked to Bob in such a motherly

way that before long he lost some of his bashfulness and felt quite at home. And all through the meal Ann trotted about, bringing this and bringing that, and jabbering in her funny dialect.

By the time supper was over the western sky was splendid with red and pink and purple clouds. Mrs. Strand sat down at the piano in the sitting room. She had been a boarding school young lady once, and now she played soft, dreamy music—the very music that was in her soul that night;—played such sleepy music that Bob, half buried in the big arm chair, was dreaming in reality before many minutes had passed. Soon afterward he was half conscious of an easy, swaying motion, as if somebody might be carrying him up stairs. He had a vague, far away idea that some one was tucking him among a lot of flowers that in a mysterious manner had fallen off some tea cups. He thought he was being covered up with raisin cake, but he didn't care. It was such a comfortable feeling! He didn't know it was Bob's bed he was in—perhaps he wouldn't have cared much if he had known. He was too sleepy to care for anything.

But there was somebody who did care. There was somebody who sat near him for a long time when he was fast asleep; who sat there in the gathering darkness and cried softly to herself.

Later in the evening, when the guests at the simple birthday party had assembled, they were led in single file upstairs and permitted to tiptoe through Bob's room and to glance, by the light of a flickering candle, at Bob's bed—so long empty, but not empty now.



TALENT AND GENIUS

(From *Harlequin*.)

A talent is the offspring of its age:

But every genius sires a century.

H. R. R. Hertzberg.

PA AND THE DEPARTMENT

By WILLARD DILLMAN

FEW of us shall ever forget a certain season of utter drouth. Our land had been stricken, indeed, in previous years, but never after this manner.

Spring came early that year, the farmers plied their toil in high hopes, and the crops sprang up green and sturdy under the freshening showers. But I find upon referring to old files of the Humbolt Mail that the last shower of the season came on the seventeenth of May, and thenceforth all form of moisture was denied us. Our land is singularly favored in its capacity to endure drouth, and the crops stood bravely for about a month.

Then came those burning southwest winds from off the hot sand hills of Nebraska, before which all forms of plant life succumb. Week after week they continued, rising each morning with the rising sun, increasing to a wild fury at noon, and dying away in the evening. The corn leaves withered upon the stalks, the wheat drooped pitifully and died, and even the wild prairie grass grew brown and sere. The earth beneath us was iron, the heaven that was over us was brass, and the rain of our land was made powder and dust.

Then the farmers brought forth their plows and began turning under the ruined crops, for however ill *this* year has treated him, the farmer ever looks forward to *next* year hopefully. A few sheltered fields, indeed, yielded a little wheat, and a brief mockery of harvest was

gone through with a month before the normal time. Even the threshing was over by the middle of August, and as I drove through the county during the first days of September, I observed the farmers ploughing, or harvesting their withered corn, while beside each barn stood one little shriveled straw stack.

This failure of crops had two results in the Hawkins family. Old Joe Hawkins applied for a pension, and Clarence went to the pineries of northern Minnesota to work for the winter.

"I wonder if I could git you to go up to the county seat with me tomorrow," said the old soldier.

"Small influence I have," said I, "but I'll go with you gladly," and we went. The county seat was eighteen miles to the northwest, and the first half of the way Mr. Hawkins sat moody and silent.

"I never applied fer none as long as as I could help it," said he, defensively.

"The Lord knows you didn't," said I, "and you richly deserve it."

"I deserve it one way. I've got lead enough in me. There's Ike Saunders an' Joe Anderson right here in Humbolt, getting twelve dollars a month, and never seen no fightin'."

"You saw fighting, didn't you?"

"I saw hard fightin'."

"It must have been hard to see your comrades shot down around you?"

"Yes, it was hard, but we didn't mind it so much after we got right into it.

Worst thing was when we was commanded to stand in line under fire, and wan't allowed to shoot back. That makes a soldier nervous."

"And men falling all about you?"

"Once in awhile, yes. Man throw up his arms and fall backwards, or pitch forward onto his face."

"Were you in the battle of the Wilderness?"

"Well, yes. First two days, though, I was on provost guard."

"Provost guard? What's that?"

"Stationed behind the line, not let no stragglers git back. Let the wounded men pass to the rear. Once in awhile a man come limpin' along, bloody shirt or suthin', wan't wounded 'tall. Place him under arrest."

"Dear me, cowards in the army too?"

"Some. But jest remember, while they was one man maybe tryin' to sneak out, they was three er four thousand up in front, fightin' fer all they's worth."

"I've read that once during the battle of the Wilderness General Grant sat on a log, whittling a stick and smoking a cigar. Did you see him?"

"Lord bless you, no. But I don't much doubt it. Jest about like him. Oh, we seen him ride past two three times. We always knowed the old man was around somewheres directin' the movements. Never had no fault to find with General Grant—us boys that was under him."

"Boys! Does it seem very long ago, Mr. Hawkins?"

"Some times it does. Some times it seems like it wan't me at all, but a spry young feller, name of Joe Hawkins. Seems so I've fergot most the things he went through, but pears like he'd remember 'em if he was here."

The old soldier drove on in silence for some distance. His withered cheeks were a little hollow, his thin lips were closed tightly, and his gray chin whiskers jerked comically as he clucked at the

horses. He wore his familiar blue coat, and his soft hat with braided band of gold. I remembered having seen Willie Hawkins ride into town on his velocipede, wearing one of those odd old soldier caps, with two bullet holes burned through it. He once told me that he had found it up in the attic, and that it was the cap his father had worn when he came home from the war.

"What would you do with your pension if you got it, Mr. Hawkins?"

"First, I'd pay my debts," he answered simply. "I owe money at Peterson's, and I owe interest on the place."

"I do hope you may get it."

"I hope so too, for I need it. Yit I don't exactly like the idee. That ain't what I went to the war fer. I went to fight fer—my country."

"Of course the department is always on the lookout for frauds."

"Yes, they be. But I'll tell 'em they can find more frauds somewheres else than among us old fellers that fought three four years to save the Union."

The physicians examined the old man at length. They investigated his right hand and found it badly shattered.

"Army surgeons wanted to saw that hand off," said Mr. Hawkins. "I sez, 'No, sir; that hand is some good yit.' They sez, 'You got to let us take it off.' Well, I hed my revolver with me, an' I got hold of it with my left hand, an' I sez, 'The first one of ye that tries to tech that hand with a saw gets full o' bullets. I've got work to do if I ever live to git home,' sez I, 'an' I'll need that hand.' Well, so they hat to let it be. Now there it is today. I can't open it very fer, but you see I can shut it tight enough, an' it's all right fer pitchfork an' good many kinds o' work."

They also found that he carried a flattened bullet in his left leg, just above the knee, and another in his right thigh. Examining his head, they discovered a long, white scar curving over the skull

above his right eye, but they agreed that this was immaterial.

"Why, there's no hair growing there," said I.

"No hair growed there ter thirty years," said he.

The examiners gave it as their opinion that if it could be proven from the records that these wounds had been received in the service, his pension would very likely be granted.

On our way home, Mr. Hawkins said that Clarence had been talking of going to "the woods."

"The boy can't bear the thought of layin' around all fall and winter, and all of us so tarnal hard up," said he, "an' I d'no as I blame him. But his mother can't bear the idee. Sence Willie died she's all wrapped up in Clarence, an' me too, fer that matter. But Ole Mogard's be'n talkin' to him, an' I guess they're goin' next week."

One evening about a week later, I was passing the Hawkins homestead, and called to bid Clarence goodbye. I found my friend Ole Mogard passing the night there, and he said they would start on foot the next morning.

"I don't know what I'm goin' to do with you, Ole, fer takin' my boy away like this," said Mrs. Hawkins, trying to be severe.

"O you didn' hat to worry, Mrs. Hokin, ay vill tak a gude care on him," said the Norwegian.

"Seems to me you don't haf to go, Clarence," she pleaded. "If yer father gits his pension we'll git along all right."

"Oh, I don't believe dad will ever get a pension," said Clarence, "and when you see me coming home with about two hundred dollars, ma, you'll be glad I went."

"Well, I do hope nothin' happens to ye. Now here's all yer woolen socks, elean an' mended. An' now Ole, here's two pair we've knit fer you, the girls an' me. An' this box of salve is fer you, an'

this bottle of lin'mint. You must keep 'em handy by ye. Here, I'll put 'em away in yer sachel. W'y man, yer sachel's empty!"

There was little enough in it, indeed, a pair of red shirts, some discolored handkerchiefs, a thick mackinaw jacket of the state's prison pattern, a stick of wax, a spool of heavy thread impaled upon a huge needle, and a small photograph carefully wrapped in paper. Long afterwards I learned that this was a portrait of little Rena Young.

"Oo, val, ay doon't noo — tank you verry mich," said Ole, not daring to refuse the proffered gifts.

"Did you put in some taller fer their feet?" asked Mr. Hawkins. "They'll need that worst of all, walkin' so fer."

"Land yes, here's a box of taller in your sachel, Clarence, and two or three other little things you'll need. And now your undershirts here are gittin' dreadful thin, an' I do wish we hed noo ones fer ye. An' here's yer Testament, an' don't fergit to read it. An' there's lots of things we ain't got done yit, the time's be'n so short. We had a pair of good yarn mittens started fer each of ye. Now, Ole, you *do* promise to look after him, don't ye? You're a good stiddy man, er I couldn't bear it. He's our only boy now, an' Oh I wish he didn't—" Here the dear lady — she was one of the most genuine ladies I ever had the honor of knowing — buried her face on Clarence's shoulder.

"W'y you hadn't ort to take on so, mother," said Mr. Hawkins, who, however, was gazing solemnly down at his boots. "Clarence is a strong boy, an' Ole's be'n to the woods often."

"Oo ay knoo dom woods just lak a boke," said Ole, speaking about as cheerfully as a funeral bell. "Dey can't full me, op on de voods."

There were tears in Clarence's eyes, too, and I noticed with pleasure that he was not ashamed of them.

"Why, those undershirts are plenty thick enough for me," said he, "and there's one good thing about 'em, they got the *scratch* worn off. I can't stand new undershirts."

I felt myself somehow out of place within that sacred home circle, and soon took occasion to withdraw. The next morning a little after sunrise, I was riding about two miles north of Humboldt, when I came upon Ole and Clarence journeying eastward, each with his sachel slung over his shoulder on a stick. I stopped and bade them goodbye, and they hurried on. Clarence walked with a sort of jerky gait, in which much energy was wasted, and which was like to tire him well before noon, but Ole stole away with a slow and easy stride, the result of long pedestrian journeys.

The time would fail me to tell of all their weary tramps by day and their wholesome slumber in hay lofts by night, their skirting of blue lakes and dank marshes, their crossing of deep, clear rivers in which speckled fishes darted, their arrival upon the edge of the woods, their glimpses of squirrels and chipmunks, their passing down endless narrow aisles between tall pines, their walking from camp to camp in search of work, their final success, their early rising, their hearty food, their long, laborious toil, their deep sleep together in their bunk, and all their many adventures by wood and stream.

Ole had promised to write me when they should get settled, that I might send him his copy of The Humboldt Mail. Accordingly, in about three weeks, I received this letter:

"Dar frand ve gat op har oll rat ve iS work on Sam Miller camp I iS skidd and Clarinks is svoMp de Boy gat a soar heel on the laft foot ven ve come op har Dey iS Pritty val noo de Boy vas sprise ven ve seen tree deres out on de woods odder day De vaj is por das winter Pless send peper to Ole Mogard sam

Miller camP mal nort Moschad P O Link CO Minne."

About the first of October, Mr. Hawkins came into my office one day and showed me a letter from Washington. It commanded him to revisit the county seat and be examined again. He went. Two weeks later, he was invited to submit the names of the army surgeons who attended him.

"How do I know who they was?" he asked. "I never heerd their names. I never seen 'em before ner sence, an' I never expect to. I know they wanted to saw off my hand, plague take 'em."

The next letter he received directed him to go to Tailholt, forty miles over the hills to the west, and be examined by another board. He went. Early in November, he received word from the department that a certain board of examiners would sit in Raxton, fifty miles south of Humboldt, and that he should appear before it. When the old soldier finished reading this letter, his face took on an unhealthy glow, and he cast the epistle upon the postoffice floor.

"They can go to Tophet with their pension!" he said hotly. "Gol darn 'em! I never was insulted so much before. I went when Abe Lincoln issued his first call fer ninety-day men. My name was first on the list in our company after the cap'in. I re-enlisted the first thing. I fought in twenty-nine battles and skirmishes, an' no officer ever reprimanded me fer conduc' unbecomin' to a soldier. I once saved our major's life:— Wisht I know'd where Major McIntosh lives now, he'd write them fellers a letter. I was twice advanced fer gallant service. I enlisted as a private, an' I come out as a first lieutenant. I was four times wounded, an' I carry more scars to-day than any man in the county. I give 'em the four best years of my life, an' I never ben the same sence. Now they got me chasin' around the kentry like a cussed fool: I wisht we hed a man like old

Abe Lincoln at the head of things now. He'd make them fellers jump sideways. I swear I won't go to be examined again. I can git along without that money, jest like I hev ever sence the war."

I knew Joe Hawkins for above fifteen years, and this was the only time I ever heard him boast. Our minister, Rev. Higbee, was a man of good judgment, who never withheld his counsel from those who needed it. He waited till the old man had cooled down somewhat, and then he said:

"I appreciate your position, Mr. Hawkins, but I know from former instances that it is entirely useless for you to protest. Your action will be utterly ignored, and you will thus lose the chance of ever receiving the pension you so richly merit. There are thousands of applications, and the officials are obliged to proceed deliberately."

"They'll have blissed few applications from min phat's corried two bullits and a rint hand fer thirty year and niver opened his jaws in regards to ut," said Michael McGinnis, the wheat buyer.

"True," said the minister, "but in the immense machinery of our government there must be instances of injustice. When you were in the army, Mr. Hawkins, you saw men shot for desertion who were in their hearts innocent. You saw men executed for sleeping at their posts, when they really deserved promotion for remaining awake so long as they did. Even the great and good Lincoln could not prevent these examples of wrong."

Joe Hawkins went to Raxton, and I did not see him again for several weeks. It was now nearing that blessed day of national thanksgiving, and we were enjoying a period of mild and sunny weather. It was as if Nature had repented of her harsh treatment, and wished to win our hearts back with tender caresses. No snow had yet fallen, and the ground was warm and dry. The sun had retreated far to the south, but it

shone each day with a gracious warmth and fervor.

Mrs. Hawkins stopped at my office one evening, and asked if I would come out Thanksgiving Day. I was a lonely man at that time, and the opportunity for visiting at a home like the Hawkins' came to me seldom.

I arose early that morning, and stood upon a little hill to the west of the village, as the dawn broke. I have wondered what other sound, designed to be heard by the ears of man, is equal to the far borne crowing of cocks upon scattered farms at dawn. I have not heard the like. It suggests so much that cannot be written with pen and ink. Sonorous choruses do not equal it, nor orchestral overtures. Anon I heard the barking of a dog away off toward the hills, then the faint and distant lowing of a cow, then the measured tap, tap and tap of an axe. The earth seemed fresh and beautiful, and the memory of the summer's hardships came to me like scenes in a forgotten dream. I lingered there until the rising sun transmuted the smokes of the village into spirals of crimson mist. It was Thanksgiving Day.

When I arrived at the Hawkins homestead, I found my hosts already engrossed in the details of the great American feast.

"We never like to eat our Thanksgiving dinner alone," Mrs. Hawkins explained, "an' we gen'ly ust to have Ole, but Ole ain't with us this year, ner Clarence neither, an' pa thought pr'aps you wouldn't mind. Now girls, I'll let you tend to them things a while, an' pa an' me'll entertain this young man. But I wouldn't trust my girls to fix the dressin', sir, ner make the gravy, not yit. Good girls as they be, an' always mid-dlin' handy at cookin', yit I wouldn't trust 'em with *that*. Yes sir, we've always got somethin' to be thankful fer at this season of the year. Now, fer all our wheat was a failure, yit we hed a

good crop of potatoes, an' a fairly good garden."

"An' this prospec' of an open winter is a mighty good thing fer the stock," said Mr. Hawkins. "Pension? No, we ain't heerd a word sence I went to Raxton, an' I spec' that's the end of it. Yes, that's Clarence an' Willie together. That was when Willie was eleven, wan't it, mother?"

"Yes, we never hed Willie taken sep'rit. He's such a manly lookin' little boy there, don't ye think? That was his noo waist I'd made fer him."

As the dinner hour approached, Mrs. Hawkins stood in the door and cast a longing look over the horizon to the northeast, as if she would recall her boy from the far off woods. My eyes were much better than hers, and I could discern nothing in that direction, but down the road toward Humboldt, I saw Ed Weeks coming with his horse and cart. He stopped at the door, and Joe Hawkins went out and received two newspapers and a letter from his hand. This neighborly act of bringing the mail is seldom neglected by farmers, though I, coming directly from Humboldt, had never thought of it.

Mr. Hawkins came in with his letter, which was from the pension department, saying, as he tore off the end of the envelope:

"I wonder where they'll want to tote me to this time? Six!—Six hundred—W'y mother!—Girls!—We've got it!—Hurray!—Read it, sir!—Read it out loud to us!"

I read the letter aloud. It granted the old soldier sixteen dollars per month, and enclosed the government's check for six hundred dollars back pension.

Mrs. Hawkins threw her arms frantically around her husband's neck, crying, "Oh, pa, I'm so proud of ye! My, you must a-ben a good soldier. Oh, now we'll git out of debt. My, the gover'mint's be'n terrible good to you, after all,

ain't it, Joe? What you lookin' at?"

The old man was gazing intently out through the open door to the northeast, where two tiny figures appeared upon the crest of a rise, far off.

"That's the direction Clarence an' Ole took the mornin' they started, an' I seen two leetle dots on that fu'thest hill jest now, sure as shootin'. Now they've drapped into the holler. Oh, mother, if it was only them, we'd hev a happy Thanksgivin', wouldn't we?"

The figures soon appeared upon another hill much nearer, and the next time they hove in sight we easily identified them as Clarence and Ole. They walked with slow and weary strides, each bearing his sachel upon a stick, but as they came within full view of the old homestead, their pace increased. As they came up the path, Clarence's mother and sisters hurried out and fell upon his neck and kissed him.

"Well, mother, we've got back, and gee but we're hungry," said Clarence. "Have you had dinner yet? We ain't had a decent meal for three months."

"No, you dear, starved boy, dinner's jest ready, and it's Thanksgivin' Day. Girls, stir up that fire."

"Thanksgiving Day!" exclaimed the hungry lad. "Mister, we never thought of it, did we Ole? But I tell you we've got *woods* enough for this season. You've got to work for nothing and board yourself up there this winter."

"De vaj is verry por dis vinter," Ole added by way of corroboration, "an' de boy *commence* to gat homesick, so ve hat to come."

"Well, I'm glad ye did, an' I'm thankful you're both hearty an' well. An' oh Clarence, what do ye think, yer father's got his pension, an' six hundred dollars back pension, all in a bunch. Oh dear, the Lord's ben awful good to us. Now boys, set right up to the table, an' I do hope this turkey's roasted good. Pa, ask the blessin'."



WHITHER away so fleet and fast,
Sweet bubbling waters fair?
The songs you sing bring back to me
Dear hours so brief and rare:—
Blue were the skies above us arched,
And at our feet you sang,
And all the world seemed full of love,
With joy the woodlands rang;
And every bird its sweetest notes
Trilled soft and low that day,
When, murmuring on, we watched your
flight,
And picked the flowers gay.

Oh, merry brook, my heart is sad;
Today I wandered here
Alone, to think and dream again
Beside your waters clear.
The birds no longer sing their songs;
The flowers have bloomed and gone,
And all the paths are brown with leaves,
And dreary breaks the morn;
Yet in my heart a hidden flame
Burns ever, day by day,
Until my dear one comes again,
And springtime flowers are gay.

Louise Lewin Matthews

PHASES OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS

THE SOUTH'S GREAT COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

By *MARCIA DAVIES*

AMONG the forces which are rapidly changing the civilization of the Old South, none are more conspicuous than those which relate to the higher education of young women. That period of transition is happily past when it was thought advisable to keep women in a proper state of intellectual subjection, and one of the surest indications of the new time is shown in the systematic and thorough training of young girls.

The advent of the H. Sophie Newcomb College—the woman's department of the Tulane University of Louisiana—founded by the late Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb in 1886, for the higher education of women, gave a new impetus to such institutions in the South. This magnificently equipped institution, erected as a memorial to Mrs. Newcomb's only daughter, Sophie, who died at an early age, is a typical monument in more ways than one and stands in the new South as the symbol of a new era for its women. The munificence of Mrs. Newcomb during her life time kept pace with the college she founded. How dear the success of the institution was to her philanthropic nature was shown by her devotion to its many interests from

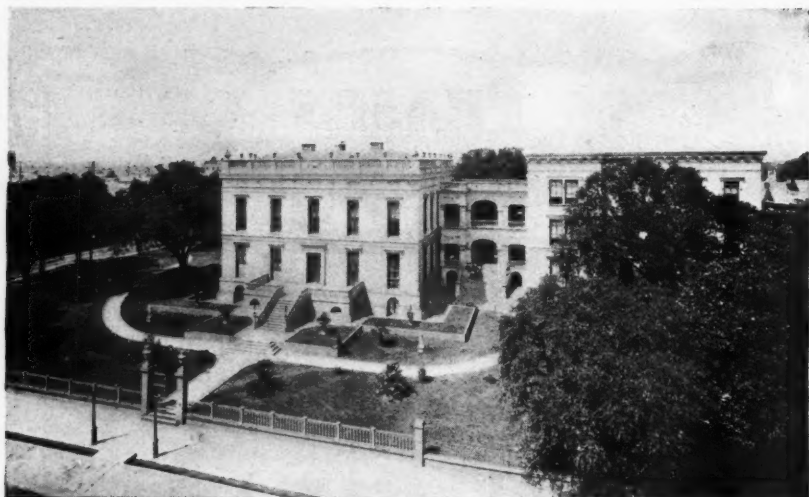
the day of its beginning until the day of her death, when she bequeathed her estate, valued at two million dollars, to the college. Mrs. Newcomb died in New York City, Easter Sunday, April 7, 1901. The charitable spirit which dominated all of the actions of this gentle lady during a long life devoted to good works, naturally led the way for that culminating deed of philanthropy which so enriched Louisiana and whose influence must react upon all the southern states.

The creation of this noble institution of learning at New Orleans is most happily chosen. Accessible by rail to all parts of the country, it is in direct communication by sea with Cuba, Central America, Mexico and the South American republics. The importance of the geographical site of the college at this great southern port can hardly be over estimated.

The college buildings occupy a large square of ground in the garden district of the city, on Washington avenue. The beauty of the situation could hardly be surpassed. Immense live oak, magnolia and other shade trees ornament the well kept lawns, while palmetto palms and various tropical shrubs enhance the beauty of the great stone building and give that woodland environment so essential for the recreation of the students.

The group of buildings consists of Newcomb Hall, where the college exer-

H. SOPHIE NEWCOMB COLLEGE, NEW ORLEANS



cises are usually conducted and in which are located the library and lecture hall; the Academy, with gymnasium and chemical, physical and biological laboratories; the Art buildings, with admirable facilities for the study and practice of the industrial and fine arts, picture galleries, art library, art objects, etc.; the Josephine Louise House and the Gables, just opposite the college, where the pupils from distant points make their home while attending the college; the Memorial Chapel, whose beautiful interior is adorned with fine specimens of stained glass, notably a window from Tiffany and an unusually good rose window, and the pottery, where the manufacture and decoration of art wares made of Louisiana clay has become a paying industry.

After some years of experimental practice a practical industry has been evolved from the manufacture of this particular ware, decorated as it is with the rich flora of the South. A bronze medal was awarded the Newcomb exhibit of pottery at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and a

silver medal was given at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last autumn. A new pottery is now in course of creation, an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars having been set aside for the advancement of this important department of work.

A gold medal is offered each year by the faculty of the art department for excellence in water color painting.

The college has a well selected library of upward of seven thousand volumes.

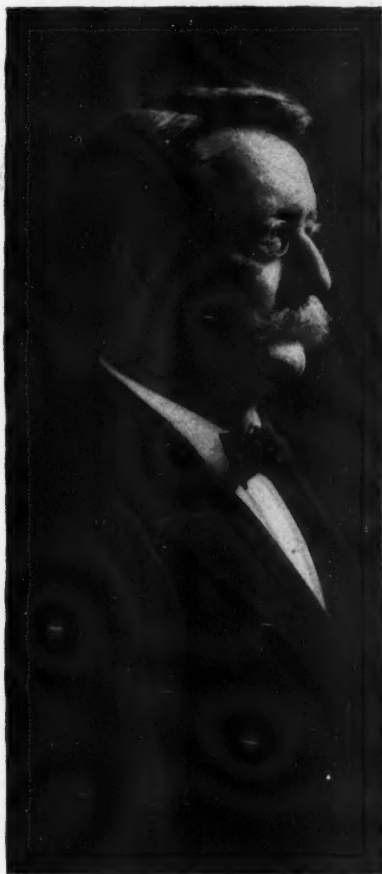
The study of English is considered of paramount importance and receives the most careful attention. A gold medal is given in this department for the best essay written by a member of the junior and senior classes. Mrs. J. C. Nixon gives a gold medal for the best debate, in order to stimulate young women to express themselves more clearly and forcibly, and the Beverly Warner prize is awarded to the best Shakespearian scholar.

Attached to the Newcomb college are nine scholarships, five of which are offered to the graduates of the New

Orleans public high schools. The Louisiana Battle Abbey scholarship is given to "a worthy descendant of a Louisiana Confederate veteran." The three Elizabeth Stone Baker scholarships are open for general competition. The Virginia Lazarus medal is also given for the best English essay, the subject to be chosen by the faculty.

The presiding genius of this great work, Brandt Van Blarcom Dixon, A. M., L.L.D., president of the Newcomb College and professor of philosophy, has had the supervision of this fast developing and already famous institution since its first days. He took charge of the work with the vigor of a man who knows how to command, and better still

BRANDT VAN BLARCOM DIXON, PRESIDENT OF
NEWCOMB COLLEGE



EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, PRESIDENT OF TULANE
UNIVERSITY



who knew how to combine the practical and the ideal in the liberal plan he outlined for the education of young women. The test of his success is the astonishing growth of this institution.

Although young in years, Newcomb College is relatively on a par with Vassar, Wellesley and other renowned colleges for women. The entrance examination to Newcomb is almost identical with that of the older institutions. Mr. Dixon's ambition for the college is unbounded. He leaves nothing undone.

THE ARCADE, NEWCOMB COLLEGE



His high aim and policy for the college have been largely in sympathy with that revolutionary movement in modern thought which has been the crowning glory of the nineteenth century, the union of the real with the ideal,—technical training allied to culture in its application to every day life.

The man or woman of inclusive development carries the ideals of culture into life at every turn. The end and object of high culture is to be an individual valuable to the community. Since philosophy, science, religion, art and literature have been reconstructed by the critical, analytic and historical criterions of the past century, the university of this age must of necessity be the rallying point where intellectual adjustments shall finally be embodied. The necessity of the university for the expressing of the larger life of men and women, the

imperative need of these great halls of learning whose standards cannot be set too high; where the old ethical systems with the new interpretation can be more speedily applied to contemporaneous civilization, makes its own strong appeal to the imagination. For when men in large numbers know the "sweet reasonableness" of applied knowledge to the facts of life; when trained observation makes them seek for "causes" instead of being concerned with "effects;" when the historical position and the disinterested attitude of mind obtain favor in general thinking, the world will hail the university idea as the real emancipator of man and seek in every way to advance the interests of such centers: it will heap gifts and endowments on these consecrated harbors where the priceless treasures of the souls of men have been guarded through the centuries.

THE CAMPUS—UNDER THE OAKS, NEWCOMB COLLEGE



Tulane University has been fittingly called "an enduring monument to its first president"—Colonel William Preston Johnston, son of the distinguished southern general, Albert Sidney Johnston. President Johnston took charge of the university at a time of great complexity. The wisdom of the conservative and yet progressive policy of the Tulane administrators and the peculiar gift of the president for amalgamating and conciliating the old ideas and conditions with the new, has been demonstrated in the phenomenal growth of the university. Tulane has passed through its crucial days. The seed time is over; the harvest has come.

Dr. Edward Alderman, the second president of Tulane, is carrying forward the ideas of this already famous institution with the enthusiasm of a man who has consecrated his life to a definite purpose. His devotion to the South and

his belief in its old ideals recast in a newer mold make him preeminently a representative leader in the educational movement in the New South.

The attitude of Doctor Alderman toward the higher education of women is well summed up in an extract from his address to the graduates of Newcomb College of the class of 1902. Speaking of the commencement exercises, Doctor Alderman said he "felt there was something holy in the task which came to him each year, when he was called to say a few simple, honest words to the young women who were leaving the sheltered life of the college to enter that of the world. Next to the passing away of a great life, whose course had been run, and which like the mighty oak had sheltered other lives, he knew of nothing holier than that which he was commissioned to do. Throughout the country there are ten thousand such graduating

MEMORIAL CHAPEL, NEWCOMB COLLEGE



scenes as this. This, therefore, was part of a national function. To the graduates he wished to say that the world needed trained women. Cultured women represented the unity of civilization. No illiterate children ever came out of the home of an educated woman. Between the Potomac river and the Gulf of Mexico there would be found 2,000,000 illiterate women. When this number had been diminished to nothing, there would be true reconstruction. "A trained woman," said Doctor Alderman, "was one who had no 'nerves,' who had a good strong body, was swift to serve others, and who had a mind that wished to know why things were as they were. Such women were needed in the home first of all. For the woman who built a home was as great as one who wrote an epic poem. The trained woman was needed in society, for at the last the woman was the teacher, by the laws of her life and the subtle graces of mind, heart and perception. He welcomed these young women on the threshold of

life into the contest for freedom, because up to this time women had been slaves that they might be taught to conquer freedom."



SAN FRANCISCO, OUR GATEWAY TO ASIA

By HAMILTON WRIGHT

TWO things impress the stranger in San Francisco—its steepness and the harbor. Sky scraping business blocks and substantial city homes lie terraced above one another as they climb the lofty hills upon which the city is built. Doughty cable cars rush up the steep inclines with never an indication of failing breath. One sees the crest of the first hill above and then imagines he shall go down again or go straight ahead. But the accomplishment of the first summit sees a second task more prodigious and scarcely to be attempted by anything

A GENERAL VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE TALL TOWERS OF THE CHRONICLE AND THE CALL NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS



except the brazen lunged cable cars. Up-up-up until, at last, before him is spread the marvelous panorama of the great harbor which is the second wonder of San Francisco. From the bay come the cool, exhilarating breezes whence one gets the breezy, intoxicating spirit of this great commercial city. Breezy progressiveness is the key note of San Franciscan life. All work and all pleasure are performed in this breezy, exhilarating manner. Though breeziness is a Pacific coast characteristic its greatest development or rather its greatest perfection is found concentrated in the city by the Golden Gate. San Francisco has the breeziness of Chicago without Chicago's strenuousness; it has the abandon to pleasure of New Orleans, but pleasure is never permitted to usurp the place of business; it has the enterprise and commercial shrewdness of the Yankee, but it turns its pockets inside out in a continual fete. In a word, San

Francisco is San Francisco, unique and *sui generis*, owing its individuality to the conditions of its early settlement, which decreed for the infant the peculiar constitution and temperament which have only become more strongly characterized with maturity.

San Francisco was born in 1848. At that time one Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Fort, on the north fork of the American river. Straightway the little fishing hamlet on San Francisco bay sprang into life as a city. Forty-niners' adventured the continent in their rush for gold. Strange fleets thronged the harbors and many a bold jack tar deserted at night. Of the forty-niners many fell by the wayside, and this is how Denver, Kansas City and Omaha got their start. Those who dropped from the overland route stuck to the country like burrs and raised their families, many of whom have become prominent. But those who came in the sea by ships,

LOOKING UP CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



having arrived there, remained. Hence it is that San Francisco is not a "western" city, as the term goes; for those who left their ships, as a rule, came from the extreme Atlantic coast, while the few stragglers who had managed to reach the bonanza country in lumbering prairie craft had been recruited from the middle states. So in the beginning San Fran-

cisco was a Yankee settlement, and Yankee it is still, with the Yankee blended to suit a new environment.

This generous breeziness of San Francisco is as apparent in its civic as in the private life of its citizens. Your private citizen patronizes the theaters liberally, he frequents the cafes and visits the parks and summer resorts. The San

THE GOLDEN GATE FROM MEIGG'S WHARF

Photograph by Taber



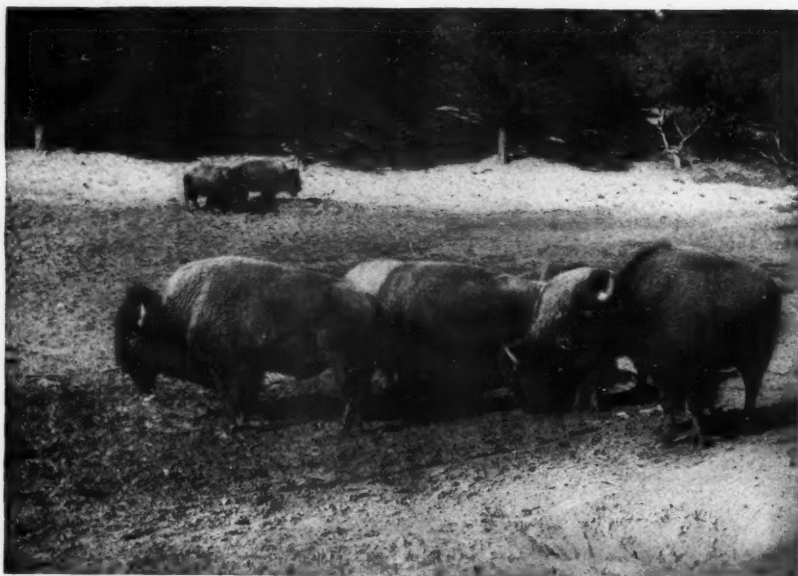
Francisco women go every where, and they are noticeable for their fine complexions and stylish garments. San Francisco bears the unique distinction of being the only city in the United States whose women do not complain of the injurious effects of the climate upon their complexions. Verily the moist air and the gentle breezes are cosmetiques unexcelled. With peach bloom skins come dressy gowns, and of all the cities there is none where personal adornment is more a part of the matter of fact, every day life. Your true San Franciscan dotes on good clothes. It is one of the noticable features of the city's humankind and is as evident in a department store as at a society function upon "Nob" hill. Truly Parisian are their outer habiliments yet they possess the substantial wealth of a Baltimorean. "To make it and to spend it," is the motto of San Francisco.

In its municipal individuality the city displays a similar desire for adornment. Prospering under the influence of an increasing Oriental trade, San Francisco has a business-like generosity in its

public expenditures. It displays the Yankee anxiety to make a dollar and the Western inclination to spend it like a good fellow. The latter is shown in the erection of a city hall at an expenditure of over \$6,000,000 and a water system which cost \$24,000,000. The city hall, be it said for the benefit of all good San Franciscans, has a dome which exceeds in height that of the national capitol at Washington.

It is but natural that a city of such out of door inclinations should go largely to parks. There are many breathing places such as are found in every large city, but the largest of all the parks and one unusual in its location is Golden Gate Park on the Pacific Ocean, about six miles distant from the city and embracing 1,040 acres. The ground for Golden Gate Park was purchased in 1870, and although an immense amount of money has been expended in grading and laying out, it is essentially a natural park in the true meaning of the word. Among interesting features is a herd of buffaloes, the second largest in the world; and the great grizzly bear which has been

BUFFALOES IN GOLDEN GATE PARK



here many years is the largest bear in captivity.

Politically, San Francisco is treading pleasant paths. It has no Tweed or Boss Croker. It has long passed through the struggle of municipal unrighteousness. Mayor Eugene Schmidt, the present city executive, is a young man risen from the people. Before his election to his present office he was a musician in a local orchestra. As it is, he sometimes assumes his clarinet with no apparent loss of dignity. Mr. Schmidt was elected upon a labor ticket, really a fusion with the republicans. His platform was for a speedy settlement of labor questions, a clean and economical administration and was victorious by a large majority. San Francisco has had its shipping and its street car strikes, but with the labor candidate as the city's chief executive the danger of serious controversy is a long way obviated.

No one can come to San Francisco without seeing the bay. If one travels

by sea he enters at the Golden Gate, a narrow channel less than a mile in width, and bordered on each side by precipitous bronze colored hills. If one comes overland, he travels from Oakland on the ferry. Then he sees the bay as it really is, a huge bottle shaped expanse, widening rapidly from the Golden Gate and stretching far away to the south. While the bay is the second wonder of San Francisco, it is by far the most valuable asset. It covers 450 square miles, its capacity is such that it could easily contain the assembled fleets of the world, while its average depth would permit, with perfect safety, such naval maneuvers as the world has never seen. All the ferries in San Francisco come to the Ferry building at the foot of Market street. This is the grand entrance proper into the city and the accessibility and convenience which it affords the visitor is testified by the ease and precision with which the vast crowds arriving and departing go their respective ways without inter-

ference. The transportation facilities with regard to freight are as simple as those for passengers. West of the Ferry building thirty-nine parallel piers enter the bay. These wharves are a block's distance apart and each is numbered, the most remote from the Ferry building being No. 39. On this account there is little confusion in handling the freight and there is absolutely no freighting traffic across the city. To the Ferry building come all the cable cars, queer creatures, which run over the never ending hills. The cable car question was settled in San Francisco as long ago as 1873, and immediately those portions of the city, almost inaccessible, became fashionable residence districts. Every one rides in cars in San Francisco—even the most wealthy, and, to put it tritely, for obvious reasons. Horses and automobiles are noticably lacking in the fashionable hilly districts. Going up hill you hang on for dear life and coming down hang on for the same reason. So the hills and the bay have stamped San Francisco, and its people are gay, industrious and breezy.

True Yankee thrift is shown in the manner in which San Francisco has grasped the newly found Oriental trade, to the discomfiture of its rivals, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland. While tenth in size, San Francisco boasts the honor of being the third importing city in the United States. Its imports amount to more than fifty million dollars per annum and its exports are slightly less. Its maritime trade has increased at the rate of \$2,000,000 a year for the last three years. The shipment of army supplies during the Philippine war marked the revival of San Francisco's prosperity and almost all the contracts for provisioning the army were filled by San Francisco merchants. Last year the city shipped over \$6,000,000 worth of miscellaneous supplies to China alone. San Francisco is making a bid for Oriental trade and

one enterprising shipping firm has in China a half dozen young Americans versed in the Chinese language who are placing orders for its cargoes.

San Francisco has settled down into a steady young manhood. But it has had its period of dissipation. It has been loud in its cups and rioted and debauched with the best of them. It has sobered down and gone to work and its experience has left it with no palpable scars. Its pluck, its vigor and its breeziness remain as of yore. The indomitable cable cars yearn for steeper hills to climb. The San Franciscan fills his lungs with Pacific ozone and gazes on his vast harbor with commendable pride.



THE NEWER SOUTH

By HILTON R. GREER

NOT the same South as of old, with a wealth of brave deeds and romances;
Not the same South as of old, with a tinkle of strings in the cabins;
Not the same South as of old, of opulent ease and indulgence.

Nay, from a furnace of flame, steel thewed, a new land has risen,
Sinewy, stalwart, and strong, and brave with the spirit of striving;
Dominant, active, alert, and large eyed and clearer of vision!

This is the South that shall lay close clasp to the throttle of commerce;
This is the South that shall burden the ultimate seas and the oceans
With the fruit of her forges and forests and the glimmering gold of her grain fields.

This is the South that has set a goal on the heights of endeavor;
This is the South that shall press, undaunted, and larger of purpose,
Up, up, to the star-seeking peaks of proud and triumphant achievement!

A Chat About Munich

By *POULTNEY BIGELOW*,

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty"

LET me drop politics for something more interesting.

Munich is the metropolis of German art, not to say German music and German science. There are many thousands of the English speaking family living here for the sole purpose of gathering knowledge, which is destined ultimately to benefit the country whence they came. My own purpose was to burrow in the magnificent Royal Library for the sake of material bearing upon a certain period of history. To do that successfully, I wandered up and down the neighboring streets, reading the signs of rooms to let, which signs in Munich are, according to immemorial usage, pasted upon the water pipes leading from the roof to the street. I found that furnished rooms could be obtained at from \$7 to \$70 a month, indeed at so reasonable a figure that I commenced to dream of something palatial on an outlay which would represent but a very small back room in the neighborhood of Fifth avenue.

In the course of my stroll I stopped at some wrought iron railings before which stood a citizen of Munich whose face reflected appreciation for art—the trade mark of this gifted municipality. He saw that I admired his flowers and asked me to walk into his garden, where the

splash of a fountain in the sunshine mingled melodiously with the song of birds.

The place appealed to me at once and I told him that I was looking for such a spot as this on which to pitch my tent. A large chestnut tree shaded one end of the court. There was much ornamental trellis work and on one side he had brought a relief monument of the Virgin Mary with the Christ Child rendered in such sympathetic form and color as to suggest a special blessing over the premises under her care.

He invited me to inspect his six apartments, but I warned him that my modest means limited me to a couple of rooms at the outside. It was a new house; many of the apartments had never yet been occupied. On the third floor was a sunny suite of four rooms which attracted me because of the burst of sunshine at every corner. The first room had three windows—two of them commanding the grounds of a local tennis club,—the third looking out upon the pretty picture of the Virgin Mary. The second room of the suite had also three windows, the third had two windows, the fourth had one window. He called upon me to admire the excellent modern sanitary arrangements of the lavatory; showed me (in the kitchen) a strong head

of water coming straight from the living springs of the Bavarian Alps. Then he showed me a laundry to which all tenants had access in turn; then a store room up under the roof and a large space for drying clothes. In the cellar he showed me a space marked off for each tenant's wine, and in the courtyard a stable for bicycles.

My remarks being exclusively for ladies, I offer no apology for dwelling at considerable length on these various items of luxury before coming to the vital statement that all this, to say nothing of a broad, light staircase hung with old masters, was offered to me at a rental of \$10 a month, or say \$120 a year!

After assuring myself that my friend was really the landlord as well as a disciple of Michael Angelo, I wasted no time but paid him a quarter's rent in advance and asked his advice as to the next step in the life of a *quasi*-bachelor suddenly blessed with a suite of four unfurnished rooms in a strange city.

In answer to an advertisement which cost me something less than \$25, I received about one hundred and fifty offers from as many ladies who professed themselves ready to take charge of me and my rooms, at a moment's notice, and for a consideration so trifling that one might regard it as a thing of sentiment. The first lady had a yellow fringe and dazzled me by her beads and jewelry. I told her she was too young, and turned over the remaining one hundred and forty-nine to the female members of my benevolent landlord, who, after a sifting search with the spectacles of remorseless respectability, sent me up a dessicated

framework of venerable virginity with the label house keeper.

She had a bag full of testimonials and a record sealed by the police of Bavaria for a period antedating the war of 1866. I had to sign a contract in which she represented one third interest, myself another third and the King of Bavaria the remainder. By this instrument I became responsible not merely for her wages, which she fixed at \$5 a month and her one bucket of beer a day—also her washing; but on me was laid furthermore the responsibility of watching over her *morals*. She was not to be allowed to frolic at unseemly hours or to frequent public resorts—I was to see that she kept up her religious observances. In return for this I secured a thrifty but very angular house keeper who watched jealously over every penny of expenditure, and particularly over everything in petticoats that ventured past her door. This old woman was a treasure! I told her in an unguarded moment that I liked real Bavarian cooking, whereupon she unloaded upon me a dish which she called "Spatzen." They looked like baby potatoes from Bermuda in February; each one weighed as much as an ink stand; together there was enough to ballast a cruising canoe, and in my mind's eye each was labeled, "Prepare to meet thy God!" She caught me in the act of distributing them over the tennis court and I had to give her a day off, including a theater ticket, to rectify the effect of my want of feeling—or digestion. She watched over me with pitiless pertinacity, broke into my working hours at short intervals to talk

about the next meal or the gossip from below, and burst into tears when I told her to stop talking and mind her own business.

One day I escaped to the mountains on a visit to my sister, leaving word that all my letters, papers, and so on were to be forwarded. She sent me some letters but wrote me not to read newspapers at present—that I needed rest, and therefore she would not obey this part of my instructions!

Where else in the world can we look for such uncompromising devotion to duty, such loyal obstinacy, such irritating fidelity? South Africa has produced Paul Kruger, and China is full of conservative virtue, but for genuine unbending perversity and honest pig headedness there is nothing on earth like my house keeper, of whom there are several thousand in Munich.

What I have said is already enough to illustrate the facility with which a stranger can settle here and find all things which conduce to happiness ready at his hand for a very small outlay in money. To be sure I have been arrested half a dozen times for riding my bicycle on forbidden territory, but each case was conducted so courteously that I was made to feel as though the gendarme, not myself, was the offender.

Munich is a cosmopolitan city—much more so than Berlin. Strangers here are regarded as pilgrims at the shrine of beauty. Yesterday, under the pretext of urgent business, I escaped from a dinner prepared by my watchful dragon and sat me down in a restaurant where a three course dinner was served for eighty

pfennigs and one of four courses for one mark or twenty-five cents. A mug of beer holding as much as four of our schooners cost further three cents, and the luxuriously inclined could top off with a cup of excellent coffee for an additional three and one half cents. Next to me there took his seat a Slavonian artist from a distant province of Austria. Beyond sat a Russian doctor of laws. I had no difficulty in noting a bunch of English and Americans at a table together, and the obliging waiters assisted my ethnological search by pointing out some French, Spanish and Scandinavian frequenters. All this in one obscure cafe near the art school. One can scarcely take a stroll without feeling that Munich is almost as international as that little magical strip of Paris between the Madeleine and the Opera,—the center of the earth to many a Frenchman. But the cosmopolitanism of Munich is of a healthier type, for here the many men of many tongues are workers.

So far as I have heard but one complaint in Munich affecting Americans, and that is a complaint not limited to Germans: Why does not President Roosevelt send to Munich an *American* consul? I mean a real American. If there are not enough Americans to go round, and if it must be a Jew or a German, let us send some one who can be personally acceptable to the average of the community. The United States will not be seriously affected by the quality of one consul more or less, but so long as a good consul costs no more, we deem it a service rendered to President

Roosevelt, no less than to thousands of American students, to call attention to Munich as deserving of consideration at the hands of the Washington administration.

There is nothing personal in this, for I don't know the present incumbent by sight. It is impossible not to know his name, for it is conspicuously posted out-

side on a shield ordinarily reserved for the national emblem alone. As an American I object to any one using the stars and stripes by way of personal advertisement. Just now I am canvassing the Munich University in order to find some one of a contrary opinion. When I find him I shall notify you promptly.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

YOU are familiar with the plea that this country offers constantly diminishing chances for the young man to get ahead in the world. You know this plea is false, because you know that in proportion as the total wealth of the country increases, its diffusion among the masses of the people becomes constantly more equitable. My friend M. A. Lane of Chicago makes all this very clear in his new book, *The Level of Social Motion*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine, and which I earnestly advise you to read. In the smoking room of a Grand Trunk sleeper the other day I met a young man, a Jew, whose career, told frankly, with a lively humor, with some justifiable pride but quite without vanity, is worth outlining here, because it illustrates once more the fact that a man

can make his own opportunities when he doesn't find them ready made.

—
This young man—his portrait appears on the next page—is Ellis F. Glickner. He is lessee and manager of a theater in Chicago. He has one hundred and twenty persons on his pay roll. He is prospering. He enjoys the friendly regard of many of the best men of the community in which he lives. He has the loyal adherence of his employes. They share his ambitions and his prosperity, each according to capacity. His humblest employe, a stage hand earning eight dollars a week, has a savings account in the bank that is steadily growing. Here shows the hand of the creator of the enterprise—the young man in the smoking room. Four

ELLIS F. GLICKNER, ACTOR AND DIRECTOR OF CHICAGO'S YIDDISH THEATER



nights each week the entire net receipts of the theater are devoted to charity. The sum so earned and expended in one year amounted to more than twenty-five thousand dollars. Eighteen years ago, or thereabout, Mr. Glickner was on the point of drowning himself in the East river at New York. He was hungry; he knew little, almost nothing, of the language of the country; he had no friends to whom he could apply for aid or advice. He says he had really decided to kill himself: I suspect he put in as a mental reservation—"if the next effort for work should fail." For, you see, he did not go to the river. Instead, he made one more effort, then another, and then one more, until he found work that would pay enough to sustain life.

He is the son of a Polish Jew—a man of strong intellectual powers, but a religious enthusiast. The father urged his son to remain in Kiev and live the life that he had lived; but the mother and other friends wished the boy to seek new fields for the development of his talents. The Jew, repressed and oppressed by the despotic government of Russia, lacked opportunities open to other men in that country. So the mother gave her boy five hundred and ninety-five roubles and with wet eyes and quivering lips saw him depart in the night. He went to Odessa. There he met a benevolent old gentleman who advised him what to do. This old gentleman and the boy stopped one day before a saloon. The old gentleman wished to get a drink but did not wish to risk all his money in the place. Would his young friend hold it for him—all but the price of the drink? With pleasure. The old gentleman got the drink, took back his money, and advised the boy never to carry much cash into a drinking place. Presently the boy grew thirsty. He remembered his friend's advice, so before entering a tea house he gave most of his money—five hundred

MISS IDA CONQUEST, A BOSTON GIRL WHO IS WINNING SUCCESS ON THE DRAMATIC STAGE

The city that gave Charlotte Cushman, the Booths, Warren and other famous players to the world is still a nursery for dramatic talent. Miss Conquest is one of several young dramatic artists, claiming Boston for home, who are gaining a national celebrity. Miss Conquest began her stage career at fifteen, a student. Her first contract was with A. M. Palmer, from whose management she passed to join the Frohman forces; at this writing her play for next season has not been definitely fixed upon, but her past successes warrant the belief that she will soon become a star of first order.



roubles—to the old gentleman, to keep until he should come out. Probably the old gentleman suggested this. At any rate, when the boy came out the old gentleman was not in sight. Mr. Glickner has not seen him since that day. With his remaining cash, the boy went to Hamburg, thence to London, where he became a super in a theatre, with just

MISS BESSIE ANTHONY OF EVANSTON, ILLINOIS,
THRICE WINNER OF THE WESTERN GOLF
CHAMPIONSHIP FOR WOMEN

Miss Anthony is the grand-daughter of Judge Elliott Anthony, a noted old-time jurist of Chicago. When she first met and vanquished Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, then western champion, Miss Anthony looked, and was, a mere slip of a girl, but she was a natural golfer, and has shown constant improvement in later tournaments.

Photograph by the C. & C. Company, Chicago



enough pay to stay lean on. Thence to New York, still a super, with a theatrical company. Out of work at the season's end. Then the slow drift to starvation and thoughts of suicide. Finally, the straw that saved him, the new job as super. Here he was paid, for each performance, one gallery seat, worth twenty-five cents. He was able to sell the ticket for fifteen cents. There were four performances weekly at which he was employed. That made sixty cents a week. Two nights each week he indulged in the luxury of a five cent bed; the other nights he walked, or dozed in door steps, or in the park. He bought four cigarettes for a cent, and made the four satisfy his cravings for tobacco during the week—rather better than half a cigarette per day. All the rest of his salary—the entire forty-nine cents—was invested in food.

All this time, mind you, Glickner was studying the language, and taking notes on his future profession. Pretty soon he emerged from the super status into real stage work. Got a place in a Yiddish theatre at Troy. Small wages, but princely for him just then. Easy to save a part. Soon had enough to float a company of his own—a small, poorly equipped, semi-vagabond company of strollers, glad of the coming of each day and of enough to eat therein. They wandered wherever a Yiddish theatre would open its doors to them, one year on the Pacific coast: sometimes affluent—for them; oftener very poor. But always, Glickner at least, studying, always preparing for better things. Next he hired a small hall in Chicago and formed a stock company. Several years of this, years of slowly increasing prosperity. Then the chance to lease one of the large theatres, near the Ghetto, and in which some thirty thousand dollars had been sunk the two years previous. From that time forward, larger and

always larger gains. And, remembering his own pinched days, always larger and larger allotments of those gains for charity. And this is only the beginning: he means some day to build model tenements to be rented at cost, in the Ghetto of Chicago; to show his people who come here poor and ignorant and afflicted how to get more good out of life than they do, and so to hasten their progress out of darkness into light. A splendid ambition. And if I ever met a man who will surely do the thing he undertakes to do, Glickner is that man. He is young, not yet forty, and he has shown his quality.

Do you mean to say, young man, that you, a native, familiar with the language and the resources of the country, can't do as well as Glickner, the Polish Jew boy? Never! Fight, you laggard; fight to the last ditch!

A Boston house has lately published a volume entitled *Literary Boston of Today*. This volume offers gratifying evidence that there has been no slump in the literary industry in the Hub. On the contrary, it employs more hands than ever before. In the making of books, as in the making of shoes, New England has seen individual skill give way to machinery. There are no more any great books, but there are more books, and the average of their excellence, in spelling, printing, binding, and other essential details, is far higher than in any past day. The industry has never, so far as I can learn, been unionized, yet wages have advanced steadily: Boston has, conservatively estimated, on the universally accepted directory basis of five individuals to each name listed in the book, rather more than nine thousand authors, and not one of them is receiving public charity. Whereas Roswell Field of Chicago, commenting on the prosperity of Boston authors, indicated by many pictures of their sumptuous homes con-

JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, THE CHICAGO CARTOONIST

Mr. McCutcheon, like his friend and associate George Ade, is a native of Indiana, the modern Parnassus. Therefore he is entitled to no special credit for the accident of birth that made him what he is, the funniest and most entertaining cartoonist in America.

Photograph by the C. & C. Company, Chicago



tained in the volume under discussion, flippantly remarks, by way of contrasting this condition with the state of affairs that exists in Chicago, that "an illustrated edition of Cook county litterateurs and literature would not be complete without pictures of the Home for the Friendless, the Martha Washington Home, the Home for Incurables and the county farm." But it would scarcely be fair to Chicago, having quoted Mr. Field's remarks, not to explain that he is a native of Missouri, and, because of his limitations of temperament, has never understood or assimilated Chicago, and that he resides there only because the town amuses him. There are Chicagoans who believe Mr. Field stays there because he amuses them, but the facts are as I have stated.

William C. Whitney, multi-millionaire, says the democratic party has no

issue and no man. Mr. Whitney may know a race horse from a ferry boat, but he wouldn't recognize a democratic ideal if he met one face to face. It has been a very long time since Mr. Whitney even so much as made a fair pretense of sympathy with democracy. There *is* an issue ready for both parties and which the leaders and beneficiaries of both party organizations will shortly be forced earnestly to consider. That issue is the *right* of every man to have work whereby he can earn a decent living for himself and his family. The only person who can guarantee him in this right is himself; and the only way he can guarantee it is by forcing the government that represents him to acquire and operate enough of the productive industries to afford honorable and profitable employment for every man not otherwise employed. As for the man who is to lead the fight for this next step in the develop-

ment of American democracy, Mr. Whitney may be assured that he is not

THE ORIGINAL BUILDING (RESTORED) OF THE FIRST PURITAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF AMERICA, AT SALEM, MASS.

The frame of the restored building is the same that the first builders set up. The outer covering was put on to protect the frame. The structure is twenty feet long by seventeen feet wide. The society was formed in 1629, and the church was built in 1634, by George Norton. It now stands in the yard of Essex Institute. The tiny building was last used for religious worship in 1670.

Photograph by Theoda Mears



IN THIS HOUSE, CORNER OF FRONT AND DAVIS STREETS, BEVERLY, MASS., THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN AMERICA WAS HELD IN 1810

Photograph by Theoda Mears



at present to be found flaunting his wealth in the gambling hells of Saratoga. The issue is here, and the man will be found to make it win. This man may be a republican, or he may be a democrat. It is of no real importance which party organization takes the next step for the people. The essential fact is that the step is to be taken soon. Since the war, the republican party has had a practical monopoly of administrative genius. Just now that party's organization finds it is gravely suspected of serving the few as against the many; but even in the moment that this is true, we see the administrative leader of the republican party taking notice of the popular suspicion and shaping his course to avoid its prospec-

tive disastrous results. The people can have anything they want, in this country. All they need do is to indicate their desires, and not all the money combines this side of hades can deny them for an hour. The people have only to indicate in their conventions and through their press that they desire public ownership of the outrageously mismanaged coal mines, for instance, and they will find the leaders of both parties jumping to do the work. But the demand must be unmistakably that of a majority, and it must be a temperate, intelligent demand. The politicians want the honors and the offices,

DR. W. P. ROBERTS OF JANESVILLE, WIS.

Dr. Roberts is secretary of the Wisconsin Health Park Association, which is engaged in a propaganda for the establishment of health resorts for consumptives in all the states, primarily, of course, in Wisconsin, but with a general purpose to make the movement national in scope. Dr. Roberts emphasizes the need of state aid in battling with the "great white plague" by reminding us that within fifty years over five millions have died of consumption in this country alone, and that the present death rate from that disease, in the United States, is one dozen each hour of every day in the year.



and they will not haggle over terms in order to get them.

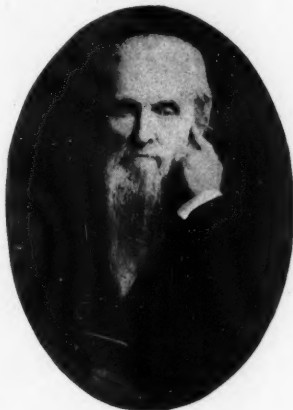
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If the principals of high schools would expend less effort in fitting their gradu-

ates to enter college without preliminary examinations, and more effort in training

REVEREND TITUS MOONEY MERRIMAN OF
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. Merriman is still active as writer and speaker despite his eighty years. He is the author of biographies of William, Prince of Orange and of Roger Williams, besides other historical and biographical works. He has been a pastor in Canada, in each of the New England States, and in New York, Michigan and California. Mr. Merriman was for many years a professor in Lasello Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.



them in the essentials of every day knowledge, we should have more diploma holders capable of spelling simple English words correctly. Spelling appears to be going out of fashion.

—

Speaker Henderson, in declining to stand for renomination in the third congressional district of Iowa, adopted the only course open to an honorable man. He declared frankly that he was not in sympathy with the tariff views of his constituents, hence he could not honorably serve them without violating his own convictions. The suggestion that Colonel Henderson withdrew because he feared defeat at the hands of former governor Horace Boies, the nominee of the democracy in the third district, is scarcely worth discussing. Colonel Henderson has represented the

third Iowa district during ten terms of republican majority in the "monkey wrench" district, with Colonel Hender-

ARTHUR BRISBANE, THE MAN WHO WRITES THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL EDITORIALS

Looks the part, doesn't he? No other American journalist has so many readers and admirers. He writes about the simple, vital facts of life, with sense and sympathy. Some people call him an "anarchist," or as many of them would say, an "arnekist"; but most of the two million daily readers of the Hearst papers recognize in him a spirit eager to serve the best interests of his fellow men. Mistaken now and then, like all of us, but maintaining a high average.

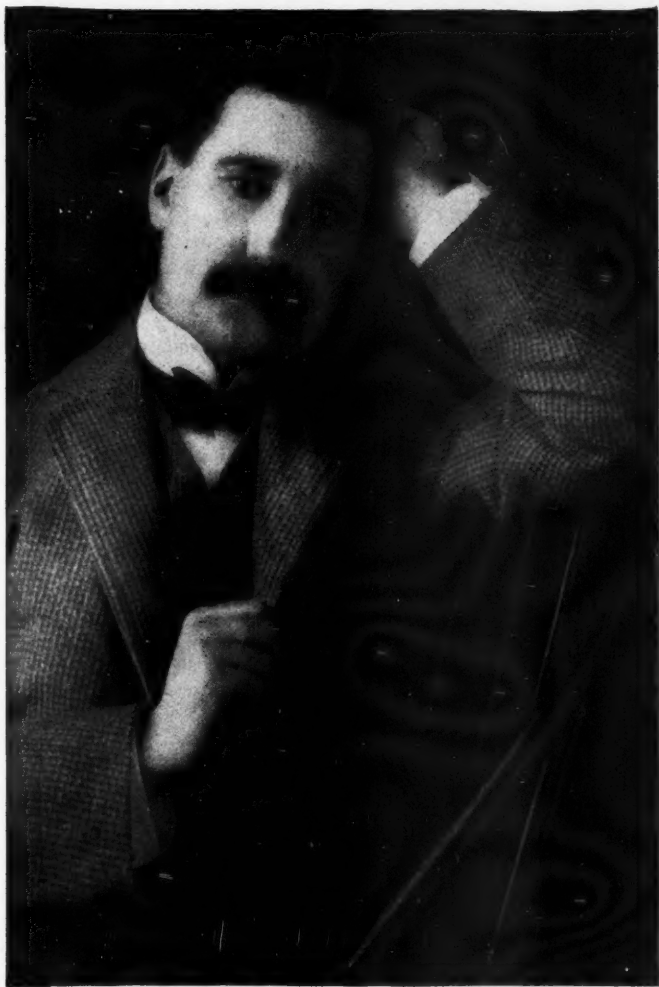


could have had the place ten terms more if he had desired it. Nothing short of a dynamite explosion could overturn the

son on the ticket, tariff or no tariff. Indeed, the only time the Iowans have ever, since the Civil war, defeated the

FRANK B NOYES, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

A strong man: keen, quiet, steadfast, imbued with modern ideas. A son of the Noyes who made the Washington Evening Star one of the best newspapers and best paying properties in America. He has quickly and thoroughly impressed his personality on the Record-Herald since he relieved H. H. Kohlsaat of the editorship a year ago. It has been the fortune of the Record and Herald, individually and united, to be controlled by men of strongly marked individuality—Scott, Kohlsaat, Lawson, Handy, Seymour, McAuliff, Noyes—and the latest man at the helm is strictly up to grade.



republican state ticket, was when the managers of that party had cut off the people's beer supply. Horace Boies was

twice elected governor on this issue, but in each instance the third district remained republican.

SWEETHEARTS



The simple truth appears to be that the West feels that it is paying more than a fair price for trust products, and it wishes in some way to whip those prices down. Democratic leaders out there, and some republicans, believe the way to do this is to remove protective tariffs from trust made goods. The President, in conference with Senators Allison, Hanna, Aldrich, Lodge and Spooner, is reported to have reached the conclusion that tariff revision is not the best way, or a safe way, to limit the charging power of the trusts. The President favors the enactment of a constitutional amendment that will give the federal government larger power of control over trusts, whether state or national in their character and operations. This can hardly be obtained in less than five years. At present, he represents, there appears to be no law that can reach the trusts. It is gratifying, in this connection, to reflect that we still have laws that can reach and punish the man who steals a loaf of bread.

Every time the man who enjoys large

"WHO CARES?"



wealth declares he has "nothing to arbitrate" with the men who produce the wealth he enjoys, he drives a nail into the coffin of the system that evolved him.

The persons who deplore the general race for wealth are missing the point. The increase of wealth, and its increasingly equal diffusion, mean an increase of civilization and an improvement of morals.

Some of the preachers are becoming real saucy toward the coal mine operators who have "nothing to arbitrate." Father McGlynn, who preached himself out of a parish and into the hearts of grateful millions, was the preacher for me.

The Wheeling, West Virginia, Gazette copies and comments on a paragraph that appeared in *Note and Comment* in the September National. That paragraph suggested the all-around desirability—except, of course, as to the present monopolists—of government ownership of the coal mines. The Gazette says:

Evidently Mr. Putnam is a socialist. If the government should own the coal mines, why not also all other mines and all other property from which is produced the necessities of life, own and operate the farms of the country, etc., etc., as well as the railroads, steamship and telegraph lines and every other industry necessary to the convenience and happiness of the people? Mr. Putnam should not draw the line at coal mines. When we throw down the bars to government ownership, where is the line consistently to be drawn?

The bars were thrown down ages ago, when the first steps were taken in organized government. In later times, our own government assumed ownership and control of the mail service, the schools, the money, and other items of general use which it was even then perceived could be better managed for the general good through the government than through private ownership and control.

As time passes, necessity will arise for the people through their agent the government to assume ownership and control of other items. When the railroads have finally united in one close and ironclad combine or trust, we shall hear more said in favor of government ownership and control of the railroads. The same with the telegraphs and steamships. The same with the farms—if the day ever shall come when the owners of the farms will form a trust and operate as a monopoly—as the coal monopoly now operates, for example. All in due order. The item nearest to hand is the coal industry. I am paying \$12 a ton for coal that, in ordinary times, earns satisfactory profits when sold at half that price. The miners, the men whose labor makes it possible for us to have coal, asked for an advance in pay that would raise the price of coal twenty cents a ton. This I would have been glad to pay, and so would you. The coal trust raised the price \$6 a ton. Is it surprising that I wish the government to take over the coal mines, pay decent wages, put an end to strikes, give the miner a chance to send his children to school instead of into the mines, and establish peace and order in a region that has been the scene of practically continuous strife, carried on at the expense of the general public, for the greater part of the last fifty years? You may call it socialism, or Christianity, or civilization, or what you like: this demand for the extension of government ownership and control of natural monopolies is the unescapable result of the desire and demand of the masses for constantly larger shares of the total wealth. I do not delude myself with the idea that a majority of the American people are yet ready for any considerable extension of this process; but I know, in the light of recorded human experience, that a majority will be ready for it before very long. The heaven is working all over the

"WHAT?"



world. The coal strike and its prompt utilization by the coal trust as a means of squeezing the pockets of consumers, is only an incident. It is far less significant of the general movement than the action of congress at the latest session in assuming responsibility for the irrigation of arid lands in the West.

And now the politicians may go hang, for I'm off to the woods with the boys to gather barberries, crab apples and wild grapes. I want the boys to get well grounded first of all in the facts of the out of door country. Then in the every day useful knowledge—the elementary learning that sticks to us after we forget why it was that the Romans licked the Carthaginians. Next, and broadly and deeply, the essentials of politics, economics and ethics. The significant lessons of history. The knowledge that fits a man to understand the social movements of his own time, and their bearing on the future. Every time I read a copy of the Congressional Record, I feel like suggesting that the government start a

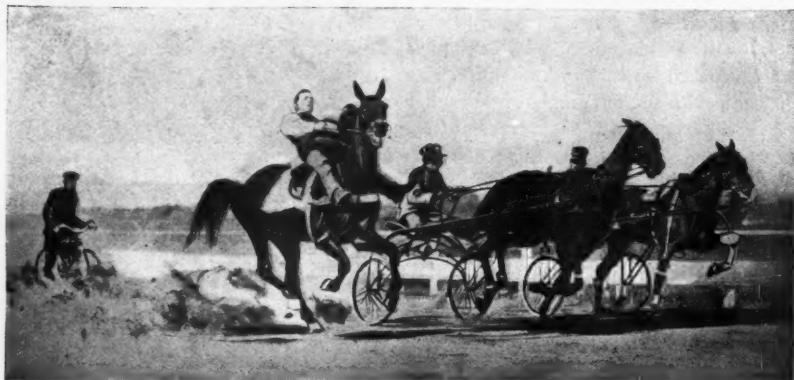
"JUST AS EASY"



CRESCEUS, KING OF THE TROTTERS, RACING AGAINST HIS RECORD OF 2:2 1-4 FOR THE MILE, PACED BY TWO RUNNING HORSES AND A MOTOR RACING MACHINE

By the way, trainer John McCartney's book, telling the story of Cresceus' great races, is just out—published by the Hollenbee Press of Indianapolis—and though McCartney is only about a 2:30 writer, as to literary style, his story is intensely interesting. The book contains portraits of several of the best horsemen of the day, and on the cover is a handsome portrait of the champion.

Photograph copyrighted, 1902, by the Hearst Syndicate



night school in economics, for its law makers. But let that pass.

Philosophy shall fascinate no longer,
To fathom it I've none more desire;
A pleasure that is humaner and stronger
Is romping with the children by the fire.

The race of man goes on and on forever,
According to a good and proper plan;
I leave the search for reasons to the clever,—

I'm going to be a lover while I can.

The lamp is lit, the grate is redly glowing;
The Baby sprawls upon a pillow near;

The Daughter and the Elder Son with knowing

And eager smiles in front of me appear.

The Mother, in an easy rocker reading,
Upon my guests bestows a fleeting glance,

In time to note the Son and Daughter pleading:

"Come, Daddy, we are going to have a dance."

High honor for a better man than Daddy!
With dainty grace the lassie takes my hand;

A partner of his fancy mates the laddie,
And so we stroll to Youth's Enchanted Land.

THE CHANGELESS

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou canst not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Arthur Henry Clough

IN THE LONESOME, SILENT SOUTH.

(Concluded)

By EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

AS the door closed on the negro girl, Miss Percival held the thin sheet toward the light. The slender, womanish characters wavered through her gathering tears as she read:

Pyrtha, ever dear and most dear to me, I restore to you that that is your own and yet no more. I am the unprofitable servant, and yet I did not bury your talent. When you sent me away from you you deprived me of life. I invested and worked and increased your little store, but my fatality returned and I lost both principal and interest. I dared not write you again, but for twenty years I have toiled to make back your money and return your loan. It is folded away in the brown wallet just as you once put a like sum away for me. I have found out the town where you are working, and tonight I shall enter your school room with the help of a young man about town and shall put it in your desk where you may find it in the morning. Then I shall go away. I, failure that I am, have no right to see you again. Feel, dear one, that I have led a clean though unprofitable existence, and have had no other light in all my weary life than that blue gleam from your dear, honest eyes. Think that I am dead. But still I have not been so unwise for you as I have seemed to be. Lest the young man should prove dishonorable and you should not get

back your own, I have sought out an old friend of yours, have told my story, and explained to him that I shall put this money in your desk tonight. He will remember you in case I fail or misfortune should follow in my wake. Dear and most dear, farewell.

Half an hour had scarcely elapsed before Mary's returning footsteps fell on Miss Percival's ear, and presently she opened the door for Doctor Hall, who came in hastily.

"I could not wait till after tea to serve you," he said cordially. "I had told Mary to summon me as soon as you were awake!"

He looked critically at his patient. "Weeping again?" he said regretfully. "But that is unwise. It must have been a severe blow to a proud woman to be forced into such a position; but, believe me, you have the sympathy of the entire community. No one thinks of you but as the victim of an error. I am sure that the man was deceived in your identity and you in his. It is my intention to protect you and to see you through this unfortunate affair, and I want you to feel that in me you have an old and devoted friend as well as an interested physician."

"Mary," said Miss Percival, "do not leave the room; I may need you. Her

voice produced a peculiar effect on Doctor Hall. It was so devoid of life. He looked at her again.

"Doctor," she said in response to the look, "I am over worn. I hear that the court has sat."

"Yes," answered the physician. "And have you heard of the arrest?"

"I wanted you to tell me of that," she replied. And after a moment's hesitation, he complied:

"The court ordered the arrest of young Ned Fairman. I believe that you do not know that many years ago, when the penitentiary was located in this place, his grandfather was a convict here, sent up for grand larceny, but, being pardoned out, became a small farmer, married a poor country girl, raised a family, made money, and died an honest man. His daughter became Fairman's wife. She was a beautiful young woman for her class. Ned is like her. They educated their children; actually sent their boy through college, but he has been a good-for-naught; cries back to the old convict, I suppose."

Miss Percival did not respond, and Doctor Hall continued:

"It seems that Ned Fairman and the man who was killed were seen together, first, by the Fairmans' negro cook; then by the negro boy, Mack Howard; and, finally, at twilight Sunday afternoon, by old Abram Claws, on the bridge below the pottery. Next, the pistol found in the room was identified by Nellie Fairman as her brother's; then the negro woman swore that Ned had secured the basket of tools from a closet in the Fairman house." Here the physician paused and looked earnestly at Miss Percival.

"Will you tell me," he said gently, "how the picture of Ned Fairman, drawn by you and fastened to your parlor curtains, came to be there?"

"I put it there for you to find," replied the lady.

"I thought as much," said the physi-

cian with a laugh, which he checked on noticing the weary seriousness of his patient's eyes. "I thought as much, and so I brought it away with me, when I could not wake you up and handed it over to the court. It completed the evidence which warranted an arrest." Doctor Hall paused again and waited for his patient to continue the conversation, but as she did not do so, he asked:

"How was the picture drawn?"

"The man," said Miss Percival wearily, "entered the window thinking that I had left the room. When he had half crossed it he looked up and saw me. That was the look of his face. I remembered it when he had gone. I drew it because I believed myself face to face with the guilty man."

The physician leaned over and took a rose from the bowl on the table, looked at it silently and then slowly plucked off the petals one by one. As the last fell he glanced at the lady again. She was lying perfectly still with closed eyes. A question trembled on his lips. He hesitated, and then said deliberately:

"And the purse, what was in it?"

"I did not look," answered Miss Percival.

In spite of himself the physician drew a deep breath. Miss Percival's weary lids suddenly uplifted. He noted in her glance something he had never seen there before, a singular mingling of timidity and distress.

As many skillful readers of character in the past have been deceived at a crucial moment, Doctor Hall was now deceived. The look seemed to him to have one possible psychic explanation. Miss Percival, he reasoned, had discovered her loss, was distressed because of it, and frightened as to the possible construction that might be put by the court upon the confession of her loss. He was not perhaps aware of his slight smile, and nothing could have been more unpropitious than his next remark.

"You have the purse?" said he.

"No," answered his patient, a visible tremor swiftly passing the full length of her tall form, "I put it under my pillow last night, but some one took it away from me while I was asleep." She looked beyond the Doctor steadily at her maid. He followed her glance.

"This girl—," said he.

"No," interposed Miss Percival, "Mary was not here when it was taken from under my pillow."

Here Mary, with curious opportuneness, broke in.

"Miss Percival nuvur does lock her do'," said she.

"Oh!" said the physician with the same long breath as before. "Then you think—that it may be—that the man returned in the night—and—secured the purse after all—while you were asleep?"

His question was followed by perfect silence. At first he did not notice it himself. Then he became aware that Miss Percival was regarding him out of inscrutable eyes. He shivered slightly, rose, walked to the window and looked out. Next he tried the sash. It slid up easily. He stepped into the rose fragrant air. The glittering firmament bent above him. He breathed deeply. After a moment he came back slowly with his soft physicianly tread.

"Yes, it is possible," said he. "He could have returned in some such way as this. Oh, the curious courage of the man!"

Miss Percival smiled. "Courage?" she said. And then she did an unexpected thing—she handed to the physician the letter she held.

"This was brought to the gate by a negro man," said she. "Take it to the light and read it, and tell me what you think."

Doctor Hall rose and held the letter under the rosy shade of the lamp. He read slowly, as if the words were difficult to decipher. Then she noticed that he

read it once again. The lines of his face visibly deepened and he seemed lost in thought. At the third reading he said aloud, but as if speaking to himself:

"What a remarkable sort of a fool this man must have been!"

Miss Percival lay perfectly still, and after a while the physician turned toward her, as silent as she.

The negro girl again filled in the awkward pause. "Is yuh a gwine to hab Miss Percival in de co't'ouse?" she exclaimed.

"You would wish to go?" he asked.

"Yes," the lady answered, "I would wish it."

"You believe the man would confess in your presence?" asked the physician, marveling at her evident change of purpose.

Miss Percival lifted her delicate brows. Doctor Hall was chillingly conscious of the rise of those slender brown arches, and of the supercilious glance from under her half opened lids as she uttered with unction her characteristic phrase.

"Possibly so."

Fama, so active in great cities and among widely scattered communities in the days of Dido, now confines her activities to village communities; yet so successful is she in her more limited sphere, that the most guarded occurrences taking place in the privacy of one's own home, in which only the most intimate acquaintances are participators, are frequently recited on the public square in an hour or two thereafter. So it happened that everybody who was anybody discussed Miss Percival's going to court on the morrow over his coffee and rolls; and a great many nobodies also enjoyed a like discussion in less charming apartments, over their bacon and eggs. Ladies, who had never before in all their lives entered the county court house on any plea whatever, hurried through their household affairs, donned their best attire, ran over to get their

most intimate Susan or Sarah, and by eleven o'clock were demurely sitting in their places on the bank of long benches which faced the jury and gave the best view of judge and witness, as well as of the prisoner in the case.

It was not the regular sitting of the county court, but Fairman, determined to defend his son at any cost, had employed, from a neighboring city, one of the most noted criminal lawyers in the state; and this gentleman, already on the ground, added a peculiar dignity to the preliminary court and coroner's jury as he sat, white haired and silent, at the lawyers' table facing the rostrum. Several of the witnesses had indicated their wish to be present during the whole hearing, and these gentlemen now occupied the waiting bench, also facing the court.

As nearly as possible at the exact moment set, Miss Percival came in with Doctor Hall and took her seat here also. She had the gift of appropriate demeanor, and the characteristic of always appearing to be the best dressed woman in any assembly where her social equals or superiors were seen. Among beautiful women she seemed to have no beauty, but the most trying occasions had never yet deprived her of the air of distinction, which marked a face capable of many emotions but at present full of repose. Colonel Dawson looked at her earnestly, and then turned his eyes reluctantly toward the physician.

Doctor Hall, he had just heard, was the present representative of an old county family. He was pleased to note that this gentleman was easily the handsomest man in the room, and this effect of fineness and superiority was enhanced by an expression of great sweetness on an extremely regular and clean shaven face, by gray hair of the black and snowy type, and by the unmistakable manner of the successful man.

The coroner saw fit to review the evi-

dence of the day before, and thus Colonel Dawson had the pleasure of hearing the testimony of the Fairman cook, Nellie Fairman, Abram Claus, and Mack Howard. Mack Howard caused a little ripple by stating that Jim McRae, the Doctor's coachman, had told him that he also had seen the stranger on the night before the murder, and, as Jim was in the court room as a spectator, it was easy to call upon him.

He swore that he had told Mack nothing whatever about the murdered man. When asked if he and Mack Howard were friends he convulsed the hitherto serious assembly by replying:

"Us wuz frien's onct, but sense he stoled mer munny, us hain't bin sech berry good frien's."

Next, the janitor of the school building testified that when he reached the school the door in the rear of the building was open, that the lock seemed to have been broken in the attempt to open it. That he had taken the key himself from where it always hung in the hall of the president's house. That he was attracted toward Miss Percival's room by groans from that direction. That in that room he had found the dying man and had at once given the alarm to Mr. Lawton, the science teacher, whom he met coming in as he ran out. The time was not later, he thought, than 8:15. The teachers were due at nine.

Mr. Foreacre testified that he had advised the removal of the man to the open air, as he thought he might then sufficiently revive to account for his presence there; but that soon after his removal Miss Percival had come up. That at the sound of her voice the man opened his eyes and said to the people around him: "It is important for me to see that lady." He then described the effect of this meeting on Miss Percival, and the gift to her of the brown wallet, but said that he could not recall the words which the man used to her. He

mentioned the fact that Ned Fairman had summoned Doctor Hall and spoke of Doctor Hall's kindness toward and sympathy for the lady. He also testified that as Miss Percival dropped the wallet, Ned Fairman sprang forward to pick it up. He described Ned's joking conversation about what was in it, and the wager that he had made with a bystander that he would yet see the inside of the wallet.

Doctor Hall testified that he had been twice called up to the family of President Orr during the night of the murder, leaving there at six o'clock Monday morning; that he four times passed the college, but noticed nothing unusual there; that he was abed when summoned to the scene of the tragedy, but had dressed hurriedly and arrived only just in time to see the man breathe his last.

Doctor Hall was drawn out with regard to the picture found in Miss Percival's parlor, and with regard to the family connections of Ned Fairman's mother.

Two younger physicians, Doctors Colley and McLain, who had examined the wounded man, testified that the wound was caused by some metal instrument, that it was deeper in one place than in others, and could have been made by a hooked piece of metal or an ax of small size; that the man must have been struck by a person standing in front of him, and that the cutting of the arteries rather than the crushing effect of the blow was the primary cause of death. They added that the man was in an exhausted physical condition, suffering from consumption in an advanced stage, and probably would have died a natural death in the course of the year.

The moment of intensest interest had now arrived when Miss Percival was summoned to the chair. Her testimony, however, was without sensational features; its substance was interesting as developing the identity of the stranger. Her answers were direct and she made

no effort to enlarge upon the simple facts.

Her father, she said, had been a professor of Greek in William and Mary College, and had retired on the death of her mother to the valley of Virginia. There he had lived near the home of the Arnall's and had acted as tutor to the young sons of the several families who were their neighbors. That the youngest Arnall son was called Cary and that he was a brilliant student but unsuccessful in his business ventures. That she had thought he would be more successful if he should have a little capital which he could use quite independently of his father's estate. She had, therefore, lent him some money, and had herself purchased the brown leather wallet and filled it for him on the day of his leaving home. He was to have written when his success was assured. He had not written. That was twenty years ago. On her father's death she herself had left Virginia as a teacher. She had never seen Cary Arnall nor heard from him in all those years until the day of his death. That following the death scene Doctor Hall had put her under the influence of some nerve and that she had slept in her parlor until some time during the following night. She told of Fairman's entering her window and of the drawing that she had made. That she had put this drawing where Doctor Hall would find it, hoping that he might be able to prevent her appearing in the case. She said she had not opened the brown wallet, had thought it empty, had put it under her pillow, and had missed it the next day; had never seen it since. She made no mention of the letter which Doctor Hall had read.

Here Doctor Hall spoke to Colonel Dawson, and he to the prosecuting attorney, Colonel Moore, and Colonel Moore to the coroner. Doctor Hall, again called to the chair, testified that Miss Percival neither locked her door nor latched her windows when she slept;

and that Fairman could have returned during the night and carried off the wallet; but as Miss Percival had stated that it was probably empty, it would of course be of no further use to him or to any one else.

During this testimony Colonel Dawson's attention was intense, but, while he gave his ear to Doctor Hall, it was noticeable that he turned his chair so that he could observe every shade of expression that passed over Miss Percival's face.

At the close of the evidence, Colonel Dawson said that he would like his client, Mr. Edward Fairman, to make a statement to the court. The coroner consented and the prisoner arose and faced the jury. Guilt was written on him large. His pale face quivered as he spoke and he bent like a weak old man. His story was told in so low a tone that only the jury caught its full import.

He said that he had met the stranger on Sunday on the pottery bridge; that the stranger had asked his assistance in a lark, a practical joke, he supposed, on one of the school ma'ams. He wanted, he said, to put something into Miss Percival's desk. Ned said that he had gotten some tools from home, and at midnight had broken open the door on the dark side of the house; that he and the stranger had entered there and groped their way to Miss Percival's room. The stranger had just raised the lid of her desk, when a gust of wind blew open the window blind, and the electric light shining into the room disclosed the form of another man standing near the desk, and just in front of the stranger. This third man immediately struck the stranger in the head with a small ax. That he, Ned Fairman, had fired at the man but had missed him, and becoming frightened at probable implication in the crime, dropped his pistol and ran; that the other man also ran and they passed each other in the dark hall. That he had made a wager next day about the

inside of the brown wallet to draw suspicion from himself and had entered Miss Percival's window at the moment when he thought he could take the wallet from the table and be off before her return to the room.

This story was variously received by the listeners. Colonel Dawson scarcely moved his eyes from Miss Percival's flushed face, and she, seemingly unconscious that she was being observed, gave a strained attention to the pallid, whispering narrator of this singular story.

On adjournment of the coroner's preliminary court, Colonel Dawson asked Doctor Hall to walk up town with him, and Mr. Foreacre elected to walk home with Miss Percival. Once out of the crowd he said to her:

"Wasn't Hall fine this morning? Never saw him looking so splendidly in my life. I was witness of a little transaction at the bank about three hours ago that did me a world of good. You know that fellow, Colton, has had a mortgage on the old Hall place for more years than it takes to remember? He came down here from Atlanta to close the Doctor out. But Hall was up to him, by Jove! Paid it down in cool cash. Best sight I ever saw! Colton was so evidently cut up. This middle Georgia land is coming up, you know, and to live in a place like that would make a new man respectable. Hall looks like a made over man himself, by Jove! Nothing succeeds like success!"

"How much," the lady asked, "was the mortgage worth?"

"Oh," answered Foreacre, "a matter of ten thousand, I should say."

The county court sat in August of that year, and since the tragedy of the past April, Colonel Dawson had become almost a resident of the town. The first week of the sitting had its event in the arrival of another stranger, a tall, ruddy, man, who stepped into the omnibus at the station, and said:

"Miss Percival's place, if you please. I fancy she will still be awake at this hour."

Whereupon several of the other passengers whispered:

"Fudge—gin—yuh!" and eyed him curiously enough.

As the gentleman took his seat and glanced up and down the stage, making out the other occupants by the light of the dim lamp at the upper end, his attention was attracted, not to any special man or woman among them, but to the head of a walking stick in a gloved hand at the farthest extremity of the seat on which he himself sat.

The cane was of the ordinary black ebony, but the gold head was unusually large and beautiful. Its straight rod of some two inches in length was covered with an embossment of ryé blades and opening sheaths; this then turned on a right angular curve, with a hand space of some four inches, closely laid with flattened heads of rye, and came to an end in two broad facets of polished gold, so inclined as to form an edge. On one facet he could make out lines which seemed to trace armorial bearings or some heraldic device.

The lamp light falling from above and side wise on this cane gave the brilliant surfaces an effect of extraordinary size, and brought to the stranger's mind a dim picture of a mace in an old text book conned years ago at his tutor's knee. It seemed curiously to hold his eye; indeed, he was still gazing at it when the omnibus stopped at the cottage and the conductor said:

"Miss Percival's, sir!"

The stranger stepped forth into the night. The slender steps creaked under his positive tread.

"Shall I wait for you, sir?" called the driver.

"No, do not," answered the man, his hand already on the cottage bell; and the passengers were driven reluctantly

forward just as a woman's form within seemed to rise and take shape against the curtained windows on the right.

One of the passengers, however, got out at the top of the hill beyond, amid a chorus of cheery "good nights!" stood there a moment with his hand on an old iron gate swung between old fashioned turreted walls of brick, looked after the omnibus until its twinkling light disappeared in the darkness and distance and then deliberately walked back the way he had come.

More than an hour thereafter, when the stranger, unattended, came out of Miss Percival's door, this passenger, who had been watching in the shadow of the *bois d'arc* hedge beyond, stepped forward and joined him as he moved toward the town.

"I am going your way," he said cordially. "We may as well walk on together."

The stranger looked at him curiously.

"I am speaking," he said, "to—?"

"Doctor Hall," answered the other, "an old friend of the lady at whose house you have just been a visitor."

"An old friend?" said the stranger, "then you will doubtless bear me out that there are few such women. I, too, call myself an old friend, yet I fancy that my friendship has the prior claim. Her father was my tutor many years ago in Virginia."

"Ah?" said the Doctor, slowly.

"Yes," continued the stranger, "I first remember her as a little girl of seven, bending over my brother Cary's book."

The doctor started slightly, and the stranger, who was looking at him, continued as if in answer to his movement.

"Yes, it is true, I am here for that!"

"It is a curious case," said the physician, "psychologically one of the most singular occurrences which has come under my observation. Your brother comes into the town unknown to the people and entrusts himself and his

secret motive for being here to a loafer about town, a young good-for-naught of little more than half his years. He is carried by this man into the school building and there murdered, we will presume, for money. But according to the story of the murderer the purse was left in the murdered man's hand, while the murderer ran off frightened at the sound of his own pistol. Your brother lives long enough to give the purse to Miss Percival, for whom it was intended. She, devoid of the curiosity which influences most women, fails to open it, and the murderer returns in the night and steals it from under her pillow. Wonderful state of affairs all 'round!"

While Doctor Hall was speaking the two men turned a corner and came upon a green, in the middle of one side of which stood a square brick building coped with granite. A swinging arc light in the center of the unpaved street shed over its front and northern end a silvery sheen, and cast toward the south and east its huge, black shadow. They paused involuntarily to look at it.

"This is the building?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," answered the physician, "and here in the northwestern corner is Miss Percival's room."

"I had formed a different idea of the place," said the stranger. "The murder, you say, was committed in a blaze of light like that?"

"No," said the physician, "my own theory is, that if any light shone into the room, it was the light of day. The prisoner, Fairman, declares that this electric light shone into the room, but our police system here is somewhat amusing. These lights go out and the policemen go to bed at 12 o'clock and nothing stirs from then until daylight. I consider the electric light episode one of the weakest points in Fairman's story. A pistol fired at this place before 12 o'clock would have roused the neighbor-

hood. If the light was burning when Fairman killed your brother the story of the firing of the pistol is untrue. Fired after twelve o'clock the pistol shot would have passed unnoticed."

"You believe, then, that Fairman killed my brother with an ax, and that the pistol was not fired?" said the stranger.

"Frankly," answered the physician, "I have never believed the ax story at all. I was not so fortunate as to examine the wound, but, unless the ax had been wielded by an very weak hand, your brother would have been brained at once."

"True," said the stranger. "And has it never occurred to you that a woman may have wielded it?"

The physician started violently.

"I see," said the stranger, "that you did not think of that, and yet it is a possible theory. Let us walk on."

Another turn and some hundred yards brought the two men into the town; and thus far they walked in silence, each man pondering the wisdom of further parley and questioning the motives of the other as he walked. Opposite the drug store the physician paused.

"Will you come in here, Mr. Arnall?" he asked. "Moore is over yonder, and Dawson. They are opposing attorneys in the case; Moore for the state and Dawson for Fairman's son."

The stranger acquiesced, and the two men entered together. Introductions followed and in half an hour thereafter Mr. Arnall was in possession of all the common knowledge in the case of the State vs. Edward Fairman.

At the end of this time, Doctor Hall again offered his services to convey the stranger to the nearest hostelry; but, to the astonishment of Colonel Moore and the seeming relief of the physician, Mr. Arnall answered that he would walk on with Colonel Dawson.

"What do you think of that, Doctor?"

whispered the attorney for the state to the physician as Dawson and Arnall went out.

"I think," said the physician smilingly, "that we are to have some surprises in the case. Miss Percival, you know, is Miss Percival; and there may be developments hitherto undreamed of."

"The devil and Tom Walker!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You don't mean it? The old maid and Fairman in league?"

"No," said the physician. "No, that would be the least probable solution. This Arnall, however, told me that he believed his brother to have been murdered by a woman."

We all know the effect of that subtle phrase, "a woman in the case." Miss Percival came forth some days thereafter and touched an unyielding atmosphere; an ominous whisper followed her day and night, yet if she recognized the impossibilities of her position she showed no sign.

At the end of the week little Lulu Kincaid said to her devoted spouse, "Dollard, my dear, if the case does not come up soon the town will tear her limb from limb. The women have persuaded themselves that she committed the deed. If I have dreamt it once I have dreamed it a hundred times that I awoke in the night and saw her laughing defiance in the teeth of a murderous mob."

"Lulu, now don't," came the response. "Don't go over to express your sympathy and get yourself involved." And Lulu did not.

Had Miss Percival made a movement to leave the place, had her eyes once fallen, her tongue once faltered, the story which I am about to tell would have been somewhat more terrible than it is; but she was made of fearless stuff and did not flinch. Nothing, therefore, came to an end, but the call of the court and the empaneling of the jury.

That over, the wearisome outlining of the case by the solicitor and the examination of witnesses for the state began. Every effort was made by Colonel Moore to drag in the subtle femininity suggested by Doctor Hall. Miss Percival's position and attitude in the community were thoroughly reviewed. Her almost universal unpopularity was stressed. Her whereabouts on the fatal night, her singular loss of the brown wallet, her unaccountable all day sleep, the motive for her exhibition of artistic skill with Fairman for subject were made to take on a sinister aspect worthy of Lucifer himself. She was shown to be a dweller in the town, yet alien to its interests. So, borne along by the prejudices of the community, Colonel Moore floated to the fatal end on a wave of popular sympathy.

As the case progressed the prisoner's attention became intense, his look of dejection was superseded by one of novel interest in the woman whose drawing had been the first cause of his arrest. Although well aware of the actual facts in the case, he was almost induced to accept the theory that, suffering from her own sense of guilt, she had seized upon a favorable circumstance to fasten her own crime upon himself.

As to Miss Percival, the change in her face was ominous and terrible. Her pale cheek at first warmed softly under the repeated manifestations of hostility in the court, then burned to a deep dull red, and her eyes darkened slowly from their cold accustomed gray to the glow of blue black sapphires. Her whole appearance was full of repressed passion. The jurors as they watched her came to feel to a man that some frightful force was at work in the soul of the woman who sat before them, but glanced at them only with a flash of haughty disdain as each witness left the chair. Finally her singular ordeal came to an end. Colonel Dawson rose calmly from his seat and in his unimpassioned tones outlined the

course of the defense. The defence would prove that Edward Fairman was not guilty of the murder of Cary Arnall, nor of the theft of the brown wallet. The means were at hand to convict the guilty person, a person hitherto uninvolved in the accusation, and even to point out the weapon with which the crime had been perpetrated. The defense would first uncover this unrecognized criminal, would next reveal the motive for the crime, then trace the brown wallet and count out the value of its contents. He first summoned Dr. Lemuel Hall.

This witness had been called from court to the bed side of a patient in the town. Dawson looked down his list and said that President Orr would do.

The child of President Orr was found to have been ill on the night of the murder, and witness set forth that his family were awake all night, but had noted no unusual disturbance at the college. That Doctor Hall had been summoned twice during the night and was with them from ten to eleven or twelve, and again from three until daybreak. That he came and went in his buggy, driven by the negro, Jim McRae. That the keys of the college building always hung in his front hall, on the hook of a large hat rack mirror there, and that the janitor came for them on the morning after the murder and took them intact from their place.

Miss Napier, house keeper for the Orrs, was next summoned. She testified that the keys were not on the rack on the night of the murder. She observed their absence when she passed through the hall to the president's office to call up the physician the second time. The hour must have been near two a. m. They were in place when she retired at about five a. m. She had mentioned the matter at the breakfast table at eight o'clock Monday morning. Chief of Police Donalson testified that he lived in the neighborhood of the college. Came out from town near one o'clock. High wind

was blowing. Noticed electric arc still burning. Heard muffled sound of pistol. Stopped startled, and presently saw two men running from the back of college building. Ran after the one going toward town, but was soon out distanced. As he returned the light went out. Night dark and windy. Heard nothing more.

As Doctor Hall was still delayed, Dawson asked for his coachman, Jim McRae.

Jim testified that on Sunday evening, at about eight, a gentleman called for Doctor Hall, was admitted to his office, and remained with the doctor some thirty minutes. He did not see the man clearly, as the physician took him into his office by a window opening in the porch. Doctor Hall had walked with him to the gate and had said to Mrs. Hall, on his return, that the man was ill.

Further questioning revealed the fact that on returning the first time from the Orrs, the physician had said to Jim that he was sure he would be needed again at the president's house, and that, therefore, it would be best to drive the horse 'round and go to sleep in the buggy, while he, Doctor Hall, walked in the garden. When the second call came he went to the garden, but did not find the doctor there. The wind was blowing hard as if a storm were coming. Presently he heard some one running outside the wall and then Doctor Hall came in by the gate and walked up the drive to the house. That the doctor called him and said that he would not go in, as he did not wish to startle Mrs. Hall, but would bathe his face and hands at the pump. While he was washing his hands, his stick dropped into the tank, and he washed it also, and wiped it carefully with his handkerchief. That on his second return from the president's, Doctor Hall had at once retired and requested that no one should disturb his morning nap.

The next witness was Mary, Miss Per-

cival's maid. Mary testified that Miss Percival had feigned sleep all day Tuesday, and told in her own inimitable style of how Jim McRae had discovered the doctor in the act of opening the brown wallet, and of the letter Jim had sold to Miss Percival.

At this point, Miss Percival looked meditatively at the foreman of the jury, lost color, rose from her seat, and handed to the lawyer a crumpled sheet of onion skin bond. The lawyer opened the paper and read aloud the letter which had dropped from the brown wallet. A deathlike stillness pervaded the room. As he finished reading, Colonel Dawson handed the letter to the foreman of the jury, and turned to Doctor Hall, who in company with a constable was being escorted to the waiting bench. Georgians are a clannish people, and the great criminal lawyer in all his after life felt no pang so keen as that which shook him as he bowed to the man whose family traditions were as honorable as his own.

"Dr. Lemuel Hall," said the judge, and the doctor took the witness chair.

As he sat there, looking at the jury and the court, in his morning calm and cleanliness, his people who had grown up with him in the shadow of the "old Hall place" looked up to him with unshaken confidence and respect. What slur upon such cleanliness could stand the test?

"Doctor Hall," said the lawyer, "you have told us so often all that you know of this lamentable case that I shall not review your testimony, but shall ask your assistance in answering a few of those questions which trouble the defense. It has been proved that the keys of the college were missing from President Orr's hall at two o'clock on the Monday morning following the murder. *Where were those keys, Doctor Hall?*" The question was put in the celebrated thunderous tone which had been known to disconcert a witness past recovery. Dr. Hall's fine

nostrils quivered. A shock passed over the court.

"Your honor," said the physician with haughty composure, "I rise to a point of courtesy."

"It is taken," said the lawyer. "Doctor Hall, where were the keys?"

"I do not know," answered the physician.

"You did not see the keys?"

"I did not look for them."

"Doctor Hall," said the lawyer, "had Miss Percival any other old friend than yourself?"

"Mr. Arnall," answered the doctor with a slight smile, "had priority of claim. I have been Miss Percival's physician for the ten years of her residence here."

"It has been my pleasure," said the lawyer with deliberate insolence of tone, "to read to the court a letter of Cary Arnall's, in which he mentions a visit to an old friend of Miss Percival's on the day of his death, and—"

A sudden pallor touched the physician's cheek. He had taken for granted that Miss Percival's delicacy of feeling would have forever rendered the reading of that letter to the open court an impossibility, and he turned a startled glance toward her immobile figure as the lawyer spoke.

"Could it be that she suspected? Ah—"

His glance met hers.

A stifling stillness fell upon the court. The judge followed the Doctor's startled gaze. Dawson paused and turned his head. The jury looked—and saw a face, sharp as an instrument of death, colorless as death itself, and eyes deep as hate incarnate. On these eyes the doctor's fascinated gaze was bent.

A sudden trembling spread through all his frame. Dawson shouted on:

"In the letter which I have just read, Cary Arnall writes that he has sought out an old friend of the lady's, has confided

to him the fact that he is to put this money (ten thousand was it, Doctor Hall?) into her desk that fatal night, and that he relied upon this friend to protect her interests and to see that she received her own. Though this singular case has reached the ear of the English speaking world, no such old friend has come forward to fulfill his charge. *Doctor Hall, were you that friend?*"

"No," answered the physician; "no, assuredly not."

"Then who," thundered the lawyer, "who was your strange visitor that Sunday night?"

"No one visited me that night," replied the pale witness in a scarcely audible tone.

"Where did you go, Doctor Hall," continued the terrible voice, "while your coachman slept? Where were you in those frightful hours? What did you do with *this*?"

Suddenly with indescribable dramatic effect Dawson raised the beautiful walking stick which he had unceremoniously snatched from the physician's hand, in the attitude to strike. The prisoner uttered a triumphant cry. The physician rose, essayed to speak, swayed and fell forward at the lawyer's feet.

A dim, indignant murmur rose from the crowd. After a second of suspense, Dawson stooped and raised the still form, motioned to Arnall for assistance, and the two lifted the physician to the rostrum in front of the jury. The people rose. The constables closed the aisles. "Let the court be cleared," said the judge.

"Arnall," whispered Dawson to the Virginian, "take Miss Percival through the jury room to the back door, get into the carriage there, drive to the Georgia road, the four-thirty will be going out, get a ticket to Macon and put her on the train. Goodbye!"

Just then the judge began to address the crowd.

"Fellow citizens," said he, "the court is adjourned. An unforeseen accident has befallen your honored townsman. His testimony is necessary to the development of the defense. On his recovery the case will proceed. Go quietly to your homes. The court is dismissed."

He sat down. The people did not budge. "Let in McCoy," said a man in front.

"Let McCoy in!" shouted fifty voices. "We'll know what's the matter here before we go."

"Constable," said the judge, "bring up Dr. McCoy."

The crowd looked mollified. A smile of easy insolence spread over the faces of the men. Dawson drew a deep breath. He heard the carriage move off.

McCoy entered the quadrangle and bent over the silent form. Ten minutes ticked off on the clock before he raised a white face to the judge, and said in a tremulous whisper, "Your honor, Doctor Hall is dead."

The judge turned again to the crowd, then looked at Dawson.

"Colonel," said he, "will you—?"

Dawson bowed, stepped forward, and began:

"Friends, you know me well!"

"Indeed we do!" came the ominous answer. Dawson smiled.

"My name," said he, "is Dawson."

"Aye," shouted a farmer, "it is!"

"The first Dawson," continued the lawyer in a tone of great suavity, "came over with Oglethorpe in the Princess Anne."

He paused. He had given the countersign. Would it pass current? There was a moment of silence, then the men straightened up and leaned back in their seats; the women unfurled their fans; and that calm flutter you have noted on a summer Sunday spread slowly over them all.

"Well, go on," said the farmer. "We are ready to hear you, go on!"

And Dawson spoke. It is said in Georgia that never human owned a more persuasive tongue than this same Andrew Dawson; and of all his great speeches, that in the celebrated case of the State vs. Edward Fairman stands preeminent.

The foolhardy, betting loafer in the prisoner's pen felt himself condemned in character and soiled past cleansing, even while cleared of the charge. Miss Percival herself, poor and alone in the world, angular and unforgiving, unbeloved and yet not unlovable, was the note of pathos in the orator's symphony of speech. Doctor Hall's double temptation, fall, and punishment became as

dramatic, as terrible as the scriptural story of Ananias. And when it was over the people rose softly from their seats and passed out of the court house as quietly as if their differences were all settled and advent angels had charge over the dusty hamlet half hidden in its August elms.

Miss Percival? She is teaching in a Northern city in a fashionable boarding school for girls. I think she regrets her cottage and her roses; I believe she thinks some times of that lonely grave, grown up in wild gladiolus on that distant hill side in the lonesome, silent South; but who would dare to disturb her thoughts, or presume to penetrate the secret recesses of her heart?

WHAT OUR SISTERS ARE DOING

ON HOLIDAYS AND THANKSGIVING

By *LEAVENWORTH MACNAB*

"**WE'VE** the cutest plan for Thanksgiving Day," said the Girl, as she put away her brushes and prepared to leave the studio. "We're going to have a royal feast. The Gentleman has promised us his rooms for the occasion and we're going to go shares on the expenses. It's to be a regular, old fashioned affair—that is, as old fashioned as we can make it in a bachelor's domain,—and everybody's to have a hand in the cooking. They're counting on us for the decorations."

"I thought you knew, by this time, how I dislike holiday festivities," replied

the Boy with an eloquent frown. "As I've told you more than once, for me the Fourth of July means a trip to the back-woods or insanity, and Thanksgiving Day and Christmas are anniversaries that only bring to me longings for dead pleasures. I have been trying my best to forget that next Thursday was one of my days of blues. I wish you had not reminded me of the past."

"I am sorry," said the Girl, after a pause during which the Boy slammed the door to shut out as far as possible the joyous cries of an asthmatic bell and the voice of the ringer, who was announcing blatantly to the passer by on the pavement that "Thanksgiving turkeys is being raffled inside." "I wish I could remember your dislikes better. But you have so many—as many as you have

moods. And, do you know, some times I am forced to believe your moods are poses. You are too young to take life so tragically." She laughed to take the sting out of the last sentence.

"You are at liberty to believe what you please," snarled the Boy as he viciously attacked the canvas before him. "Some persons imagine that there are no griefs but those they themselves are capable of feeling. It is useless to talk to such. How could they be expected to see dead Thanksgiving Days as I see them; to feel the sacredness, the sorrow of the memory of them? How could I describe to them the keen caress of the November air on the cheek of careless youth; the laugh in the frozen, echoing road that ran away from the dreariness of school; the beckoning lights from the old home windows, the joy lit face and outstretched, sheltering arms that waited at the door? That was the smiling way that led to the Thanksgiving Days I cherish."

He glanced at the Girl. She had turned from her work. "It was delightful, wasn't it?" she replied. "You have made me see it all just as it used to be at home. One's thoughts always wander to home scenes when one is lonely. I often see the picture you just painted for me.

"But don't you think it is wrong to draw only sadness from the dear, old days. They were full of bright, beautiful things, but we shouldn't paint shadows into the picture and give it a gloom it never knew. Don't you really, honestly think it is foolish to weep over a past that has not the slightest need of tears or consolation? I think we should harvest from those memories enough sunshine to brighten the Thanksgiving Days that break dull and leaden with never a glint of blue.

"You know that life is ever so much more worth the living to you now than it was in the days you are sighing for.

You wouldn't go back to them again if you could. The past is something to be thankful for today, and today has, oh, so many, many things for which we should give thanks. We are young and hope shines right over our heads. We have found our work, and we are doing our best to carry it to completion. We have friends—good, loyal friends—who care for us, rejoice in our successes and share our disappointments.

"Then we should be thankful that we have the sympathy that leads us to those who live in the shadows; those who have not even memories to brighten their days. Yes, it is for the privilege of lightening the burdens of others, carrying words of good cheer to weary watchers, changing tears of hopelessness to tears of joy, that we really owe the most thanks, for in that way, as the Gentleman is always telling us, lies the only happiness that is worth while."

The Boy bent close over his easel and the Girl vainly scanned the back of his head for a sign that his gloomy delight in the past had been weakened by her words. She adjusted her hat and began to pull on her gloves. Then she said, with all the enthusiasm she could command:

"What kind of decorations will we have? Let us think out something unique."

"No," said the Boy emphatically, as he swung 'round and faced the Girl, "to be unique is too commonplace. Let's be thoroughly old fashioned—red berries, chrysanthemums and all the things that folks who never saw a studio have. Come to lunch with me, and we'll give the afternoon to Latin Quarter florists. And—say—if there's anybody—sick or anything like that, you know—that you think I could be of any service to—"

As they started down the stair, the Girl said:

"After all, I'm glad you're moody."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE DICKSON HOSPITALITY

By FRANCES WILSON

"SHE might have asked us to dinner," I protested, as I stumbled along after the will-o'-the-wisp of Ruth's lantern, doubly handicapped by the heavy suit case and a fear of goblins.

"She not only might—she *should* have done so!" I added wrathfully as I stubbed my toe and plunged wildly forward, clutching frantically at Ruth to save myself.

For reply, my sister giggled foolishly.

That we were making our way through the jewelled darkness of the night to the 11.05 train for Richmond was really her fault, since it was she who had taken up Portia Dickson and she who had accepted Mrs. Dickson's invitation to go up the mountain to see the sun rise.

She—Mrs. Dickson—said she appreciated what we had done for Portia and implied that she was making up the party in our honor. Ruth flashed a triumphant glance at me which meant "Now—you see you were mistaken about their being stingy!" and I felt rather small. Involuntarily my thoughts reverted to "the crookedest railroad in the world," whose track winds about the mountain until it terminates at the inn which nestles in a dimple near the summit.

Gay visions of a party of men and maids talking nonsense on its broad veranda while they watched the moon drenched scene below, flitted tantalizingly through my mind, and I was aware that a new tolerance for the Dicksons

was taking root there. In fancy I was sipping claret cup and gazing dreamily down at the receding foot hills to the point where a silvery line marked the shore, when Mrs. Dickson's harsh voice shattered my dream.

"We're going to walk up," she said, rising to go. "You two are so artistic that I know you will enjoy it. It's such a novelty!"

She was certainly right! Walking all night along a road that zigzagged eleven miles upward and then walking down again, certainly was a novelty. I tried to catch Ruth's eye to bully her into refusing, but she evaded my glance. So I sat by, an unwilling victim, while it was arranged that we should go to the Dickson home at Richmond by the eleven o'clock train, and Mrs. Dickson departed with the air of one who had generously decided to share *her* mountain and *her* sunrise with her less fortunate sisters.

"It's all your fault, Ruth!" I burst out crossly, as soon as she was out of hearing, "and I just wish you'd curb your charitable instincts." Then we both laughed loud and long.

Portia, only daughter of the house of Dickson, is a living refutation of the assertion that every lassie has a laddie, so soft hearted Ruth had undertaken to bring her out.

"Such a nice, wholesome girl," she would remark carelessly to the youths in white duck, who were in the habit of

lounging about the porch of the Cabin in picturesque confusion—the mater, you must know, is a great belle)—“so sweet and charming!”

We had Portia to lunch and Portia for over night. Indeed, for a time, Portia shared all our joys. But to no avail. “A maiden all forlorn” we took her up, and such she continued to be in spite of Ruth’s untiring efforts.

On the night of the barn dance, Ruth’s waning hopes flared up again. Portia’s dress was a dream—indeed she always had everything that money could buy.

“Surely some of them must take a fancy to her tonight,” whispered Ruth fervently as we were leaving the house.

But I only shrugged my shoulders. Secretly I admired the penetration the young men were showing. Portia’s eyes were a trifle too small and too close together for my taste.

The boys did their duty manfully that night—too manfully, in fact. They had a way of turning up at intervals during the evening, looking bored but virtuous, and dropping into a seat beside one with an obvious expectation of reward. Even I began to experience a flickering gleam of pity for Portia.

“Dick,” I scolded at one of them, “I don’t like the way you behave when we introduce you to nice young things of your own age. Why aren’t you making love to Portia instead of hanging about me?” and I faced him sternly.

He glanced stealthily about, then flashed me a knowing look from the tail of his eye and said:

“Doesn’t she make a fellow feel like thirty cents, though?”

In vain I tried to stem the flood of his confidences. The gates were open!

Dick is but five feet six—and feels it. I mean he feels the six inches that he lacks! To him Portia had confided that she just pitied small men—she didn’t see how they endured it. She felt so sorry when she saw one!

To Harry, who is sedate and bookish, she had, it seems, expiated upon the charms of athletic men. They were the only men who counted, she said.

To Tom, whose luxuriant locks are euphemistically dubbed auburn by his friends, she imparted her conviction that ‘all men should be as dark as night,’ and to Dave—dear, bashful Dave, who is more afraid of girls than of roaring lions—she became ponderously playful upon the subject of an acquaintance of hers whom he had met but once.

“So, you needn’t try to fool me,” she tossed off airily, to the delight of a group of Dave’s friends who were present. “She just raves about you! Indeed, I’m not mistaken,” she continued, elated by the laughter of the others and Dave’s evident discomfiture. “You mustn’t be so shy.”

“Look here, Ruth,” I remarked with sisterly candor in the privacy of our rooms that night—“that Dickson girl ought to be muzzled. You won’t have a friend you can call your own if you keep on.” And I repeated what Dick had told me. Ruth looked perfectly aghast, but yet—well, it’s letting the cat out of the bag to say it, but Ruth is as stubborn as a mule and I can’t help seeing it though I love her to death.

On we went through the darkness, expecting each moment to encounter some of the things that prowl by night, until, to our mutual surprise, we found ourselves safe on the train. Each of the little stations that we passed was darker and more deserted than the last, until at Richmond the general gloom culminated in a wide, unearthly desolation, into which we peered anxiously as the train slowed up. Not a person appeared in the band of light adjoining the car, and in her anxiety Ruth nearly fell over the suit case which she was bumping down the aisle while she peered into the darkness.

Mrs. Dickson had often urged us to

spend the day with them, and Ruth said the day after would be an excellent opportunity to do so—killing two birds with one stone—hence the suit case with its change of clothing. Portia, to be sure, had remarked when she stopped at the Cabin the day before, that "it didn't make any difference how we looked, as we'd be coming home on an early train and wouldn't be seen," but as I've said before, Ruth is stubborn!

"Brought your trunk?" was Portia's greeting now, as we stepped onto the platform and two figures emerged from the surrounding gloom. I was seized with a sudden fit of choking while Ruth's cheeks flared like roses and the youth who accompanied Portia looked startled.

Mr. Corson—that was his name—fell to my lot as we walked soberly toward the house. The rest of the party, it seemed, had dropped out one by one, and in my heart I applauded their wisdom. I had just shaken off the benumbing gloom that was settling on my spirit and elicited a laugh from Mr. Corson when a warning "Sh—h—h!" cut it short. We had reached the house.

"Papa and mamma are asleep!" said Portia, warningly.

Inside the lights burned dimly and we talked in whispers.

"I suppose you'll have to have something to eat?" she remarked in a discontented tone, which was, I thought, intended to provoke a refusal, but we three maintained a stubborn silence, and Portia moved reluctantly toward the kitchen, where we followed.

"The servants are in bed," she said, desperately, making a final appeal to our honor; but we still preserved a hardened silence, and she banged the coffee pot down upon the range in a manner which must have been a relief to her feelings.

We tried to be pleasant but met with small encouragement. The youth dejectedly retired to a corner with an old

newspaper and I whispered to Ruth, "Cheer up, dear—the worst is still to come!"

In the pantry, where Ruth and I followed Portia, rows upon rows of Dickson's canned things of the three X brand stared us tauntingly in the face. There was also the greater part of a roast chicken and some boiled ham. I was just thinking of throwing myself upon Portia's stern young bosom and confessing that I was famished when she jerked a knapsack down from a nail and looking me squarely in the eye said defiantly: "I think crackers are about the best things we can take, don't you? And lemons, of course," she added, grudgingly.

Outwardly, I may have been calm, but inwardly I was thinking of the night when we lavished our last plum pudding upon Portia, and shaking my fist at her—and mamma, asleep up stairs! Vague schemes of reprisal flitted through my brain. Why not enlist the youth's services, seize all the eatables in sight and flee to the mountains? But before I had fully decided, Portia, with a curt "Come," led the way to the dining room and we followed meekly.

On a table sparkling with glass and silver a plate of unnaturally thin bread and butter reposed in Spartan severity. Docile as lambs, we sat down and waited for the coffee which we hoped it would please Portia to give us.

Ruth, crushed and horrified, was out of the running, but the youth and I vied with each other in our onslaughts upon the bread and butter. Once, I caught him taking four of the two by six pieces at a time and he was perfectly brazen about it.

In the midst of this midnight feast, Mrs. Dickson appeared, looking cheerful and manly in short skirts, heavy boots and a cap, and we were soon on our melancholy way. She, the youth and I walked together.

"Be careful," she cautioned at a point in the drive where the stately trees embraced each other over our heads and shut out the starlight. "People have come to grief here before now," and she indulged in a reminiscent chuckle. "A young man fell here once and we never heard of him afterward," she continued grimly, as if in reply to the question in our minds. "He was an admirer of Portia's," she went on, "and I couldn't bear him. So one night when he was coming, I stretched a stout cord across the path here. He never reached the house, but I noticed that the gravel hereabouts was pretty well ploughed up the next morning. Anyway, Portia never heard of him again!" There was no mistaking the calm satisfaction of her tone.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the youth under his breath, while I involuntarily moved closer to him and farther from our hostess.

By the time that the moon peeped shyly up over the tree tops we had reached the foot of the mountain, where we plunged into the dark path that wound in and out among the trees, emerging again and again and ever higher up.

More like convicts than like free whites out for pleasure we followed our leader—but three of us were intently calling down maledictions on the name of Dickson.

"May their vats of pickles spoil!" whispered Ruth hurriedly, as we stood together for a moment. A sepulchral "Amen!" startled us. The youth was nearer than we thought!

From time to time Mrs. Dickson burst into grandiloquent descriptions of the sunrise which we were about to see.

"Above all," she finished impressively, "don't move or wink your eyes. If you do, some glory will escape you."

Ruth mumbled something about wishing it had all escaped us. Trouble seemed to be spoiling her disposition.

Over the last steep half mile Mrs. Dickson goaded us mercilessly. "Hurry—hurry—or you'll miss it!" she reiterated fervently as our spent muscles revolted and we were about to drop. Then, with an heroic effort, we would drag ourselves a few steps further.

We reached the summit just as a faint glinting of light showed in the east, as if the cover of the night did not fit down well, and settled ourselves on the rocks, more dead than alive. Mrs. Dickson hovered over us with the air of a successful showman. A lovely sense of irresponsibility stole over me. The rocks became softer than down, but Mrs. Dickson's deep voice recalled me.

"Don't get impatient," she urged benignantly, "just watch!"

On either side of me sat Ruth and the youth staring with glassy eyes at the east, which had become a cold gray. Not to be outdone, I took a firm hold of my eyelids with both hands and stared too.

Minute followed minute; yawn followed yawn. Darkness vanished before the day; but never a glory appeared.

Ruth's head dropped abruptly upon her breast and I let go one eyelid long enough to give her a vicious jab and murmur righteously, "What came ye out for to see?"

"I thought the sun rose before daylight," she returned in a weak voice with a yawn which certainly must have come from the depths of her being.

"It doesn't seem to be foggy," Mrs. Dickson was soliloquizing in her bass voice, "and yet—"

I think she was trying to break the news gently, but at her words the youth faced about quickly, animated, I fancied, by some savage, primeval instinct to turn and rend. He must have thought better of it, though, for he finally turned back again and for another quarter of an hour we continued to gaze solemnly at the sky. All at once he broke the silence, astonishment and

disgust struggling together in his voice.

"Why!" he said in a breathless sort of tone, "Why! Isn't that the sun up there?" and he pointed to a narrow slit well up in the gray, through which the bleared red eye of Old Sol peered down on us gloatingly.

Five pairs of sleepy, reproachful eyes gazed blankly up at the fleck of red—five persons sat on the hard, cold rocks in the chilly dawn and felt cheap!

"I'd like to throw a bun at it!" All the youth's pent up disgust was in his voice. Ruth and I began to laugh—weakly at first, then more and more hysterically until the tears ran down our cheeks, and even the youth's rueful face began to limber up from sympathy.

Only Mrs. Dickson and Portia remained grave. If the failure of the sunrise was a disappointment, our mirth was a positive affront.

"I think we may as well start down," said the former stiffly, and suiting the action to the word she started off with the air of a grenadier, not waiting for us to dry our eyes.

At the inn, the youth and I exchanged wistful glances as we thought of its potentialities in the way of beds, baths and breakfasts. However, we made no protest, but silently followed our hostess, whose gait was a practical illustration of the mathematical law which governs the speed of descending bodies.

"Your sins have found you out, Ruth," I moaned, as we slid down a steep foot hill, in a torrent of loose dirt, clutching wildly at the saplings as we shot past,

landing at the lower level bruised and dirty, only to see our determined hostess forging doggedly onward, head down and the soles of her great shoes ludicrously in evidence. Like little dogs after their master, we followed—down more hills, and along mile upon mile of level road. Even the youth looked wild.

"What a woman!" he gasped as he wiped the dirt and perspiration from his face with a dingy rag which had once been a handkerchief. "What a woman!"

On the steps of their home, mother and daughter awaited us.

"Hurry, girls," called the former, cheerfully, as we just crawled rather than walked up the driveway, "you'll have just time to wash your faces, eat a bite and catch the ten train!"

A half hour later, at the gate, we said farewell—a long farewell—to Portia.

"By the way," said that sweet young thing in a puzzled tone, "what did you bring the suit case for?"

I grinned, but there was a dangerous sparkle in my sister's mild eye. Without waiting for an answer, Portia continued:

"I think I'll come over to dinner Tuesday night and stay for the picnic Wednesday."

I looked at Ruth and she understood that I was daring her to do it. She rose to the occasion.

"No, Portia," she said languidly, "don't come. The picnic is off—everything is off." She paused and looked at Portia with sad sweetness in her eyes and then finished softly, "Don't ever come, Portia, until I send for you!"

BYRON

TOO avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.
Only the odors of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces hungering for her face.

William Watson

HER "DISERBODIED SPERRIT"

By LYLIE O. HARRIS

'TWA'N'T so much jest the notion o' dyin' that used to pester me, 's 'twas pickin' out the best time ter do the dyin' in. Winter time there was hog killin', 'n no house keeper with a conscience 's goin' to pick out that time for her dyin'. Come spring, there's house cleanin' 'n er passel er clothes ter git tergether, 'n summer time' would be er plum flyin' in the face er *Providence* ter let all the fruit rot itself ter death, stidder cannin' 'n preservin', 'n picklin', 'n dryin', whilst in the fall there's the garden 'n the winter clothes needs tendin' to, 'n it *did* seem like 'twas the inconvenientis time o' all fer a woman to even *think* o' dyin' in.

'Tain' no use fer Preacher Jones to be eternully tellin' his congregation, 'n them mos'ly women too, to be always ready to go. Ef Preacher Jones was er married man, he'd er knowed better. House keepers don't have no time ter git ready fer the other worl'; it's all they kin do ter git things on time fer this. When they're called they've got ter take their souls in their han's an' go on the jump. Tha's the way I had ter do. Though *Providence* did seem to turn a smilin' face, seein' I wa'n't took till *after* the spring cleanin' was through with, 'n my black silk was made over for the forty-leventh time. Little my min' tol' me, when I was er frettin' 'n er fussin' 'cause I couldn't get that front go' ter take the right hang, how handy 'twould come in fer my las' wearin'. I ain't er dwellin' much on my las' sickness. Even a dis-

erbodied sperrit has its feelin's, but man nussin' don't give er suff'rer that oh!-be-joyful feelin', though it does he'p to take the sting outer death. Randy—well, he done his bes',—but land sakes! a man's 'bout the no countes' creeter when it comes to shore 'nough doin', I ever see in all my born days. It hurts me yet ter think of all them bran' new night gowns, trimmed in serpentined braid, teetot'lly ruined with all the med'cines po'd *onto* 'em, stidder *inter* me. There's one cons'lation—they'll never be wo' by Randy's nex' wife. Not's I reckon I'd care anyway, for 's I've often tol' Randy, one o' the reasons women oughter be glad to git to heaven, is because there ain' no marrifyin' nor givin' in marriage up there.

Young gals 'n ol' maids thinks there's a whole sight mo' in a man 'n what they is, but I've gotter come across the firs' married woman *yit* 's thinks *her* husban' has all the newes' improvements. Randy, I reckon, 's about's good 's *Providence* saw fitten ter make the po', slack twisted creeters, 'n he did wanter have in some of the neighbors ter nuss me. But I'd ruther put up with man nussin' 'n ter have er passel er prayin' women pirrotin' up an' down my house, 'n fin'in' out my weak spots, 'n me knowing Randy had got the house lookin' like a hurrah's nest. I *was* 'bout ter give in when Randy put the mustard plaster on my spine, stidder on the pick er my stummick, but the thought o' them plum p'eserves that'd begun ter "work," 'n

Randy's socks full er holes 's er sifter, give me stren'th ter grit my teeth, 'n' I says: "No, Randy; it's hard, it's mos' mo' 'n I kin stan', but I'll put up with jes' you till death do us part, ruther 'n resk my rep'tation 's the mos' p'rtickler 'n unsat'sfied house keeper in Buncombe County." I made Randy promise ef I died he'd throw the p'eserves to the hawks, 'n the socks in the fire, less'n he wanted my name ter be er hiss'n 'n' er cracklin' er thorns un'er the pots in eve'y kitchen in Ol' Buncombe. If there's one thing I know better'n the contrairiness of husban's, 'n' the comicalness o' men's stummicks, it's the mean little measly ways of good women. Knowin' women 's I do 's what put me dead against women's suff'rin's. Ef I've gotter p'ruse 'roun' heaven with er heap er women I know mus' be there, heaven won't seem much like home. I never did hol' ter the preacher's say so, 's how we drop our ol' selves, same 's er moultin' hen does her feathers, when we clap our wings 'n' flies beyon'! We're jest boun' ter have some year marks! How'll I know Randy, ef he leaves behind' his nigg'n' 'n' his naggin' 'bout spendin' er nickle? How'll I know Sis Francy Sykes, ef she's stopped scan'lizing the neighbors? How'll I know the preacher, himse'f, 'thout his preachin'? No—the good Lord ain't er goin' ter change us in er twinkle of his eye, 'twould make heaven too lonesome.

I can't say I foun' dyin' hard. It's er good thing ter res'. A long, lazy spell looks enticin', but after two or three days, I don't know—'n' I can't he'p hopin' there'll be somethin' ter do in heaven. Flappin' wings, 'n' trailin' robes, 'n' twangin' harps, 'n' wearin' crowns wa'n't the mos' sat'sfyin' notion o' heaven ter me at no time. Short skirts 's what I'm used ter, 'n' I never could git er chune even out er a Jew's harp, 'n' er sun bonnet's heap mo' ter my taste 'n er crown. But when I

come ter goin' over, 'twa'n't me I was pestered 'bout, 'twas Randy, po' creeter. Many's the time I've 'greed with the Bible 'bout man bein' sech er po' thing 'twa'n't wuth while ter c'nsider him, but that time I was *boun'* ter c'nsider Randy. Po' he was, but he was mine, 'n' that counts for er heap. After I was good gone, I whispered ter Randy not ter take on so, that there was jest 's good fish in the sea 's ever was ketched, but he didn't seem ter hear me. Then I kind 'er laughed in my sleeve, when Widow Shanks says ter Randy, who was jes' er boohoo'n', "Don' take on so, Mr. Dinkins; I know jes' how diss'lute you are. I've been jes' that diss'lute three times. You *mus'* resign yo'se'f. How I wish I could comfo't you." I smiled a sardonix smile, for I r'membered how Widow Shanks 'd comfo'ted three widowers a'ready outter this vale o' tears. She's got a gift that way.

"I've been resigned three times," says she, "Oh, *so* resigned." An' her big baby eyes filled up with tears, though there wa'n't a scrimption in her voice. People did say the widow was mos' *too* resigned ter diss'luteness, but lawsy me! even er eel gits used ter skinnin'. Randy, though, he broke out er cryin' 'n' says, "I ain't resigned. I've *gotter* stan' it 'cause I've *gotter*! It's turned me 'gainst Providence. How does Providence expec' er man ter git erlong in this worl' 'ithout er woman ter he'p 'im?"

"Providence don't, Mr. Dinkins," says the widow, low an' whispery, "an all-merc'ful Providence has made mo' women 'n' men."

"That ain't er he'pin' me," says Randy. "I wants my Liza. Me an' her has pulled t'gether rough road 'n' smooth, 'n' if she did sometimes 'gee' when I said 'haw,' 'n' git balky onst in er w'ile, 'twa'n't nothin' but the natchul contrairiness o' women nohow, 'n' I didn't lay it up ag'inst her, but some'ow I managed her."

"Twas news to me that Randy managed me; but die an' learn.

"I couldn't never fin' another woman like Liza. She would outdo any woman in Buncombe," says Randy, his mouth puckered up like he'd been eatin' green pussimmons.

"Jes' what my po' secun' used ter say 'bout me," sobbed the widow b'hin' her lace han'kerchi'f.

"I don't know where ter look fer such ernothe," says Randy.

"Them that looks, fin's," says the widow.

"But I don't feel like lookin'," says Randy, gazin' hard at my remains. I was grateful to Randy, for I ain' lived so long 's not to know that "remains" don't cut no figger longsider live widows with c'ocodile tears. I know men folks f'om A to Izzard, 'n' I was sorter 'stonished ter see Randy act the storck; not that he can stay er storck long, with that widow honey fugglin' him.

"Liza could beat the worl' makin' cawfee," says Randy, sniffin'.

"Cawfee is er pow'ful comfo'ter," says the widow. "I'll make you some befo' you can bat yo' eye."

I ain' never yet seen no man lose his ap'tites ter eat counter losin' his wife. That cawfee he'ped ter dry Randy's streamin' eyes, 'n' he foun' it er heap easier ter resign himse'f on er full stummick 'n er empty one. Women's feelin's are a sight more duplex. Ef er man was ter rise at sun up, 'n' set up till the day o' judgment, he'd never git ter un'erstand er woman. Lan' sakes! Sol'mon needenter gone so far 's er serpint on er rock ter fin' strange ways ter talk erbout, ef he'd ever noticed the way of er widow with er man.

When the neighbors come ter lay me out I was glad they foun' me in my bes' nightgown, 'n' that the wardrobe was *jest* so. I knew Randy'd th'owed erway the p'eserves 'n' socks, like he p'omised. Randy always keeps er *easy* p'omise, 'n'

seein' he's nothin' but er man I ain' never asked him to p'omise nothin' hard. I wouldn't er asked Randy ter not marry again, cause that would er put the notion in his head that much sooner. No, I wa'n't never the one ter ask er man ter do mo' 'n his stren'th 'll 'low.

The neighbors was all for layin' me out in my black silk dress, but my niece Maria's been ter boa'din' school in Noo Awleens 'n' 's come back chock full er fancy notions, 'n' she didn't like it. "Why," says Maymye,—that's the way they spells Maria now in Noo Awleens, "*none* of the bes' people wears their clothes *now* when they're buried."

"They ain' decent then," 'lowed Sister Watkins.

"I mean," says Maymye, "they're shrouded in long, white cashmeere robes, accordjun pleated f'om neck ter foot, 'n' made just with er front, 'thout no back, 'n' tucked in all roun' the remains, *so*," showin' 'em how.

"En you sets there, Maria Tomkins, 'n' tells me that you'd sen' yo' po' ol' aunt inter the presence o' her Maker wearin' er dress 'thout no back brea'th! How you reckon she'd have the face ter git up on the day of judgment in er dress she'd be 'shamed ter turn her back in?"

Ef 'twas *me*, Gab'l 'd hav ter blow his horn till he'd los' his breath, befo' *I'd* scand'lize eve'ybody that erway. No, Maria. Ef yo' aunt did come nakid inter the worl', she's goin' out, far 's I can see her, with her clothes *on*."

Maymye, she didn't so much as say "beans." I tried ter thank Sister Watkins, for sparin' my feelin's. It would er shocked me might'ly ter fin' myse'f in the comp'ny er cheeribeems 'n' serafeenas with er dress on 'thout no back. They say diserbodied sperrits don't take no intrust in their clothes, but I'm juber-some 'bout that.

Soon after I passed erway the un'er-taker come. Now Randy's close, close as er hick'ry nut burr, 'n' he always *did*

say 'twas plum foolishness th'owin' erway er heap er money on fine cawfins, 's you couldn't use but onst.

I kin' er thought that way too, 'n' wa'n't honin' after nothin' fancy, but I *was* astonished when I heard Randy tell the un'ertaker ter bring the fines' one in the shop, cause he didn't want no scrimpin' in *his* wives' cawfins. I'd er sight rither been scrimped in cawfins dead, 'n in dresses livin'. I couldn't he'p thinkin' o' my ol' black silk dress I've had ever since Hector was er pup, tha's been cleaned, 'n' dyed, 'n' turned, 'n' twisted wrong side out, 'n' hind part befo', 'n up side down, 'n' generally projectked with, till I didn't know myse'f all its ins 'n' outs 'n' ups 'n' downs. I'd lived in that dress, n' now I was git-in' buried in it. Well, buryin' was what it needed mos'. But a new dress might er made my days longer in the lan'.

After they put me in the settin' room I heard the fun'al comp'ny passin' their compliments, mos'ly backhanded.

"Fine cawfins don' butter no parsnips," says Mrs. Suggs, sniffin'.

"Randy Dinkins oughter be 'shamed ter bury Liza in that Methuselah dress," says Jane, her sister.

"Ef Randy wa'n't 'shamed ter see his wife wearin' that dress ever sence the stars fell, there ain' no call for 'im ter be 'shamed now she's dead," says Betsy Barlow.

Betsy's one er them wiry, survigrous women, with er gingery tongue.

"Well, she's gone whar there ain' no dressin' nor givin' o' dresses," put in Betsy's husband, peaceable like.

"Tha's what makes heaven look to you the bes' place, Jo Barlow!" says Betsy, for all the worl' like er snappin' turkle. "Up there you won't have ter git no mo' dresses."

"Nur dressin' downs neither," says Jo, mumbly like, 'n' sighed, 'n' shut up.

I tried ter make 'em hear me 'n' see me, 'cause it made me mad as Tucker ter

hear 'em criticisin' Randy, 'n' takin' my remains in vain.

"I didn't know she could look that well," says one.

"Her age seems ter have drapped off er," says another.

"Yaas, po' thing, her worryin's all over now. Sister Dinkins sure did have er gif' thater way. For fin'in' 'n' inventin' things ter worry over, she laid it on ter any woman I ever clapped eyes on," says Miss Pegrums.

"She kep' herse'f 'n' Randy 'n' her house scrubbed to the bone. She wanted to scour ev'y breath Randy drew. She actshully wanted that po' man to white-wash the wood pile. She ain't never 'lowed 'im to go in 'n' out the front do' 'xcept for speshul doin's. I tol' Randy onst, his house put me in min' o' the misshunary's talk 'bout them heathen temples where they bows down befo' stocks 'n' stones, 'n' nobody dassent go in 'thout bowin' down 'n' takin' off their shoes." But eve'body knows Polly Suggs is the slack twistedest house keeper in Buncombe, 'n' has needles in her tongue ever since Randy married me stidder her.

"I wonder if they took out the po' thing's sto' teeth?" says Mary Ann Dillard, who ain' got three teeth to her name.

"My Aunt Elise"—tha's the way they spells Liza now in Noo Awleens—"had the teeth God give her," says Maymye, comin' up, mad's er hornet.

Then there was er lot er say-soes, 'bout my ol' dress, which oughten ter've worried er diserbodied sperrit, only it did. I'd had it on my min' ter give Randy some plain orders 'bout my fun'al, but I didn' git the chanst. I never could stan' fun'al ways! It's takin' er undecint a'vantage er dead people ter talk at 'em when they can' answer back. When Mandy Bullit shook her head 'n' says, in that mo'nful voice o' hers, "Sister Dinkins don' look lil e

she'll keep till ev'nin," I couldn' stan' it no longer, 'n' I went over to where Randy was er settin' with the widow, 'n' tol' him to stop the whole bus'ness, but he didn' min' me no mo'n ef I'd been the ol' black rooster crowin' out in the yard. He jes' shivered 'n' said he felt er col' draf' er air. "You po' thing," says the widow, "don't you think you could eat er little somethin'?" I *knowed* Randy could. Men folks may break the'r hearts, but they're goin' ter do it on full stummicks. I s'pose the Lord knowed what He was erbout when He made men, but it seems ter me 'twas jes' er experiment, 'n' He didn' git up much intrus in the job till He begun on women. Randy, he worried down ha'f er dozen er so biskit, 'n' then he says: "I ain' never see nobody could put er patchin' onter Liza's biskit." I nearly jumped outer my skin. Randy, firs' 'n' las', had th'owed in my face eve'y woman's biskit in Buncombe! Some folks has ter die befo' they gits the'r hones' dues. When we went back ter the settin' room, it come ter me fer the firs' time how out of it I was, 'n' in my own house, too! There was the clean curtains Maymye'd put up, not even mates, 'n' hangin' all catawampus. I could see er little scrimption er dus' right un'erneath my cawfin, 'n' I jes' itched ter git hol' of er dus' pan 'n' bresh. En the hoss hair sofy, stidder bein' catycornder, so's ter hide that patch in the cyarpet, was set slambang ag'inst the wall. That patch went thoo 'n' thoo me, 'twas so plain ter behol'. Seems like er house keeper same's er snail. She can' git shet of her house no place she goes, 'n' tendin' to it's the only way ter happify 'er. I do hope the Lord's consid'rate 'nough ter have *some* work fer us women up yander. The

men doan need ter do nothin' long's they got craps 'n' politics ter powwow over. En I'm glad there's many mansions there, for there's er heap er people I ain'ter hankerin' after seein' in heaven above, no mo'n earth beneath, much less livin' in the same mansion with. I always did wonder how relations-in-law was er goin' ter hit it off, 'n' many's the time I've thought er how me 'n' Randy's firs' wife would git on. She's boun' ter have *her* feelin's, 'n' I'm boun' ter have *mine*, 'n' there's goin' ter be er clashin' o' the loud cymbal's 'n' some mighty int'restin' things said back'rds 'n' fo'wards. But lawsy mercy! that ainter goin' ter be *nothin'* longsider what'll happen when Randy joins us. I reckon King Sol'mon 's got all he can 'ten' ter, settlin' all the fracas between firs' 'n' secon' 'n' third husban's 'n' wives.

I can't say I was sorry when the time come ter put em erway, nor nobody else, I've felt jes' that erway myse'f at fun'als. Not that nobody ain'ter grievin', but they knows that ain't sure 'nough *you* layin' there, but jes' 'n empty shuck.

Sister Perkins said 'twas mighty curious ter see Sister Dinkins takin' part in somethin' where she wa'n't playin' firs' fiddle. Well, I *was* playin' firs' fiddle, but mighty low an' quiet like, 'n' foot fo'mos'. Ef I coulder done the bossin' er my own fun'al, there wouldn'ter been no harps nor doves, nor gates ajar, 'n' that foolishness people calls "floral off'rins," but jes' some bokays stan'in' roun' natchul like.

When they lef' my remains all alone in the buryin' groun', I did feel sorry for it bein' so lonesome, 'n' lef' out in the col' 'n' the dark, but I won't be po'm'nadin' up 'n' down in the big outside much longer, for I kin almos' feel my wings er sproutin'.



STUDIES OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

THE FUTURE OF MANKIND ON THE EARTH

ALMOST in the hour that Herbert Spencer gives the world his last look, pessimistic, angered and disgusted because he has lived to see mankind advance on other lines than those the philosopher had laid down, the first full utterance of a younger philosopher reaches us. It is the principal limitation of all philosophers—and all men—that each can see only a part of the great human problem—the part that is most fully illuminated by the intellectual light of his own age. Each can lead the mass of us a little distance; then he lies down in the earth, and behold, a younger man, applying to old standards of thought the new light of his time, guides us forward until it is time for him too to lie down in the earth and be forgotten. Of old, prophecy was the office of emotionally inspired seers. Today, our prophets, if less poetical, are more reliable: they build theories not on revelations received in dreams, but on foundations of established facts. Each, probably—for of such thin stuff is the texture of human nature—secretly believes that he has given the world the final solution of all its difficulties: all that it will have to do thereafter is to work out its own salvation in the manner indicated. Hence Mr. Spencer's ill nature, his melancholy spleen, in the last formal utterance he gives to mankind. The world has treated him shabbily in declining to grow according to his plans for its growth.

The young philosopher here alluded to, Mr. Michael A. Lane of Chicago, believes he has discovered the true law of social progress. He believes that he has defined, for the first time, the ultimate state and condition of mankind on this earth. Perhaps he has; at any rate, he has bodied in his book, *The Level of Social Motion*, a new conception of social progress and a new theory of human history. He has, moreover, illuminated his writing, necessarily of some profundity, with aptly sketched examples, a play of subtle irony, an ease of style, and a vital simplicity of thought, so that one follows him with something of the same eager interest that is evoked by the adventures of Irving's heroes of *Astoria*, threading their perilous way through hitherto unexplored regions. If in Mr. Lane's book you are not actually exploring hitherto uncharted regions of thought, you are at least traversing them by a new pathway, guided by one who perceives hitherto unobserved phenomena, and who offers a wholly novel interpretation of the subject. It is an experience at once stimulating and reassuring.

For a more definite statement of the author's purposes, read his preface:

"The pages of this book are addressed to the man and to the woman of average education. I have followed this plan in view of the fact that the average man and woman of culture in the present time know more about social growth, and social life in general, than did the learned philosophers of any other age in the history of the human intellect. The time has long since passed when science can belong to the few, and the sooner this fact becomes impressed upon the minds of the men who dig in the laboratories the better it will be for the progress of science at large.

"By way of preface I have little to say except to indicate the character of the work I have attempted to do. This book is the fruit of many years of investigation into the phenomena of human society and into the causes of social action in general. My purpose has been to discover a law of social motion which shall harmonize the bewildering facts of human history; account for the apparently inconceivable contradictions between human aspirations and human injustice; and foreshadow the future of human society in its moral, intellectual and economic forms. It appears that I have discovered a law of this kind, and I submit the result of my labors to the general public, and at the same time to the scientific world, in the belief that my theory will find capable critics on either hand. The most I can do in this preface is to state in the most general way the main conclusions flowing from the law of social motion developed in this book. These conclusions are as follows:

"Human society is rapidly moving toward a state of equality very similar in all essentials to that which is advocated by socialist philosophers as the ideal of a genuinely Christian life. The forces drawing the human race to this remarkable end are the very forces by which human history has been thus far wrought out. They are the same forces described by Darwin in his law of natural selection.

"Accompanying this drift to economical equality will be found several facts of the highest importance in the social evolution of man.

"The brain of civilized woman is increasing in weight. Her intellect is rapidly developing a new and extraordinary capacity, and the ultimate end of this progress in woman will be a social state in which men and women will be intellectually equal, or nearly so.

"The human population of the earth is moving with accelerating force toward a mean, or normal number which, when once reached, can never again be disturbed.

"The social conditions upon which this twofold equilibrium will rest—the equilibrium of economic equality and that of a stable number of population—are reacting now, and will react in the future upon the so-called inferior races. It would appear that through the force of progress itself these races must be totally eliminated from the earth. Their elimination will not be accomplished by war or by pestilence; but by the general diffusion of wealth and education which the march of progress demands. The elimination is now going on and is rapidly wiping out more than one race of these inferior men.

"These are the principal conclusions flowing from the law which I have attempted to demonstrate in this volume. There are many other conclusions having to do with the moral, intellectual, and aesthetic progress of the human family, but for light upon these I must refer the reader to the book itself."

In the opening chapter Mr. Lane presents a vivid picture of the intellectual arena in our own time:

"In the widespread discussions which may or may not find their way into print, but all of which deal directly with what are called social questions, we find two kinds of thought and two kinds of thinkers. First, there are men whose sole labor consists in an effort to work some change in the morals and institutions of

civilized humanity. Secondly, there are men whose efforts are directed toward understanding the meaning of that vast and complicated pageant called social progress. We need not go far to find a name for those of the first kind described. They have been most felicitously called REFORMERS. They are everywhere in evidence. They meet us at every turn. They are heard and seen in every quarter, public and private. They pass in one long procession from the throne to the workshop. They are found in the bottom of the mine, in the pulpit, in the professor's chair, in the seat of the legislator and of the judge, at the helm of the journal, in the open streets and at the handle of the plow. But, wherever found, these individuals all partake of one character. They are all ADVOCATES. They all demand that some reform shall be made in human affairs, whereby there shall be a more even division of the good things created by human labor; whereby justice will be more efficiently served, and the weak shall be protected from the stronger. Most of them have their own programs whereby these things shall be brought about. Some of them are leaders of great schools of reformers with specific plans and elaborate systems of procedure. Others advance some one principle as the supreme recipe for human happiness. Others, again, have no formula for the ills of the body social, but insist that something must be done if society is not to return to worse than the savage. And a few minds—great and imperial minds, too—are satisfied that there is no hope at all for that modern Sisyphus we call Society, whose best efforts can only be rewarded by having the stone of progress roll back upon it, threatening danger and disaster."

Mr. Lane advocates nothing. He is seeking the whole truth, rather than attempting to enforce any portion of it. He looks at life as a whole—and man a part of that whole. He perceives that man changes and is changed by his environment. Little and slowly changed by a variable environment, as among the nomadic peoples; much and rapidly changed by a fixed environment. The result of man's contact with environment is wealth. The possession of wealth makes safe and easy the performance of man's two principal functions,—the sustentation of his life and the propagation of his kind. Wealth makes man free. The desire of this wealth is the motive power of human progress.

Each generation sees the total wealth more fairly distributed among all its producers. The golden norm, the ultimate equilibrium of mankind, the heaven on earth that the poets have dreamed of and that Jesus Christ preached in para

bles, misinterpreted for twenty centuries, is to come when all wealth that is not solely the product of individual creative genius shall be shared by all in perfect equality.

There is none of the poet's intuitive leaping from point to point in Mr. Lane's method. His system is coldly scientific. He demonstrates his propositions backward and forward—by analysis and by synthesis—and is more concerned to be informed of a flaw in his structure than to be complimented on its general air of beauty and strength. Doubtless the preachers and the teachers of science will man-handle him from the point of view of the experts in prophecy and in science: the purposes of this review are fully served in the suggestion that the layman who will read the book with open mind cannot fail to derive from it a new and larger outlook on life.

Frank Putnam

STEPHEN CRANE

No stone doth mark, as yet, nor mar this grave

Of one who wrote of heroes, and as brave
Himself as any hero of the field,
Fell; fell with glory blazoned on his shield.

So here, before a stone may tell his fame,
And letter coldly to the world his name,
I'll pluck this daisy from the clusters 'round

And plant it loosely in the new-turned ground;

The symbol white perchance may soothe the bed

Of one who wrote with War's own pen of red.

Henry D. Muir

ELIZABETH, N. J., July 8, 1900.

NEW BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH READING

THE HERR DOCTOR, by Robert MacDonald. Funk, Wagnalls & Co., New York. A romance. 138 pages; 40 cents.

THE INCARNATION OF THE LORD, by Chas. A. Briggs: Chas. Scribner's Sons. A series of sermons. 243 pages; \$1.50.

GULLIVER'S BIRD BOOK, by L. J. Bridgman: L. C. Page & Co. Gulliver adopted to childish understanding; illustrated lavishly and fancifully. 104 pages; \$1.50.

HUMAN NATURE AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, by Charles Horton Cooley: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 413 pages; \$1.50.

A DOWNRENTER'S SON, by Ruth Hall: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A novel. 304 pages; \$1.50.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, by George E. Woodberry: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A biography. 302 pages; \$1.10 net.

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS, by John Oliver Hobbes: Funk, Wagnalls & Co. A novel. 343 pages; \$1.50.

BEAUTIFUL JOE'S PARADISE, by Marshall Saunders: L. C. Page & Co. A sequel to BEAUTIFUL JOE. 365 pages; \$1.50.

CAPTAIN CRAIG, A BOOK OF POEMS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 171 pages; \$1.25.

COUNCILS OF CRÆSUS, by Mary Knight Potter: L. C. Page & Co. A novel of New York. 232 pages; \$1.25.

MY DOG DAYS, AND OTHER STORIES, by Elizabeth Adams Wells; published for the author, Battle Creek, Michigan. Stories of animal pets written for the children. 170 pages; \$1 postpaid.

HOPE LORING, by Lillian Bell; L. C. Page & Co. A novel. 328 pages; \$1.50.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE, by Florence Morse Kingsley: Funk, Wagnalls & Co. A novel. 326 pages; \$1.50.

JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN, by Alice M. Bacon: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. An illustrated holiday edition of a very beautiful gift book. Forty-two outline drawings and twelve full page plates in color, most of the work by Keishu Takenouchi, one of the foremost illustrators of Japan, enhance the charm of the text. The cover is gold on silk. In a box. 337 pages; \$4.

MICHAEL GULPE, by Everit Bogert Terhune: G. W. Dillingham & Co. A character sketch. 181 small pages of large type—an hour's reading; a quaint, light mockery of the theory of transmigration. \$1.

MISSIONARY PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE, by Robert E. Speer: Fleming H. Revell Company. A discussion of Christian missions and some criticisms upon them, by the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. 552 pages; \$1.50.

THE LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by Murat Halstead: Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. 301 pages; \$2.

IN THE DAYS OF ST. CLAIR, by James Ball Naylor: Saalfield Publishing Company. A novel. 420 pages; \$1.50.

MOTHER GOOSE PAINT BOOK, Saalfield Publishing Company. Embodies a new idea that will delight every child into whose hands the book comes. The same old rhymes, and on opposite pages large outline drawings, which are to be filled in with colors by the children. The volume, by a clever device, includes a set of paints and a brush. 105 pages; \$1.25.



PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES



SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, THE CITY OF PEACE

By HUGH F. E. FARRELL

MATTERS of historical value, quaint homes and antique relics, scientific treasures, the houses in which were born men whom the world still delights to honor, are some of the possessions that give Salem, Massachusetts, a claim to distinction among the cities of the commonwealth and nation. Settled, in 1626, by Roger Conant and a band of hardy

seekers for homes and freedom on the new continent, and two years later adopted as a permanent home by the stern, forbidding Puritan, the city has ever been prominent in the affairs of the state and nation. It was in Salem that the first armed resistance was offered Great Britain, two months before the "embattled farmer" stood at Lexington's

A VIEW IN THE WILLOWS, SALEM'S BEAUTIFUL MARINE PARK



bridge, and it was the sons of Salem who first carried the Stars and Stripes of America to Africa and the islands of Oceanica. Salem's merchant vessels dotted every sea, and among the people of the East the name of the city was synonymous with the name of America. They knew of Salem before they had heard of the new nation that was destined to grow and fill the earth with its commercial and political greatness.

In her early history she is indissolubly linked with the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts and with that sad period, the witchcraft delusion, this latter, however, marking the beginning of the disappearance of the almost universal belief in witchcraft. Her link with the Revolution and the "days that tried men's soul" is marked with a granite monolith at old North bridge, over which the English commander deemed it unwise to go in defiance of the determined and armed settlers.

No community in the country may claim more delightful homes than are to be found in the quaint houses that line many of the city streets—houses that in many cases have been standing more than two hundred years. The Peabody Academy of Science, named for the London banker, the late George Peabody, and the Essex Institute make good her claim to distinction in the collection of treasures of great scientific and educational value. Both these institutions, with their large and wonderful collections are open to the public free of charge. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the wizard of American literature, was born in Salem; and Prescott, the historian; William W. Story, the sculptor; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous mathematician; Colonel Timothy Pickering, of Washington's cabinet, and Joseph H. Choate, who upholds the dignity of the nation at the court of St. James, are some of the sons of Salem whom the world honors.

Modern Salem is not lacking in interest to the student or the man of the world. Foremost in the commerce of the nation one hundred and less years ago, she has also been with the foremost in later years when the nation needed defenders or when disaster made other communities appeal for sympathy and material aid. In the wars of the Revolution and 1812, and later in the conflict with Spain, her sons leaped at the call to arms and went to do or die that the flag might be kept from humiliation. In time of peace she is winning daily victories in her schools, public and private. The public schools are among the finest in the state, and the private schools lack nothing required to enable them to accomplish their special tasks. The state maintains in this city a normal school of the highest standard, and from this school go annually a large number of graduates to instruct the youth of the city or state. The public library, Salem Athenæum and several historical societies add to the educational opportunities of the city.

Diversified industries furnish work to thousands. The largest single industry is the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, which operates five great mills in the production of high grade sheeting, manufacturing millions of yards annually. A local branch of the American Hide and Leather Company operates a large currying and tanning plant, giving employment to several hundred men.

Delightfully situated on a hill surrounded peninsula that juts out into Massachusetts bay, the city has many advantages of position enjoyed by few cities of the state. A spacious harbor invites the commerce of the world, and offers shelter from wind and storm to the passing mariner. Though the full rigged ship of other days is seldom seen at her wharves, coastwise commerce and the commerce with the British provinces is very great. In Salem was built the

first pleasure vessel on the American continent, the Cleopatra's barge which created a sensation in European waters in the early days of the last century. Today the magnificent and speedy boats of the financial magnates of the country pass through Salem harbor to reach Beverly or Marblehead.

Toward the interior the city is guarded by high hills from the force of many a storm, and one of the delights of this city as a place of residence is the infrequency of severe storms, as it escapes, in nearly every instance, the force of storms that do much damage in adjacent or contiguous cities and towns. Rising grimly to the northwest is Gallows Hill, with its memories of witchcraft, now dotted with humble but happy homes. Tourists by the thousands climb this hill that they may visit the spot upon which the victims

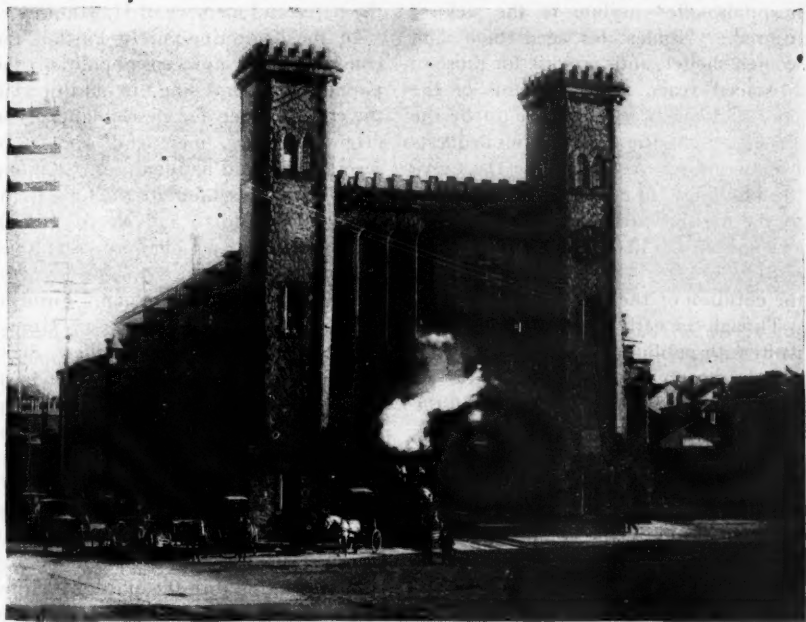
of the witchcraft delusion were hanged in 1692.

Seashore and country contribute their particular beauties and advantages to the city, offering special inducements to the seeker for a delightful residence, or to the captain of industry looking for a location for transacting business economically and within easy reach of the world's marts. No city or town in the country has a greater supply of pure water for domestic or manufacturing purposes. Wenham lake, known throughout the state for the purity of its water and ice, provides Salem's ample supply. Railroad communication is easy, frequent and ample, the Boston & Maine railroad having made the city a billing station from all points north, east, south and west, an advantage not enjoyed by many larger eastern cities. One of the

"THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES," ONE OF THE HAWTHORNE SHRINES THAT YEARLY BRING MANY PILGRIMS TO SALEM



THE TWIN-TOWERED STATION OF THE BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD, AT SALEM



most striking buildings in appearance is the twin-towered station of the Boston & Maine, the massive front with its arch and twin towers attracting the attention of every visitor. The city is also a center for the Boston & Northern street railway system, and from Town House square cars run in every direction, the lines of tracks, as they point out of the city, resembling great arteries through which course the business and pleasure life of a great community.

Admirable railroad facilities make Salem a most desirable place for manufacturing, and, in addition to the cotton and heavy leather industries, there are scores of shoe factories, numerous light leather manufacturing establishments, foundry and machine shops, the largest parlor game factory in America (Parker Bros.), several very extensive gold and silver plate depots, employing several thousand men and women. Well built

and kept streets, those of the residential portions shaded with giant elms and other varieties of trees, contribute toward making the city attractive. Six national banks, two savings banks, and two co-operative banks finance the community.

Established on a basis of a united church and state, Salem has ever been regarded as a religious community. It was in Salem, in 1629, that the first independent Protestant church was founded, and the Essex Institute today shows the frame of that old edifice as one of its treasures. The first church society has had an interrupted existence since 1629, and today worships on the site of the original religious house in the colony. There are nineteen other Protestant and five Catholic churches.

All the secret and fraternal organizations have local branches, and the temperance movement is represented by three societies. Two orphan asylums

care for the bereft little ones, and three hospitals offer asylum to the sick or injured. Homes for aged men and women shelter and provide for those of advanced years, and the wants of the poor and needy are attended to by the associated charities. Generous bequests from wealthy citizens of other days give the city funds to provide fuel and food for the needy, while a fund established by a bequest from a distinguished son of the old city meets the cost of entertaining the children of the city once every year.

Though the early settlers had no sympathy with public pleasure or recreation, and made no provision for parks or other breathing spots, the city has in the Willows the most beautiful marine park on the Atlantic coast and is developing other grounds for the recreation and rest of the community.

No other city in the country has withstood so great a constant assault from the camera, and not a part of the city but may be found in the possession of the professional or amateur photographer. Many thousands of tourists visit the city annually, attracted by the old places of historical interest. The admirers of Hawthorne may be met daily at "The House of Seven Gables," the "Dr. Grimshawe House," and the custom

house, and other places connected with the name and memory of Hawthorne.

In the beginning purely Puritan, the community is now cosmopolitan, the population comprising, in addition to the comparatively few descendants of the original settlers, men and women of several races and nationalities. Among the races represented are the Caucasian, Mongolian, Indian and Negro, and in the collection of national representatives are English, Irish, French, German, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Finnish, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Chinese, Turk, Arabian, Japanese, Scottish, Danish, Mexican and some from the lesser states or nations. The Puritan will soon be a stranger in the home of his fathers.

A Board of Trade and the Salem Merchants Association labor for the industrial advancement of the city, and any information desired may be obtained by communicating with the officers of either organization. No city in the state offers better advantages to the young man or corporation about to enter or enlarge business, neither does any other city offer a more delightful spot for a home in which may be had every advantage of the great city and the quiet and rest of the town.

THE CHEQUAMEGON BAY DISTRICT OF WISCONSIN

CHEQUAMEGON Bay has three thriving cities—Ashland, Washburn and Bayfield, and on the shores of this bay more logs are sawed into lumber than at any point on Lake Superior. Chequamegon Bay is the home of the state fish hatchery, containing the finest specimens of brook trout in the United States. The healthfulness of the pineries of north Wisconsin for lung diseases has long been known, and it is the ideal spot

for sufferers from hay fever. On Chequamegon Bay are situated over a dozen large saw mills, which send lumber all over the United States, and in addition there is one of the largest grain elevators in the state. The season of navigation for Chequamegon Bay opened this year on the 6th day of April; large boats from the lower lakes laden with coal and merchandise began coming in at that time and will continue the season until navi-

A VIEW OF ASHLAND'S HARBOR

Photograph by Frank Warner



gation is closed by ice in December. Chequamegon Bay has long been noted for its delightful climate, and the abundance of trout in the contiguous streams, the abundance of deer, grouse and all kinds of wild game in the pine forests make it unexcelled as a huntsman's paradise. Historically, this region has few superiors in American history for interest. It was here that Fathers Marquette and Joliet established their missions on Madeline island. Here, too, the poet Longfellow drew his inspiration for *Hiawatha*. The waters of the great "Gitche Gumee" are as placid as they were when Hiawatha

*"Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big Sea-Water,
In the blithe and shining spring
time."*

Hiawatha was the mythological chief of the Chippewas, who still revere his name as a part of the rich legendry of

the great inland sea, and the virgin forests of the Lake Superior region.

ASHLAND, THE GARLAND CITY

THE city of Ashland is one of the two cities of Wisconsin situated on Lake Superior. It is the emporium of northern Wisconsin. It is the shipping port of the great Gogebic iron range, from which 30,000,000 tons of Bessemer ore have been shipped since the opening of the iron mines in 1885. It is situated on the finest harbor on Lake Superior, a harbor protected by the Apostle Islands, forming a natural breakwater, unexcelled in its natural features. It contains one of the largest plants for the manufacture of pig iron and wood alcohol in the United States, a pulp factory for the manufacture of paper pulp from hemlock wood, nearly a dozen lumber mills, and numerous other industries. It has miles

THE GREAT ORE DOCKS AT ASHLAND



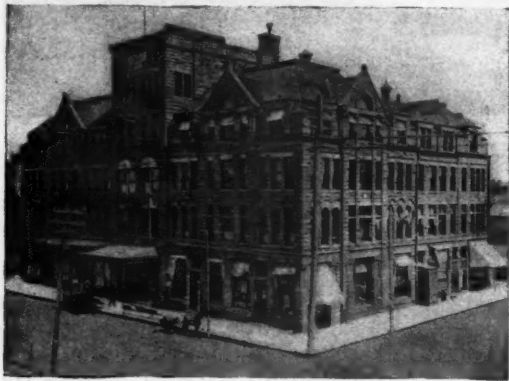
and miles of paved streets. It has a fine electric car system, half a dozen railroads and is the western terminal of the Northern Pacific railroad.

Ashland has one of the finest school systems in the northwest, with nearly

will make it the metropolis of northern Wisconsin.

Northern Wisconsin has other resources than its mines and its lumber. The soil is especially adapted to the growth of grasses, and as a farming and stock country it is destined to become famous after the giant pines have been made into lumber and the mines are exhausted. The United States land office at Ashland is receiving inquiries from all over the United States for farming lands, and there is a large influx of farmers from Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas to the fertile lands of this new north. Crop failures are unknown in Wisconsin. There is an abundance of rain, plenty of running streams and the climate,

KHIGHT HOTEL, ASHLAND



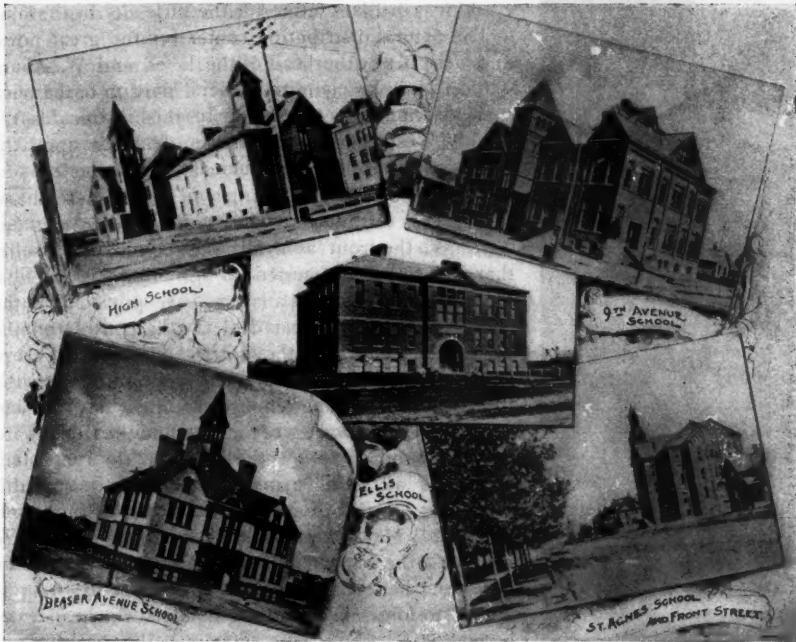
3,000 pupils enrolled in the public schools and 1,600 in the private schools. The North Wisconsin Academy is also famed throughout the state for the quality of its work, and the Brazelton Conservatory of Music, one of the faculty of which is the famous pianist, Emil Liebling of Chicago, are other prominent educational institutions of note. The city has three modern hospitals, a system of water works including the sand filtration system, and its principal business street is paved with asphaltum, the other streets being paved with cedar blocks. The city has six miles of bay frontage, protected by a breakwater which the government has erected at an expense of half a million dollars. The census of 1900 gave the population of Ashland at 14,000, but there has been a large influx of population since that time, and there are probably 17,000 people in Ashland today. Ashland is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the West, and the enterprise and vigor which has built Chicago and other western cities

tempered by the adjacent waters of the great Lake Superior, is admirable. Ashland is the outlet for whatever is

THE FEDERAL BUILDING AT ASHLAND



A GROUP OF ASHLAND'S SCHOOLS



produced on the farms, as well as from the mines and the mills of all this region, and its magnificent harbor, large enough to float the navies of the world, will always make the city an important factor in the commercial history of the north-west.

An idea of the marine business of this port may be realized from the fact that during the first five months of navigation of the present season, nearly 2,000 vessels from Lakes Erie and Michigan have arrived and cleared from the port of Ashland.

WASHBURN, THE LUMBER CITY

LIKE the greater number of the cities of the Badger state, Washburn had its birth in the lumber industry. The business of cutting away the great forests of the north is transient; it moves with

giant tread over the hills and valleys and leaves devastation and ruin in its path. From these ruins arises a peaceful and prosperous country dotted with farms and humming with the noise of permanent industries, the result of the labors of the husbandman and the manufacturer who follow in the wake of the lumbermen.

The history of nearly all cities that have gained prominence in northern Wisconsin is summed up briefly as follows: settlement, boom, relapse, reaction, steady growth and ultimate prominence and stability. Washburn has experienced the settlement, boom, relapse and reaction stages, and is now in the stage of steady growth and is fast gaining prominence and stability. It still depends largely upon the lumber industry for its life, but its geographical location, its harbor, which is the finest on the chain of lakes, and its natural

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WASHBURN, SHOWING THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM ASHLAND SIDE OF THE BAY



advantages, too manifold to mention, forecast with certainty a brilliant future for the little city by the lake.

The natural distributing center for the great north and west lies at the head of the lakes, and Washburn will certainly lay claim to a liberal portion of the business that must be transacted in this section, as the mighty West is peopled and the demands upon the manufactories of the East increase in volume.

The future of Washburn lies in its commercial and agricultural advantages. Northern Wisconsin is fast coming to the front as a farming region. The belief that the soil is not suited to agriculture is fast disappearing. Tests and analysis have proved that the soil is richer than a great deal that is considered the best in the country to the north. Phenomenal crops of cereals have been grown and ripened, thus proving the seasons are long enough to allow any crop to mature. The cheapness of the land and the rich reward that is bound to follow the labor of the persistent farmer is attracting many who have for years cultivated the prairies of Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana. Many farmers with years of experience have cast their lot in northern Wisconsin during the last year, believing that this is the country that is bound to forge ahead until it stands at the head as an agricultural region. This influx of settlers has changed the aspect of the country. Where only blackened stumps and the ruins of forests could be seen a few years ago, now appear farm houses, and the little clearings around them yield magnificent crops. Sheep raising and dairying are the industries for which the country is best fitted.

The land is in the hands of companies which are sparing no efforts to settle the section. The prices and terms are such that a poor man can easily gain a home that will soon repay him well for all his labors.

Washburn is the county seat of Bayfield county. It is located on the northern shore of Chequamegon bay on an ideal site in every particular for a city. The beautiful county court house, built of brown stone taken from the Washburn quarries, is one of the city's ornaments. The population in 1900 was 7,000, which was an increase of over one hundred per cent in five years. The industries are three large saw mills with a daily output of 750,000 feet of lumber, wire reel and heading factory, a brewery and several machine shops and foundries. The "Omaha" railroad has a large grain elevator here with a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels.

Washburn's civic and educational advantages are

unexcelled. The Walker high school building is one of the ornaments of the city.

The Northern Pacific railroad recently purchased a branch line running into Washburn and the company contemplates putting in many improvements, including a new depot, elevator and transfer docks. Much of the rapidly increasing business of the company will come to this point in the future.

The northern headquarters of the Hines Lumber Company, the largest lumber concern in the state of Wisconsin, is located here. Its mill is the largest in the state, and makes a daily cut of 350,000 feet of lumber.

The city is the home of a large number of laboring people who own their homes and are making the city beautiful by the improvements put upon them. This is a feature well worth the consideration of those looking for a place for investment. The last few years have seen a wonderful improvement in the outward appearance of Washburn, and today the city can boast of as many beautiful residences, in proportion to its size, as any city in the northern part of the state.

The Washburn Business Men's Association solicits correspondence relative to the conditions and inducements existing here.

Roy Hull.

BAYFIELD, THE GEM OF THE INLAND SEA

THIS beautiful little city of 2,500 inhabitants affords an abundance of food for the lovers of the beautiful in nature, and they may drink to their heart's content. Bayfield, beside embracing the rarest of Wisconsin's magnificent scenic offerings, has a number of natural advantages that will some day bring the little city by the lake into great prominence. Perhaps the greatest fea-

HOTEL WASHBURN



ture is its harbor. The expenditure of immense sums of money, as in most lake harbors, is wholly unnecessary here. It is a natural harbor and one which the largest of lake steamers can enter unassisted by minor craft. The great excursion steamer Christopher Columbus, prominent at the World's Fair, held in Chicago, has steamed into Bayfield's harbor with 5,000 passengers on board to within one hundred feet of shore. Never has a dredge scoop descended into its depths; the formation is one of nature's wonders. The Apostle Islands form a natural breakwater.

The fish industry at this point is large and profitable. Tons and tons of the celebrated Lake Superior white fish and silver side herring are annually shipped from Bayfield. Five thousand barrels are exported every year. The state fish

THE STATE FISH HATCHERY AT BAYFIELD
Photograph by A. L. Hellweg



A VIEW OF BAYFIELD FROM THE BAY

Photograph by D. H. Hannum



hatchery adds wonderfully to the attractiveness of the town. This institution appeals to the summer visitor, it being the largest in the world. Every year the streams adjacent to Bayfield receive a fresh supply of brook trout from the hatchery, in consequence of which Bayfield's stream and rock fishing lure the sportsman hither from all sections of the country.

Three mills, in the manufacture of lumber, are continually in operation and a great amount of shipping is carried on along this line. The city of Bayfield offers rare inducements for the investment of capital, especially the establishment of manufacturing industries. It is a place to which immense quantities of tan bark are tributary; one which affords an inexhaustible supply of material for the wood working industry in all its

various forms, and one where the facilities for shipping are unrivaled.

Bayfield is the nearest railroad point to the famous Apostle Islands, which, from a scenic point of view, are the most beautiful on the lakes. "Northern Wisconsin in general, but Bayfield and Ashland in particular," says Dr. Arthur Holbrook of Milwaukee, "are the only real hay fever resorts in the country." The cool, refreshing breezes off the lake act as a death blow to all nasal trouble. Bayfield's big summer hotel, The Island View, which was erected at a cost of nearly thirty thousand dollars, will in all probability be opened next summer. The opening of this magnificent hostelry will bring many sojourners to the city who heretofore have been unable to come on account of lack of accommodations.

Jesse Baker

LEOMINSTER, CITY OF SHIRTS AND BABY CARRIAGES

By G. W. MILLER

LEOMINSTER, situated among the hills of northeastern Massachusetts, forty miles from Boston and but twenty miles from Worcester, upon two great systems of railroads, the Boston & Maine and the Northern Division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, has every facility for reaching all sections with the products of its busy mills and factories.

Poverty is unknown in Leominster. There is work for all and at good wages. Skilled labor is mostly in demand. This can be plainly seen by one driving about the town and noting the many hundreds of comfortable and beautiful houses—the homes owned and paid for by the workingmen.

Good hotels are in abundance. New

business blocks are being constantly built and are of the latest improved architectural designs, modern building materials and methods being used. A new town hall has lately been completed, costing \$92,000. It contains well appointed municipal offices, a large auditorium seating over twelve hundred people and a stage on which can be presented the most elaborate play or opera. The floor space is automatic; it can be lowered to a level by water pressure and by removing the seats the theater is at once changed into a ball room. I know of no other opera house built on the same plan in this country.

Leominster has an excellent public library containing over twenty-five thousand volumes.

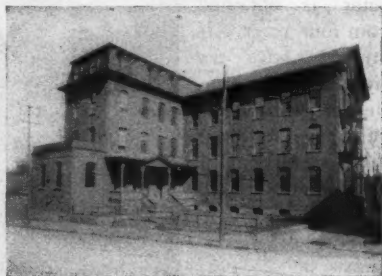
The electric street railroad system is of the very best. One may travel from Leominster on the electric line for many miles in almost any direction and view some of the most charming scenery imaginable, but the most interesting ride on the trolley is to be had on the line of the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway between Worcester and Leomin-

ster. The road bed is finely constructed and its rolling stock is of the most exquisite design and expensive material, being up-to-date in every particular. I might state that this company is doing

all in its power to improve upon its already well equipped road.

For many years, Leominster was famous

THE WACHUSETT, ONE OF LEOMINSTER'S GREAT SHIRT FACTORIES



for its manufacture of combs. At present there are twenty-six distinct industries successfully carried on by sixty-seven firms. This town has a national reputation for its manufacture of shirts. Here are situated some of the largest factories in this country. Nearly three thousand persons are employed in the production of this indispensable article of apparel. Another leading industry of Leominster is the making of piano-forte cases. Four prosperous firms are engaged in this trade; they produce nearly all of the piano-forte cases made in the United States. One thousand men are employed making 100,000 baby carriages every year. The Leominster baby carriage is known everywhere, and the Leominster babies—well, this is another of their infant industries.

According to its size, Leominster uses a greater percentage of gas for fuel and lighting than any other town in the United States. The Leominster Gas Company supplies it.

The population of Leominster increased, from the year 1885 to 1895, seventy-six per cent; it had a population in 1885 of 5,279 and in 1895 of 9,211, while today, it has over fifteen thousand, with a property valuation of about ten million dollars.

THE LEOMINSTER HOTEL



ster. The road bed is finely constructed and its rolling stock is of the most exquisite design and expensive material, being up-to-date in every particular. I might state that this company is doing

No town in the United States can boast of a better water system than Leominster. The water is obtained from four reservoirs situated above the town, with two complete gravity systems which can be used either connected or separately; should an accident occur to one the other can always be relied upon in case of fire.

Eighty-five pounds of pressure can be maintained in the business part of the town without pumping. The capacity of these four reservoirs is 519,000,000 gallons of water, with a twenty-inch main in the center of the town. This system was installed at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars.

Leominster's streets are clean, well paved and beautifully laid out, while the

MERRIAM & HALL FURNITURE FACTORY, LEOMINSTER



residences are handsome and substantial homes. The Leominster Board of Trade, S. A. Stevens president, will be pleased to answer every communication addressed to it by those wishing either a new place of residence or manufacturing sites. Personally, I am convinced that within a few years Leominster will become one of the largest manufacturing cities in New England.

FITCHBURG, THE PITTSBURG OF MASSACHUSETTS

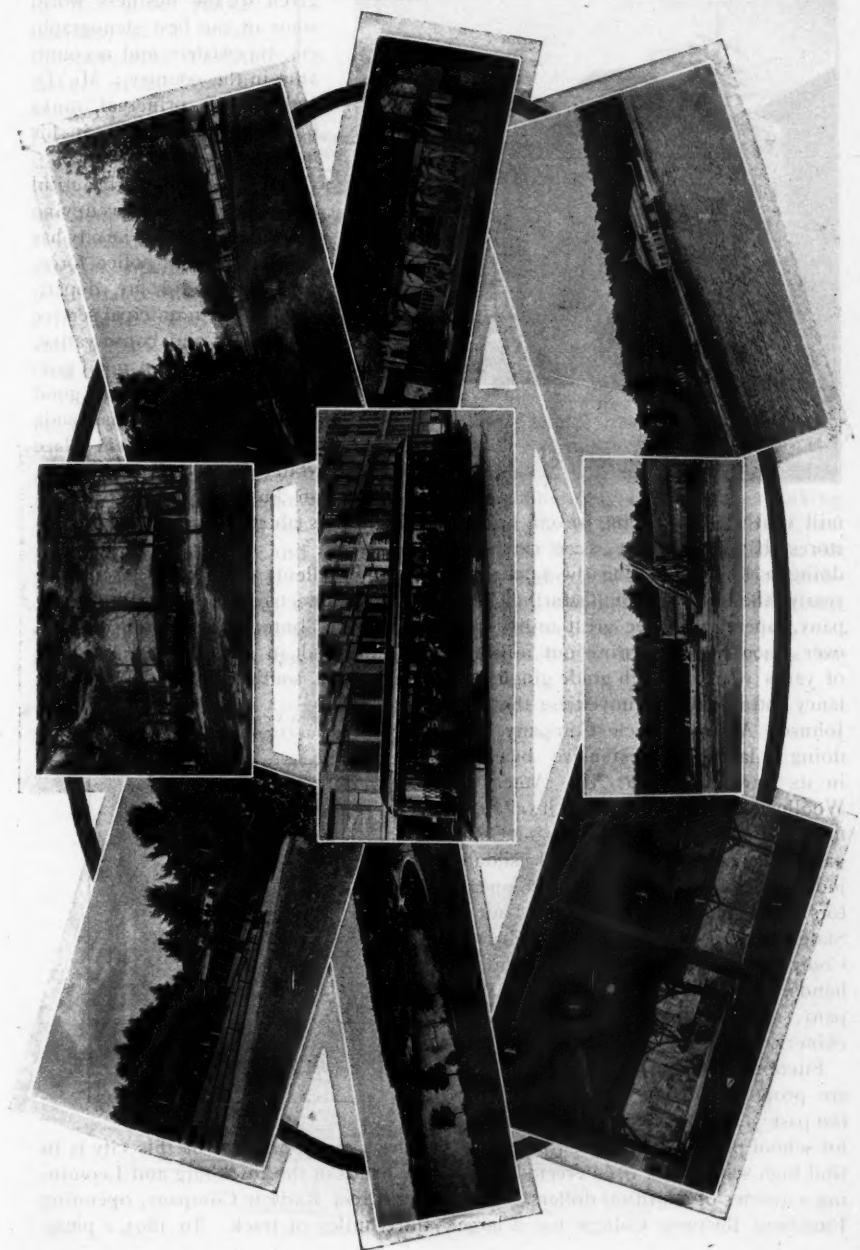
By G. W. MILLER

FITCHBURG, seated on her hills, stretches several miles along the curving course of the north branch of the Nashua river. This city is phenomenally healthy, owing to its pure, dry air at all seasons of the year. The water supply of this enterprising place is pronounced by the state board of health the best in the commonwealth. Half a million dollars is being spent on improvements of the sewerage system, which extends throughout the city. Main street is well laid out and well paved and

nearly all the streets are models of cleanliness. As an enterprising manufacturing center, it is certainly the Pittsburg of Massachusetts—leaving out the smoke and dirt of that western metropolis. Fitchburg has a population of 35,000.

Among the largest manufacturing plants, and I might say the most enterprising in the city, are the following: C. H. Brown & Co., manufacturers of steam engines, having a yearly output of over \$200,000 and employing about seventy men; J. Cushing Co., millers, the oldest

VIEWS IN WHALOM PARK. OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE FITCHBURG AND
LEOMINSTER STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.



HOME OF THE FITCHBURG BUSINESS COLLEGE



mill in the city, having seven branch stores, handling about 5,000 cars and doing a business of nearly \$2,000,000 yearly; the Parkhill Manufacturing Company, operating three great mills with over 1,400 hands, turning out millions of yards yearly of high grade gingham, fancy cotton and silk novelties; the Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Company, also doing a large and extensive business in its particular line; the American Woollen Company, having two large mills; the Simonds Manufacturing Company, maker of saws, and, I should judge, one of the most extensive operators in this particular line in the United States; the Fitchburg Steam Engine Company, employing several hundred hands, and the Union Machine Company, manufacturers of paper mill machinery, one of the largest in the Union.

Fitchburg's churches and schools are properly the city's pride. Within the past year \$112,500 was appropriated for school purposes, and recently a beautiful high school has been erected, costing a quarter of a million dollars. The Fitchburg Business College has a large

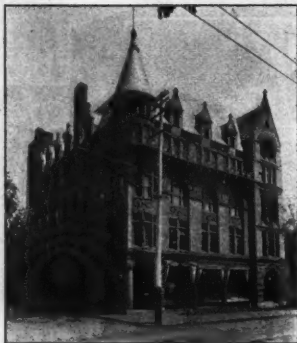
attendance yearly and has given to the business world some of the best stenographers, typewriters and accountants in the country. Mr. D. Fullmer, its principal, ranks high among educators in his field.

There are many beautiful business houses, occupying very large space. The city has a well organized police force, and a splendid fire department. The municipal service is excellent and conservative. The civic pride in good government, good order, good homes and business has made Fitchburg an excellent place to live in, as well as to carry on business. The property

valuation is about twenty million dollars.

An excellent electric street railway system connects closely with Worcester, Marlboro, Clinton and Leominster, also Gardner and, in fact, almost any point north, east, south or west. The street

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, FITCHBURG



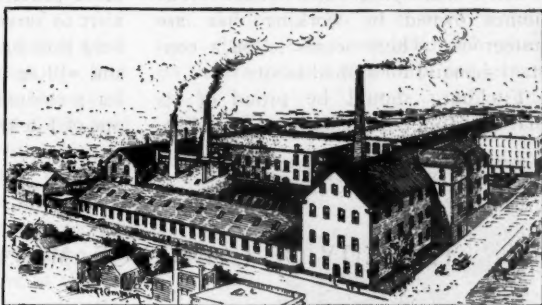
railway transportation of this city is in the hands of the Fitchburg and Leominster Street Railway Company, operating thirty miles of track. In 1893, a pleas-

ure park was established by this street railway company at a beautiful spot called Whalom Lake. It has been developed until today it is the loveliest spot in the city. This park comprises seventy-five acres of beautiful woodland. It is the ideal home of summer opera, where performances are given twice daily. This electric street railway and the park are controlled entirely by local capital.

The steam railway service is metropolitan in its frequency and rates. The Boston & Maine passes through here on its direct line from the West to the Atlantic seaboard. The New York, New Haven & Hartford affords direct connection with New York and the South, both by rail and water.

The banking facilities of Fitchburg are excellent. There are four national banks with an aggregate capital of \$950,-

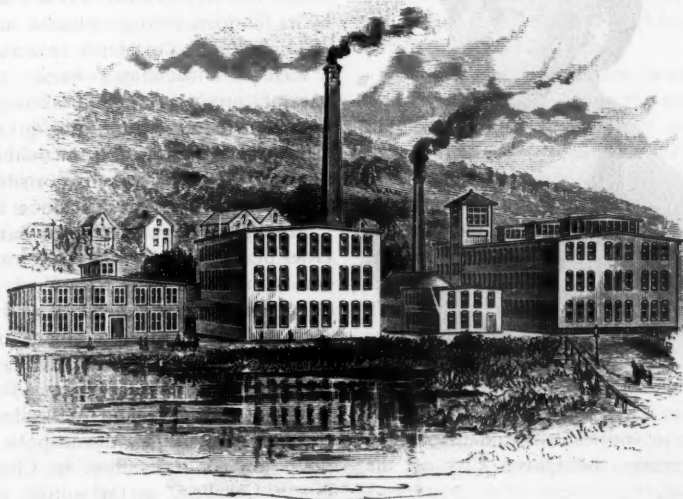
SIMONDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FITCHBURG



000, surplus of \$520,000, deposits subject to check of \$3,000,000. A trust company has a capital of \$100,000, doing a general banking business beside. Two savings banks have deposits of \$9,300,000. There are also two cooperative banks that have contributed materially to home building. Among the banking institutions are the Fitchburg Trust Company, the Wachusett National Bank, the Safety Fund National Bank, the Fitchburg National Bank and the Fitchburg Cooperative Bank.

The citizens of Fitchburg are an

PARKHILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FITCHBURG



orderly and progressive class. The homes owned by working men are numerous. There seems to be a constant demand for skilled labor.

Fitchburg should be proud of its mayor, Honorable Charles A. Babbitt.

He is proud of the city he governs, and alert to serve its interests. The Fitchburg Board of Trade is at all times ready and willing to foster any new enterprise. Its president is Henry A. Estabrook, one of Fitchburg's leading business men.

THE CITY OF LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

By *BERNARD E. DONIGAN.*

President of the Lawrence Board of Trade

OF all the manufacturing cities of the American Union, north or south, that have sprung into existence during the last fifty years, there is not one that is attracting more attention, compelling more favorable comment, or showing

ABBOTT LAWRENCE

Courtesy of the Lawrence Journal



steadier or more substantial gains than is Lawrence, the Queen City of the Merrimac.

It was Richard Cobden, the English statesman, who said to Goldwin Smith, on the eve of the latter's departure for America, "see Niagara and Chicago before you return, or your visit will be in vain." If Mr. Cobden were volunteering good parting advice to a friend about to embark to the United States today, he would revise the above and say, "See Lawrence at all hazards, visit Niagara if you have time, and let Chicago remain for your next trip to America."

The site of Lawrence was not selected by its founders through chance, and was not brought into existence in a night by a wave of a magician's wand; a more natural, promising and beautiful location for the founding of a great and growing manufacturing city could not be selected by the far seeing wisdom of practical and thoughtful business men.

Among the great and varied industrial cities of the republic, the American citizen naturally turns to New York as the commercial and financial, as well as the mercantile and fashion center of the Union; he turns to Grand Rapids as the furniture center; to Pittsburg as the iron center; to Pittston and Wilkesbarre as the coal centers; to Minneapolis as the grain and flour centers; to Charlotte, North Carolina, as the cotton center,

and to Lawrence and the Merrimac as the textile center of the Union.

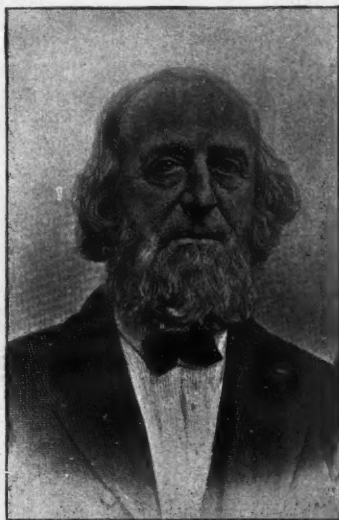
When we remember that in 1845 Lawrence had a population of but 150; and when we consider that in 1850 that population had increased to but 8,282, and in 1860 to but 17,639, with a total assessed valuation of but \$12,793,000; when we take into consideration the fact that in 1902 it had grown in population to 67,000, in assessed wealth to over \$42,000,000, and in polls from thirty-three in 1845, to 16,630 in 1902, it is little wonder that such phenomenal and permanent growth has attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the leading manufacturers and business men of New England.

Other American cities, it is true, have grown into prominence by their size, wealth and industry, after centuries of alternate success and failure, prosperity and depression, but there are few cities on this continent like Lawrence, that having been born in a wilderness, less than half a century ago, converted it into a perfect paradise of happy and contented homes; built up by skill, thrift, industry and capital mills, factories and work shops for the constant employment of the inmates of those homes, as well as for the transient thousands who prefer the freedom of moving about from place to place; and helped to harness the waters of the beautiful Merrimac to the wheels of industry until it now enjoys the proud distinction of being the mightiest and busiest river for textile manufactures to be found on the American continent.

Lawrence is exceedingly fortunate in its immediate surroundings, being blessed with the thriftiest and most beautiful adjoining towns which form its boundary. In the natural course of municipal growth, Lawrence's necessity for territorial expansion, as well as the spirit of the age, will soon cause these towns to be included in Greater Lawrence. We refer to Methuen, on the

north and west; North Andover, on the east; Andover, with its historic memories, classic halls and beautiful villas, on the south; and we should not be sur-

GENERAL H. K. OLIVER



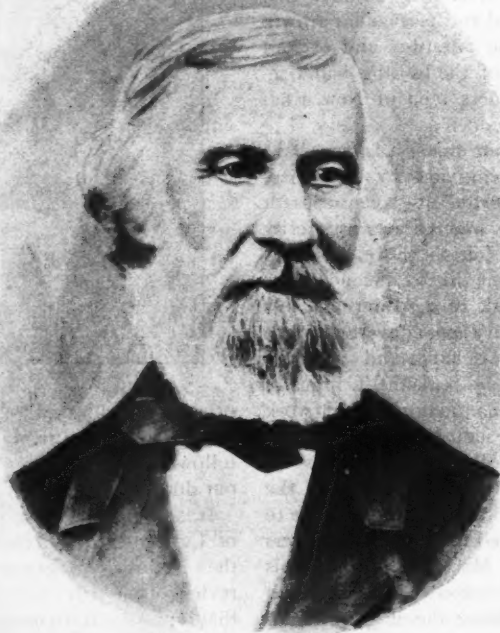
prised or displeased to see the orderly and statuesque little city of Haverhill following the procession and knocking at our doors for admission.

It is not intended in this brief sketch of Lawrence to lay before the readers of the National Magazine any extended review of the past history of the city, as that is preserved, in more enduring form, on our library shelves and in the archives at City Hall. The object of this article is to take advantage of the courtesy and vast circulation of this popular and dignified magazine, to more specifically call the attention of manufacturers, large and small, as well as business men in general, to the great natural and acquired advantages of Lawrence as a center for the establishment and development of all kinds of profitable manufacturing. Lawrence has no ancient history to point

to with pride or regret; and as it is a city of modern, rapid, as well as substantial growth, its present condition and future prospects are all that can interest the watchful, energetic and restless business man of today. The attention of capitalists was called to the superior

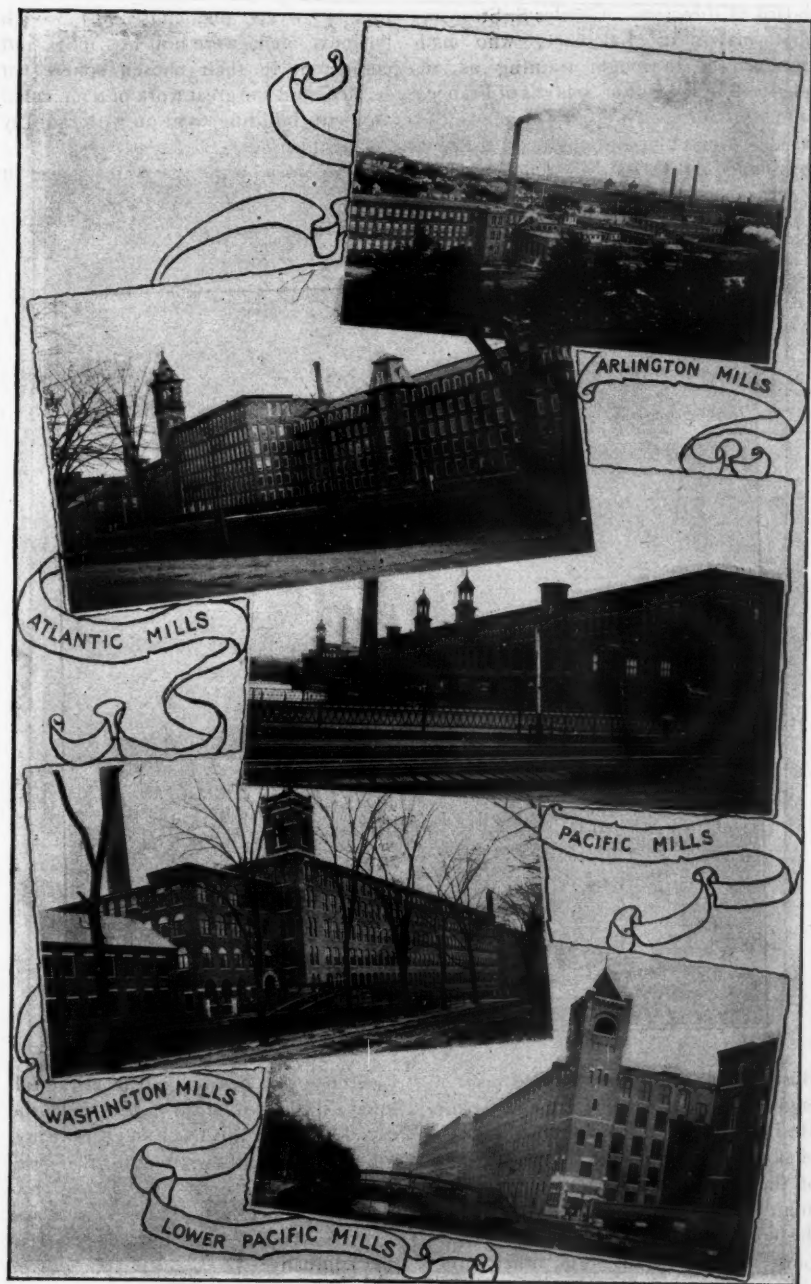
blazed the way for the extensive and costly operations that followed. The Essex Company, capitalized at \$1,000,000, and which still controls and manages, with consummate skill, the vast water power of Lawrence, was incorporated March 20, 1845, and in that very

CHARLES S. STORROW, FIRST MAYOR OF LAWRENCE



manufacturing advantages of the Merrimac valley in the early part of the last century, and from 1825 to 1850 many industries were established at the city of Lowell. In 1843 "The Merrimac Water Power Association" was formed, with Samuel Lawrence as president and treasurer, and Daniel Saunders as agent. This pioneer company secured lands and made exhaustive surveys which

day and year, it may be said, the progressive City of Lawrence was born. The original directors of the Essex Company were Abbott Lawrence, Nathan Appleton, Patrick T. Jackson, John A. Lowell, Ignatius Sargent, William Sturgis and Charles S. Storrow. The company was extremely fortunate in the varied and necessary accomplishments and technical skill of the gentlemen comprising this

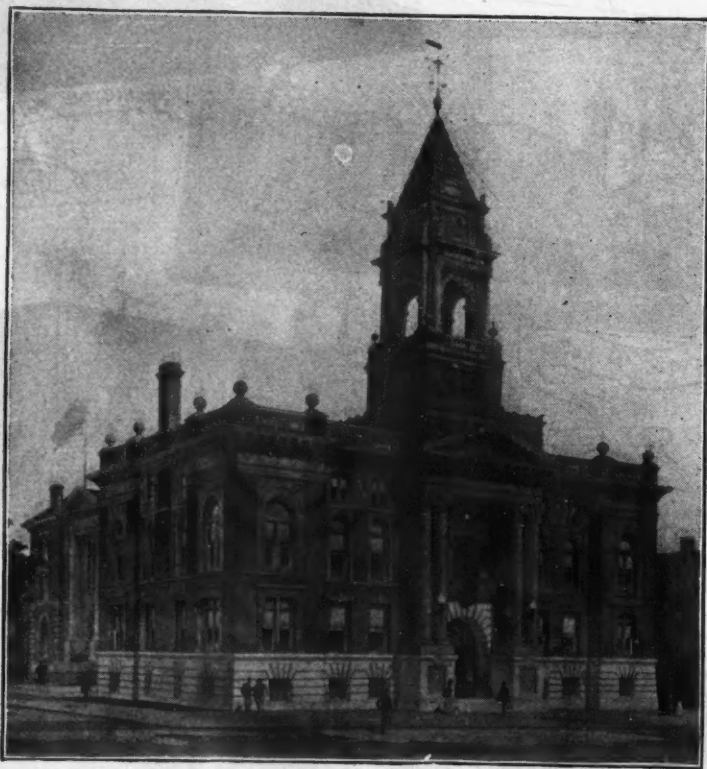


board of directors. Charles S. Storrow, first mayor of Lawrence, who had received a thorough training as an engineer in the famous schools of France, and who for many years had managed, as superintendent and engineer, the first passenger railway in New England—the

tors,—lawyers, financiers and thorough business men, were not less active and competent in their chosen spheres of service, and the great work of dam, canal and city building went on with rapidity and enthusiasm.

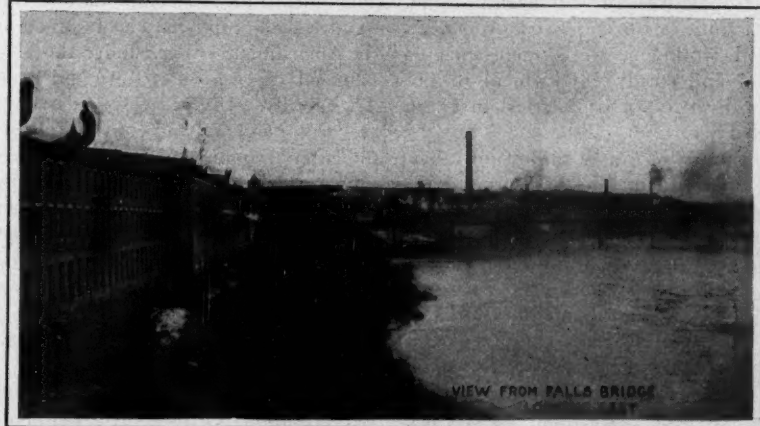
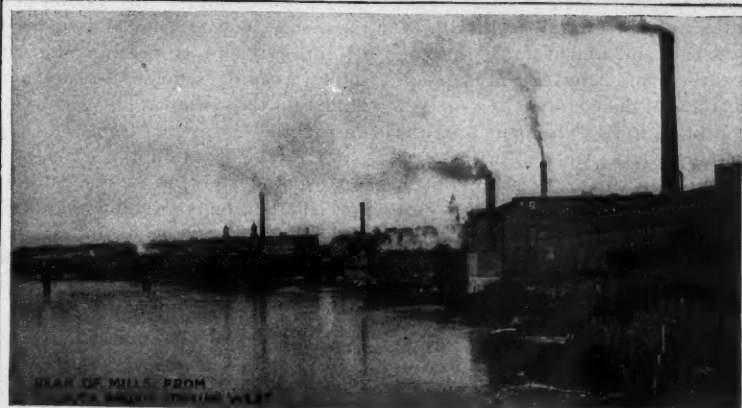
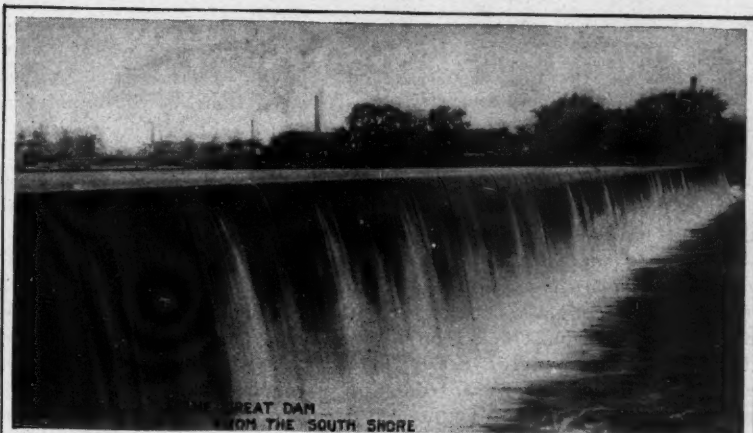
Some idea of the vast water power of

THE NEW COUNTY COURT HOUSE IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION AT PEMBERTON AND COMMON STREETS.



Boston & Lowell—became the resident engineer and manager for the company. He immediately organized a strong staff of skilled assistants, and the construction of the great dam, the development of a mighty water power, and the laying of the corner stone of the present City of Lawrence was begun. The other direc-

Lawrence may be obtained from the following brief quotation, taken from the excellent history of the Essex Company, which was recently written for the *Lawrence Board of Trade Manual* by Ex-Mayor R. H. Tewksbury, for many years, and still, the able and courteous clerk of that company:



"The great stone dam was constructed of solid granite, founded upon ledges of blue stone. It also constructed the North canal, about one mile in length, and the new South canal. The length of the dam and width of the waterfall, between wing abutments, is 900 feet. The average plunge of the fall is twenty-six feet. Including the protecting wing walls the whole structure, visible and covered, has a length of 1,620 feet."

Blessed by nature with a commanding site, and all the natural advantages given to the most favored of inland cities, Lawrence stands today in a fair position to soon take its place as second city in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is on the western division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and is only twenty-six miles from Boston. It is directly connected with the eastern and southern divisions of that great system, thus affording it the best of railroad facilities, for passenger and freight transportation, with all the manufacturing and commercial markets of the country.

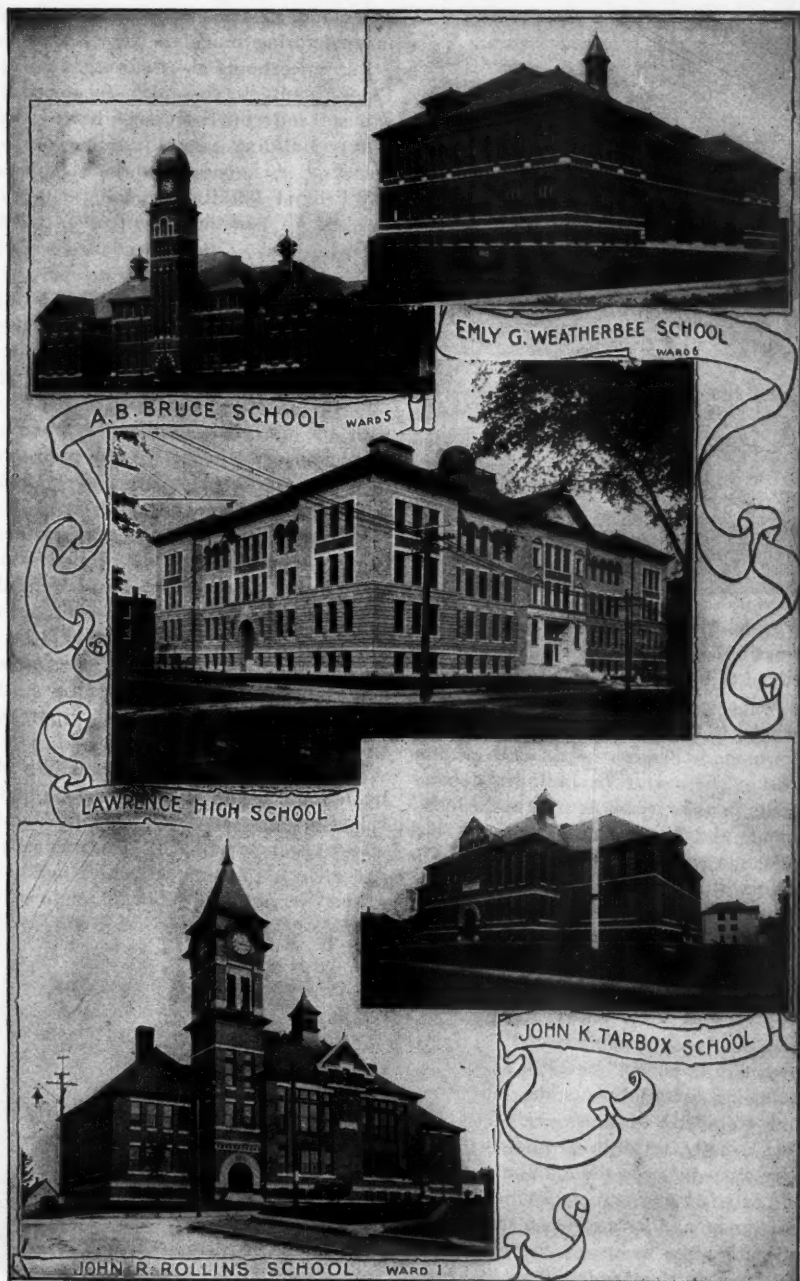
In addition to its own population, the adjoining town of Andover, with 7,000, North Andover, with 5,000, and Methuen, with 8,000, whose interests and business connections are closely allied and interwoven with ours, give to Lawrence a practically united community of nearly 90,000 people, rapidly growing in numbers and business prosperity. Within this district are constantly employed in our textile manufactures alone nearly 30,000 operatives. In our machine shops and foundries are employed over 2,000 skilled workmen, while thousands of others find steady employment in the great diversity of industries that are located here.

The questions of taxation and valuation are two of the most important subjects to be passed upon by a manufacturing corporation in considering the claims of any city or town as a location. The real estate and personal property valuation of taxes, and the rate of taxation in Lawrence are very low compared with the average of other cities in the state. The rate per thousand for the last six years has been \$15.60, and the average

rate, for ten successive years, has been \$15.92. The average tax rate of sixteen cities in the eastern part of Massachusetts, taken from the *Massachusetts Insurance Company's Tax Card*, was \$17.27.

No better or more intelligent system of public schools, for a city of its size, can be found in New England than is maintained in Lawrence. They are properly graded and equipped, and are conducted, by competent teachers, in a manner which admits of no reasonable criticism. The stately and commodious High School building, recently erected on a commanding site on Lawrence street, is capable of accommodating over 800 pupils, and is one of the most imposing, convenient and modernly equipped school edifices in Massachusetts. Evening schools also are maintained for those who are obliged to work during the day, and from which the pupils graduate as in the day schools. An evening drawing school, in which special attention is given to architectural and mechanical drawing, and which is especially valuable to young machinists, has been long maintained in Lawrence. A well conducted Manual Training School is also maintained. Large parochial schools belonging to St. Mary's parish, well equipped, ably conducted and furnishing accommodations for hundreds of pupils, are maintained by the Augustinian Order, under the able, personal supervision of Reverend James T. O'Reilly. In St. Ann's parish also are large parochial and convent schools, the latter accommodating over 500 girls, under the name and patronage of the "Bon Pasteur Order," and the former, St. Ann's College, with over 500 boys, ably taught in religion and secular knowledge by the French Brothers. These schools are under the supervision of Reverend Father Portal, the able pastor of St. Ann's parish.

The beautiful and classical red stone Public Library of Lawrence, to which a



LAWRENCE'S HIGH PRESSURE WATER TOWER



large addition has recently been made, contains 60,000 volumes, and is acknowledged to be one of the best in the state, as well as a valuable and well patronized adjunct to the city's educational system. Lawrence is blessed with one of the most efficient and watchful fire departments in any city of its size on the continent, and Chief Rutter and his able assistants may well be proud of their honors won in protecting and saving property. The total loss by fire in Lawrence in 1901 was less than \$14,000. This is one of the few cities in New England where fire underwriters can insure property without unnecessary risk or loss. The relations of capital and labor are always an important factor in any manufacturing community. The employers and employed of Lawrence have been able, usually, to settle all questions that have risen between them, in an amicable and satisfactory manner, without outside assistance, and we are within the bounds of truth when we assert that Lawrence has been much more free from labor dis-

putes and strikes than have other large manufacturing cities in New England.

Lawrence being the "shire town" of Essex County, it possesses the great advantage and convenience of having the county building as well as the county records. A large appropriation for a fine Federal Building has been made by congress, a convenient site has been selected, and it is expected that the ground will soon be broken for the construction of one of the most imposing Federal buildings to be found in the state outside of Boston.

A \$200,000 county court house is now in process of construction, which, with the city hall, the public library, municipal court house, county reformatory and imposing state armory, will add much to the appearance of the city.

Lawrence has a well kept park system of more than 132 acres, distributed over the various precincts of the city, and the Common, (so called) with its beautiful elms, avenues, ponds, fountain, soldiers' monument, well kept grass plots and choice flowers, is one of the most enchanting municipal breathing spots in the Commonwealth.

Lawrence is a city of broad and well lighted streets and it receives good service from gas, electric, telephone and telegraph companies. Its extensive street electric car system, which radiates to every point of the compass, might well

THE LAWRENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY



be improved to meet the reasonable demands and requirements of its thousands of patrons, but this will probably come when the municipal ownership question is more seriously discussed.

Beside being a "billing point," the city is the focus of six lines of railway, and has 104 passenger trains to and from the city daily. It has ninety miles of street railway track, thirty school buildings with over 10,000 pupils, and five national, three saving, and three cooperative banks. It has thirty-two churches, two morning, three evening, three weekly and three Sunday papers. It has one company of artillery, two of infantry, and one of the best armories in the state.

Lawrence has been honored and benefitted by many distinguished citizens whose names and deeds would be given a prominent place in this sketch if space permitted. Gladly would we devote pages to the name of General H. K. Oliver, composer of national fame and the author of "Merton" and "Federal Street," sung and admired wherever the English language is spoken. He was mayor of Lawrence and later of Salem, state treasurer, adjutant general, and

CANAL AND CANAL STREET FROM B. & L. RAILROAD BRIDGE



could rest his fame on his service in either capacity. Daniel Saunders, pioneer and path finder; Abbott Lawrence, whose family name the city adopted; William A. Russell, thrice elected to congress, was a member of the committee on commerce, and also on the ways and means committee of which William McKinley was chairman. C. S. Storrow and John K. Tarbox each deserve a spacious niche in the pantheon of Lawrence's honored sons.

Taking the past as a criterion, who shall dare to predict the future of Lawrence? Increasing hourly in population, developing daily in resources, and extending its manufacturing and mercantile enterprises to a degree never dreamed of until confronted by actual facts and

figures; with mills, work shops and factories multiplying; with miles of business streets filled with the incessant roar of business activity; with the outlying sections ringing daily with the welcome sound of the carpenter's hammer, calling into creation, as if by a touch of Aladdin's lamp, thousands of cozy and palatial homes for poor and rich; with beautiful school houses and stately churches; with a hand of welcome always out-

PART OF THE COMMON WITH SOLDIERS' MONUMENT



stretched to the new industry, or the new citizen; with no room or welcome for the drowsy Rip Van Winkles, the useless 400, or the titled simpleton, Law-

rence may well be called, not only the Queen City of the Merrimac, but the Paradise of busy New England.

LAWRENCE, MASS., October, 1902.

FORT WAYNE, AN INDIANA MANUFACTURING CENTER

By JOHN B. MONNING

With Engravings from Photographs by Miner's Studio

ONE has only to go away from home, visit other cities and ascertain what they are doing, to be satisfied that Fort Wayne is the best town of its size in the country. Fort Wayne has never boomed and wants no boom. Her great strides have been the legitimate results of actual conditions and not fictitious inflations. Although Fort Wayne is growing rapidly, she stands today as solid as a rock, in

the pink of health and prosperity. The records of the past ten years prove this assertion. Fort Wayne has never felt the injurious effects of a boom, but has made substantial additions to its wealth year by year which few American cities can boast of.

In 1828 the population was about 500; in 1840, 1,200; in 1860, 10,000; in 1880, 25,000; in 1890, 35,000; and in 1902,

CALHOUN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM WAYNE STREET, FORT WAYNE



55,000. From its situation as an inland city Fort Wayne is to an unusual degree dependent for its prosperity upon the extent of its manufactories.

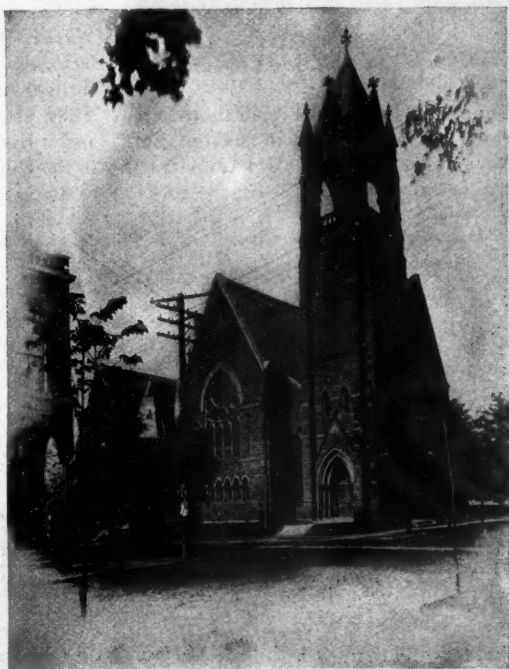
Fortunate in its location on the great avenues of travel between New York and the great cities of the West, which has made its shipping facilities of inestimable value, has cheapened its freight rates and made travel to the great commercial centers easy and favorable.

Few cities are blessed with railroads in number and excellence equal to those which center in Fort Wayne and have made of this inland city a commercial city of the first class, a distributing point for freight and passengers second only to the very largest of American cities.

Fort Wayne lies directly on the highway which commerce has established between the metropolis on the Atlantic and the great western cities with which it interchanges so much of its vast business. Accordingly it is not strange that four great trunk lines lead from Fort Wayne to New York City. The fact that eleven railways enter Fort Wayne and provide easy communication in twenty different directions is of the highest importance to the manufacturing and commercial interests of the city. The fact that the city has the advantage of railway competition has greatly contributed to cheapen freight rates from eastern trade centers and thus enhance the profits and strengthen the business of the wholesale merchant and manufacturer, who can secure their supplies at as low cost as though they resided in Chicago or

Cleveland, in Indianapolis or Detroit. The railroads which enter or pass through this city are the Pittsburg, Fort

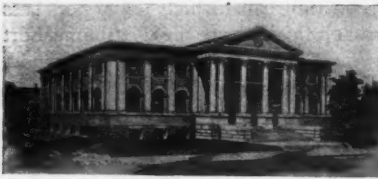
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



Wayne & Chicago Railway Company, operated by the Pennsylvania; the Wabash, the Grand Rapids & Indiana, the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Richmond, the New York, Chicago & St. Louis, (Nickle Plate), the Lake Erie & Western, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. One of the great trunk lines of the country, the Pennsylvania, has its large railroad shops here. It is, in a measure, the Pennsylvania railroad shops that Fort Wayne can credit its prosperity to.

The Pennsylvania is now doubling its capacity and increasing its vast buildings so that it covers up a space as large as some cities. The Wabash Railroad

FORT WAYNE'S PUBLIC LIBRARY

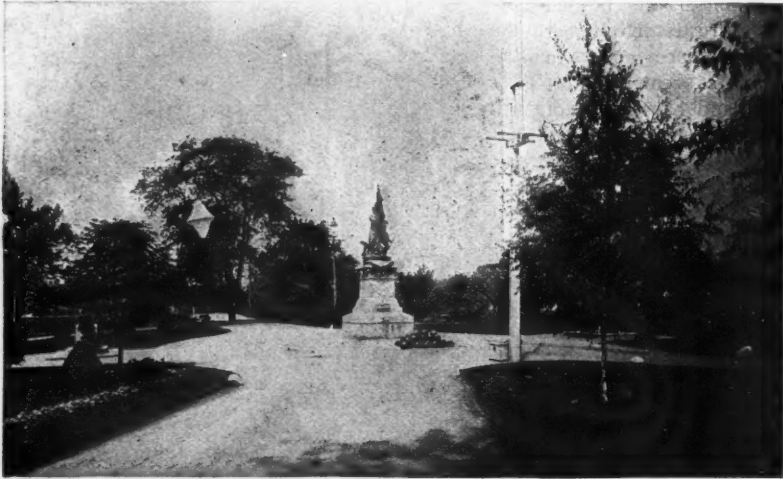


Company also has its railroad shops here, which has also helped in making Fort Wayne what it is today. It is anticipated that before long we will also be able to

others too numerous to mention which have found Fort Wayne to be a city well adapted for their manufactories.

The low rates of freights made by our railroads and the splendid class of labor which can be found here makes Fort Wayne a very desirable place for manufactories. Laboring men in this city are thrifty; they own their own homes. They usually are of foreign extraction, and it has been the work of our pastors in the churches to urge all laboring men to do their duty toward their employers

ENTRANCE TO LAWTON PARK, ONE OF FORT WAYNE'S PLEASURE GROUNDS

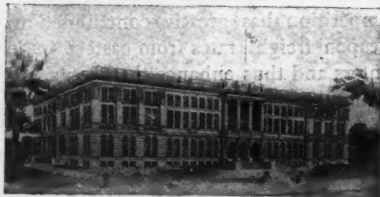


say that the Nickle Plate shops have been removed to Fort Wayne. Among other large manufactories we can mention the Bass Foundry and Machine Works, the largest car wheel works in the West; the Fort Wayne Electric Works, one of the largest electrical plants outside of New York state in the country; the Olds Wheel Works, the Kerr Murray Manufacturing Company, the Western Gas Construction Company, the Packard Organ Company, the Wayne Knitting Mills, the Indiana Machine Works, the Fleming Manufacturing Company, the Bowser Manufacturing Company and

and by all means avoid strikes. Strikes in Fort Wayne are therefore unknown.

No city in the Union affords greater advantages to manufacturing enterprises than Fort Wayne; its splendid location, net work of railroads, cheap fuel, and

PUBLIC HIGH AND MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL



available sites for factories are substantial invitations for the investment of capital. The pronounced success of the industrial concerns located here has been a source of the most favorable comment, and this is especially true of those instituted within the past twelve or fifteen years. The wholesale trade of Fort Wayne is represented by large houses handling complete stocks supplying the wide spread trade; it embraces groceries, hard ware, dry goods, boots and shoes, crackers and confectionery, cigars and tobacco, wines and liquors, produce, etc. The retail interests are remarkable in their extent and variety; every line is represented in a creditable manner.

Fort Wayne as a financial center cannot be easily excelled. Never in our history was there a bank failure in Fort Wayne. We have five large banks; the Hamilton National Bank, the Old National, the White National, the First National and Nuttman & Company's, beside two trust companies—the Fort Wayne and the Citizens'. In addition to those financial concerns Fort Wayne possesses two of the largest loan and savings associations found in Indiana, viz., Tri-State Building and Loan Association and the Allen County Loan and Savings Association. Taking this all in all, it makes a financial breastwork for Fort Wayne as strong as Gibraltar.

Few cities in the country can boast as fine and well equipped and well managed electric street car systems as Fort Wayne. The water works of our city supplies spring water to our citizens at a reasonable cost. The Fort Wayne Gas Company furnishes our citizens with gas for heat and light. The Jenney Electric

Light & Power Company furnishes electric lights which make night as bright as day. The fire department, the best in the state, furnishes ample fire protection. The two large hospitals, the St. Joseph and the Hope, furnish a splendid refuge for those in sickness or distress. Two large orphan asylums furnish our homeless children with bright and happy homes. Beside those the state has here

ALLEN COUNTY COURT HOUSE, FORT WAYNE



a home for feeble minded youth, one of the best managed humane institutions in the land. The public school system of Fort Wayne is conceded to be the best in the state. We have beside the public schools numerous private or parochial schools. The Roman Catholic and the Lutheran schools are of the largest and best managed of any found in the state. In addition we have the Fort Wayne College of Medicine, the International Business College, Concordia College and many others; all afford unusual advantages for the education of the youth.

Our public buildings are of the best and most up-to-date found anywhere in the land:— the Allen county court house, a structure admired by architects through-

THE POSTOFFICE



out the United States; the city hall, the post office, the manual training school, the library and other buildings are all fine examples of public buildings. Fort Wayne is a city of many churches. It has every religious denomination of the day and each denomination has a beautiful chapel or church. The sanitary conditions of our city are good; with an abundant supply of pure water for domestic purposes, with streets wide, airy, well shaded and well paved, an admirable sewerage system and proper sanitary laws strictly enforced; with model dwellings; with markets filled with the best food supplies, with a climate remarkably invigorating and an industrious, law abiding and temperate population, Fort Wayne is necessarily one of the most healthful cities in America.

Fort Wayne is also well supplied with daily, weekly and monthly publications. No more potent factors exist in advancing the city's interests and reflecting the energy of our commercial and manufac-

turing enterprises than our press. Fort Wayne is in no wise behind her sister cities for public charities, benevolent institutions, etc. All secret societies are represented here. For amusements the best theatrical companies, lecturers and other public entertainers never miss Fort Wayne. Our Masonic Temple, a beautiful play house well equipped, has its doors constantly open. The development of Fort Wayne suburbs of recent years has produced great activity in the local real estate market.

Many buildings of a substantial character with all the modern improvements have been erected all over the city and suburbs to such an extent that it became necessary for our city council to extend the city limits three miles.

Anyone seeking information relative to a new location for manufacturing or wholesale merchandising should address the secretary of the Fort Wayne Commercial Club. Inquiries will receive prompt attention and full information will be cheerfully given.

FORT WAYNE'S CITY HALL



KALAMAZOO, THE CAPITAL OF THE CELERY BELT

By JOSEPH ADAMS

With Engravings from Photographs by J. M. Reidsema

A STREET SCENE IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF KALAMAZOO



MIDWAY between Chicago and Detroit, upon the main line of the Michigan Central Railway, nestled at the base of richly cultivated hills, lies Kalamazoo. Who has not laughingly

commented upon the peculiar pronunciation of the old Indian word? Who has not, further, with pleasure smacked his lips and commented upon the quality of its famous product, when with delight

PUBLIC LIBRARY AND FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH



one's teeth have sunk into a stalk of Kalamazoo's crisp, golden topped celery?

a population of 30,000 prosperous and well contented citizens.

THE COURT HOUSE, KALAMAZOO



For many years Kalamazoo has been called "The Celery City." Celery made it famous. Its fame has not alone been celery fame, but beauty fame, and today its fame is not alone confined to celery and beauty, but as a progressive manufacturing community it has taken an enviable place among the leading cities of the central states. Advancement has been constant, and today Kalamazoo has

As an educational center Kalamazoo holds an enviable position. Within its confines are located the Michigan Female Seminary, Nazareth Academy and the Michigan Baptist College. Its public school system, embracing ten ward schools and one city high school, ranks

ONE OF THE BAPTIST COLLEGE BUILDINGS, KALAMAZOO



KALAMAZOO'S POST OFFICE

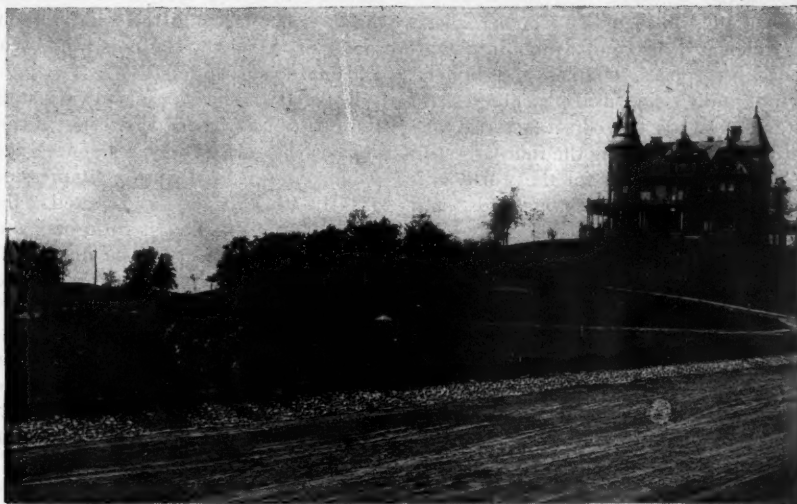


with the best in the land, every practical method of teaching in the different branches of education being expounded by competent instructors.

Kalamazoo is also a church city, the various religious denominations owning thirty-nine church structures, many of which are handsome and costly. Its public library building, presented to the city by Doctor and Mrs. E. H. Van Deusen, is the pride of a grateful people, and an ornament to the city.

There is perhaps no city in the country, of equal size, that can name among its list of manufacturing industries as great a variety of successful and sound enter-

THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. FRANK HENDERSON, KALAMAZOO



prises as can Kalamazoo. Its fame as a paper manufacturing center is established throughout the land. Within the past few years eight immense paper mills have been erected. So successful has been

the paper industry that within the past two years four new mills have been started. Millions of dollars are invested in the finest improved paper making machinery and employment is given to

FINE RESIDENCES IN IN WEST MAIN STREET, KALAMAZOO



hundreds of skilled paper makers. The product is confined principally to the best grades of coated and book papers.

Kalamazoo also ranks high in its output of carriages, engines and boilers, wind mills, saw mill machinery and stoves. It has two corset factories, one of which ranks among the four largest in America. It makes for the world millions of packs of playing cards, and supplies the physicians and druggists of the land tens of millions of pills and granules every year. Kalamazoo claims still more branches of American industry—an immense sugar factory, steel rolling mills, a peppermint oil refinery which is the largest in the world, the largest society regalia and uniform manufacturing institution in the country. Kalamazoo's springs and axles are used on wagons and carriages in every state; its improved gas lamp is the pride of every well lighted store and office in the

largest cities; its cigars are smoked with pleasure from coast to coast and Kalamazoo harrows comb the soil for thousands of American farmers who wear Kalamazoo suspenders.

Kalamazoo is most beautifully situated. Its luxuriously shaded streets, nicely kept lawns and stately residences and public buildings give a lasting impression of thrift and prosperity. Located in the very heart of the city is Bronson park, which is a veritable paradise during the spring, summer and fall months. Looking from the park in any direction, one's vision falls upon the beauties of nature and the artistic handiwork of man. Stately residences, massive churches and public buildings, all combined, constitute a huge frame of a picture for perpetual admiration.

Kalamazoo is surrounded by scores of pretty inland lakes and streams which are the homes of the black bass, the

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY, KALAMAZOO



BRONSON PARK, ONE OF KALAMAZOO'S PRETTY RECREATION GROUNDS



gamy speckled trout and the fighting muskalonge. It is the fisherman's paradise and the summer and fall months convert Kalamazoo into a vast pleasure ground.

Kalamazoo is a healthy community, due to a great extent to its abundance of pure water, clear as crystal and ice cold, which is piped to the farthestmost residence portion of the city. Its sewage system is perfect and its streets are paved with brick and asphalt. Extensive public improvements will be realized during the coming two years, there having been set aside the sum of \$200,000 for street improvements alone.

As an inducement for manufacturing enterprises Kalamazoo offers shipping

facilities over five different railroads. An immense water power is received from the Kalamazoo river, which generates electric power for the factory, motive power for the city street car lines, for the inter-urban electric line and electric light and power for the several surrounding cities and villages.

Kalamazoo proudly boasts of her rapid and firmly entrenched strides into place and power among the leading manufacturing cities of the middle states. Her industries are varied, products the best, her citizens healthy and prosperous and she extends her arms of hospitality to the world and bids all legitimate enterprises and deserving people welcome to take up their residence in her midst.



The Coal Strike as An Object Lesson

By *ARTHUR McILROY*.

ON May 15, 1902, the operators of the Pennsylvania anthracite mines refused to submit to impartial arbitration the wage demands made by the Mine Workers Union of America in behalf of the members of that organization, the men who mine the coal.

What were those demands?

Briefly, they are stated by President John Mitchell of the Mine Workers Union as follows:

"First—That the men who work by contract or by the piece be given a 20 per cent increase in pay.

"Second—An eight-hour work day, without reduction, for all men who work by the day, week or month.

"And, third, that the coal mined be weighed and paid for by weight, wherever practicable, and that an equitable arrangement regarding impurities and refuse be made.

"In this connection I wish to state that the 20 per cent increase applies to one class of miners, and the demand for an eight-hour work day to another.

"At present, where the miners are paid by weight, they receive 74 cents for a ton of from 2,740 to 3,100 pounds, all being penalized for impurities and refuse. The companies sell 2,240 pounds to the ton. The trouble is that some miners have little refuse in the coal, while others have much, but few or none so much as the estimate fixed by the operators.

"The point is this: When a company sells more coal than it pays the miners for mining, we ask that the miners be paid their share of excess."

Mr. Mitchell adds significantly:

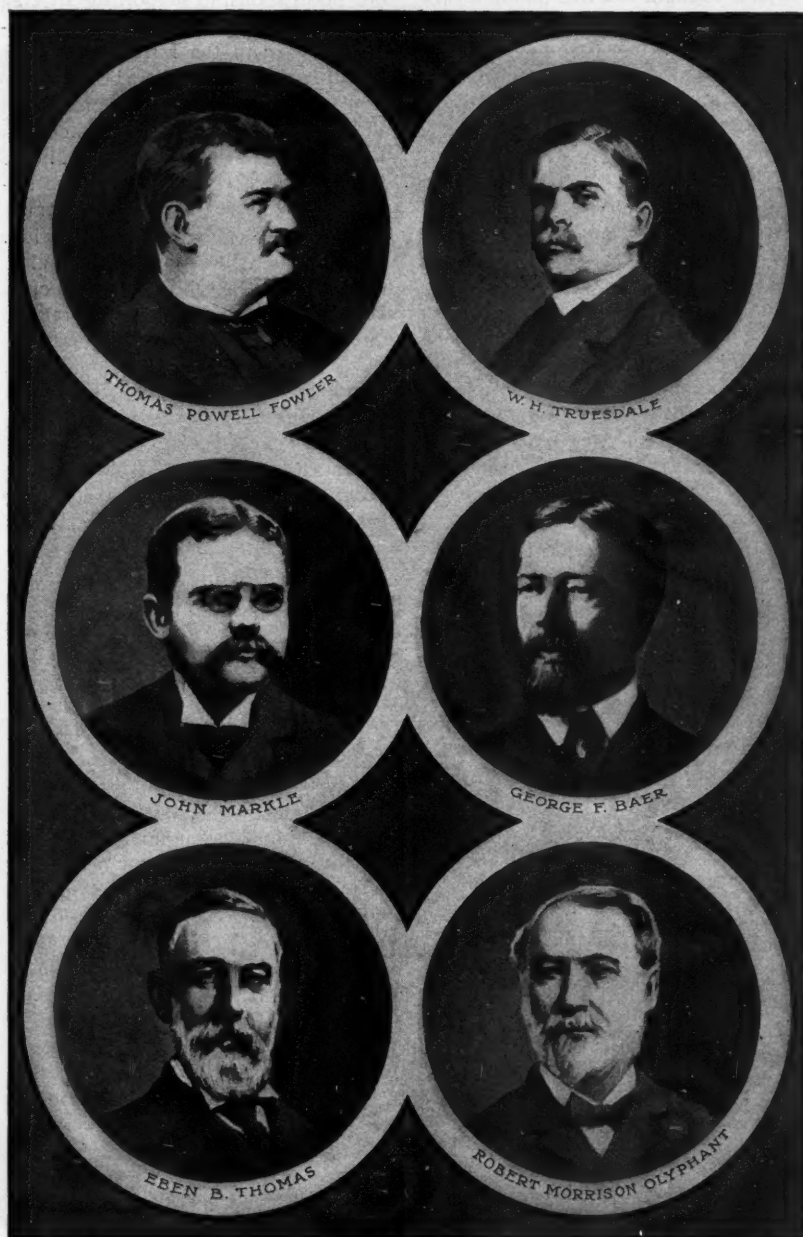
Involved in this fight are questions weightier than any question of dollars and cents. The present miner has had his day; he has been oppressed and ground down, but there is another generation coming up—a generation of little children, prematurely doomed to the whirl of the mill and the noise and blackness of the breakers. It is for these little children we are fighting. We have not under estimated the strength of our opponents; we have not over estimated our own power of resistance. Accustomed always to live upon a little, a little less is no unendurable hardship. It was with a

quaking of hearts that we asked for our last pay envelopes; but in the grim and bruised hand of the miner was the little white hand of a child, a child like the children of the rich, and in the heart of the miner was the soul rooted determination to starve to the last crust of bread and fight out the long, dreary battle, to win a life for the child and secure for it a place in the world in keeping with advanced civilization.

Nor is Mr. Mitchell's testimony unsupported. Mr. Walter Wellman, one of the ablest journalists in America, who made a thorough study of conditions in the anthracite district at the beginning of the strike, for his paper, the Chicago Record-Herald, said in effect that the miners were fighting for the American standard of living—to escape galling serfdom. And later, Senator Hanna, chairman of the industrial department of the National Civic Federation, devoted to the arbitration of disputes between employes and employers, declared his belief that the strikers were entitled to what they demanded—whereupon, the employers having flatly refused to accept arbitration, or to yield a single point for peace, the senator washed his hands of the whole affair.

Further light on the justice of the demands made by the miners is given by the wage statistics of the districts. Taking 36,000 miners—the skilled workmen—it is found they have received an average of \$421 per year. Helpers earned an average of \$321 per year, and lumpers \$327. The reader can determine for himself whether men can reasonably be expected to live decently, educate their

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE SO-CALLED COAL ROADS AND JOHN MARKLE, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL INDIVIDUAL OPERATORS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE FIELD



children and become such citizens as will add strength to a free nation on the wages these men have been earning. It is notorious that they have not been able to keep their children in schools—for child labor, enforced by the bitter law of necessity, is general throughout the anthracite region.

It was on May 11 that the miners and their associated laborers quit work. On May 15, a delegate convention held at Hazelton voted to continue the strike until the operators should grant their demands. Since that date there has been but little work done in the hard coal region. A few thousand non-union miners, scattered about the region, have kept a tiny dribble of coal coming into the market, but the general effect has been equivalent to complete cessation of mining.

With the history of the strike from day to day, since with empty coal bins the people of the country faced on-coming winter, no one who reads the newspapers is unfamiliar. We have seen some extraordinary developments in the old, old fight between capital and labor. We have seen the country, at first indifferent, or interested only to see fair play between the combatants, take alarm for its own safety—at first slowly, then more fearfully, until public feeling on the coal question has, at this writing, (October 8) developed into something approaching a panic. The press and people are fervently calling on mayors, governors, congress and president to take such immediate steps as will insure the reopening of the mines and the digging of a fuel supply for the winter. It is highly significant of an advance in American civilization that, almost without exception, these demands have opposed the position of the coal mine operators. Nor has this universal sympathy expended itself wholly in words: hundreds of thousands of dollars have been freely, gladly con-

tributed by men and women of all ranks and occupations, to support the striking miners and their families in their idleness. Never in the history of this or any other country has there been seen so general and spontaneous an expression of the true spirit of the brotherhood of man. Never since the abolition of negro slavery have men witnessed a more significant proof that the race does advance in the finest qualities of true civilization. Nor since the foundation of the republic has there been so well nigh unanimous a demand for government seizure and operation of a great industry as that which has been made in press and pulpit, in shop and office and street, and aimed at the holdings of the so-called coal barons of Pennsylvania.

Men who five months ago would have waxed indignant at the bare suggestion that the people, through their agent the government, should own and operate the hard coal mines from which is drawn the sole supply of a universal necessity, are now among the most enthusiastic advocates of this policy.

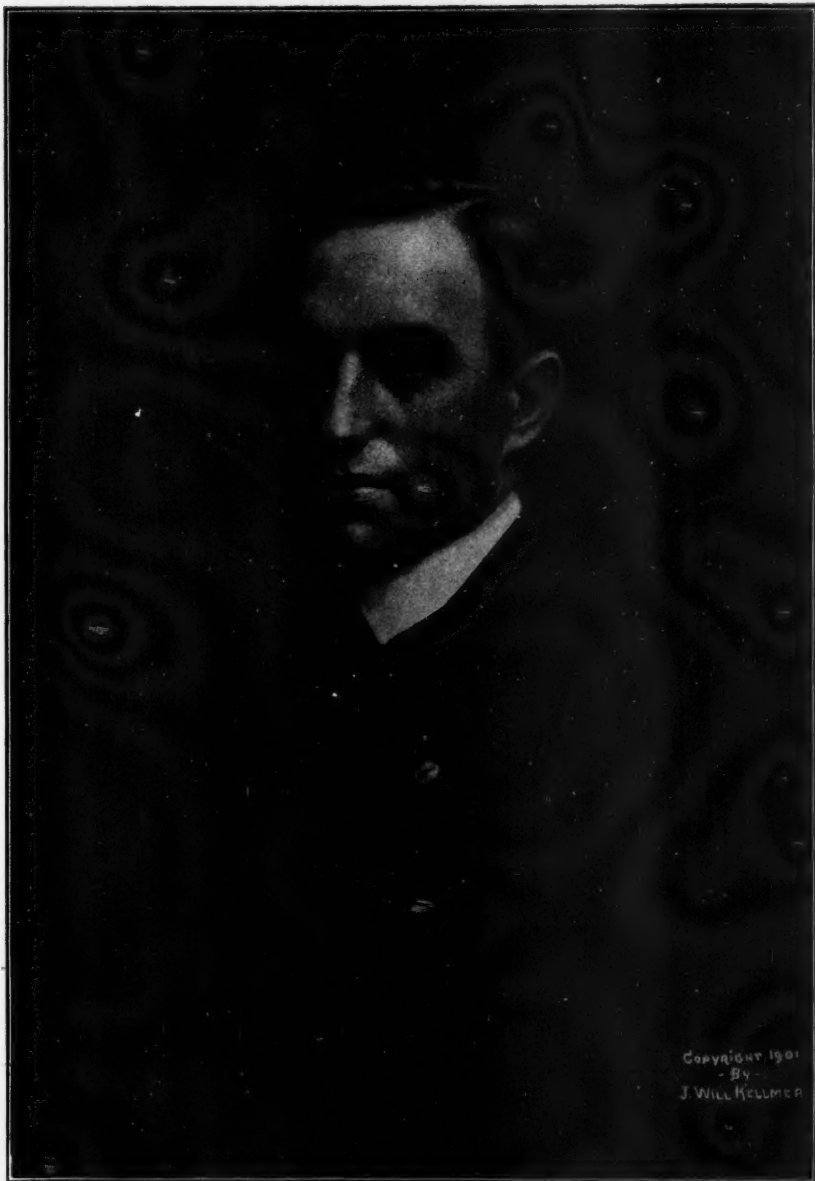
This is the principal object lesson of the coal miners' strike of 1902.

The people of the United States have been taught that it is no longer safe to leave their fuel supply in the control of men who have shown themselves utterly indifferent to the common demands of humanity; who would not hesitate to freeze tens of thousands of helpless poor, and exact extortionate prices from the many who are well or hardly able to procure coal at any price; who have shown that they have no realization whatever of their true position as trustees of the public in the operation of a great natural monopoly. Whatever this lesson may cost—and its cost will be direful—it will in the long run prove to be worth the price.

For the present, the public's demands will focus in one cry—for fuel at any

JOHN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

John Mitchell is one of the ablest and most conservative leaders of organized labor today. He opposed the strike in the Pennsylvania mines, but since the miners voted to strike has directed its progress with masterly skill, and a statesmanlike comprehension of the larger issues involved in this conflict. He was born in Braidwood, an Illinois mining town, and got his education, after reaching the age of ten years, by night study; his days were given to bread winning labor.



THE COAL STRIKE AS AN OBJECT LESSON

price, gotten by any means short of federal cooperation with the operators in crushing the just aspirations of the coal miners. The great majority of opinions that have reached the general public favor government seizure, by process of law, of the coal mines. The famous lawyers in the president's cabinet assure him there is no law by which he can seize the mines for the people. Equally famous and competent lawyers not in the cabinet, and who have never had any alliance with the great financial interests which are the holders of the mines, say with equal conviction that this step can be taken legally. However the legality of the step may finally be decided, there seems no reasonable doubt that the people will prefer rather to create a precedent than to suffer for lack of fuel or be robbed in the buying of the scant supply which they are able to obtain. Should the strike continue for long and the fuel supply dwindle still lower, it is unbelievable that Theodore Roosevelt will allow his hands to be tied by musty precedent in this matter.

But let us suppose that very shortly, even before this number of the National reaches its readers, the strike shall have been settled, and the miners be again at work, there will still remain the necessity for the people to make application of the lessons they have learned.

What form shall this application take? Shall congress enact a compulsory arbitration law, involving the creation of a vast, costly and intricate new system of courts? Or shall the people demand of their representatives that they at once take steps to obtain ownership of the mines, putting an end at once and forever to strikes and their precedent and consequent ills?

In this application of one lesson taught by the coal strike is a great new political issue. I do not share the belief of those who urge that our industrial concerns—

our tariffs, etc.,—should be divorced from politics. In the first place, the thing is manifestly impossible; in the second place, the interests of the majority demand, imperatively demand, the constantly closer union of industry and government. Great combinations of capital, grown up under the protection of the laws which they have constantly broken when it suited their own purposes to break them, have challenged the whole people to cope with them. In the persons of the presidents of the coal roads, they have openly and insolently defied the president, and back of him the people, who asked nothing more, indeed far less, than simple justice.

Back of the coal road presidents stands J. Pierpont Morgan. Back of Morgan stands the real power, John D. Rockefeller, with his Standard Oil millions which have overflowed their original boundaries and poured out, a mighty flood, into dozens of the great fields of industry. Mr. Morgan, holding absolute control of the coal roads, could have ended the strike at any minute since it began by the simple expedient of ordering the presidents of those roads to grant what the miners demanded. He was fronted, it is said, by the fact that the presidents of these roads had signed an agreement to resign their positions the minute Morgan should attempt to interfere with their plans for crushing the miners' union. Time will undoubtedly demonstrate that Mr. Morgan would better have served his backers by discharging his presidents outright and granting the miners' demands. Failing to do this, he has, more than any other one man, fostered the growth of the popular sentiment for government ownership of the mines. And if of the mines, then necessarily of the coal roads, which distribute the product of the mines.

My own opinion—colored, possibly, by the thought of the coal I bought yes—

THE COAL STRIKE AS AN OBJECT LESSON

terday at \$15 a ton—is that there will shortly be a number of stiff necked coal road presidents looking for new jobs. The wish may be father to the thought. One of them, the unctuous Baer, has fairly won his place in history alongside Simon Legree and General Weyler. If Mr. Morgan's financial undertakings are so wholly independent of public favor that he can afford to carry the dead weight of hatred and contempt which this person has excited, he is truly the most fortunate of promoters. And if Mr. Morgan is so firmly intrenched against the menace which the desire for federal ownership of the mines casts upon those properties which he controls, that he can afford to flaunt Baer and his ilk in the public's face, then it is high time the public learned the inner workings of these intrenchments.

The people of the United States are freer, richer, more intelligent than in any past day. They are going that way, and they will not be long impeded by individual greed. The man, or the organization of men, that attempts to defy the people of this country, will shortly learn how poor is the dependence to be placed in legal precedents—or the lack of them. The Rockefellers and the Morgans, and their hired slave drivers the Baers, et al., could lengthen their day of prosperity by curbing their greed and cultivating the spirit of humanity. They have shortened their day by the course they have taken in this battle with 150,000 free citizens struggling with Spartan courage for the right to live and rear

their families as free men should. And this is another of the object lessons taught by the coal strike.

The old rule, that "there is no great loss without some small gain," holds good in respect to the coal strike. One of the beneficent results, ultimately, will be the larger emancipation of the people from their dependence on hard coal for heating. As if it were made to order, the occasion affords opportunity to the owners of the vast fuel oil wells of the southwest to get their product on the market. In thousands of homes both stoves and furnaces will be equipped with oil burners, and oil will hereafter take the place of anthracite. Other thousands will renew old acquaintance with wood fires—most cheerful of sights on a frosty winter evening. Many, very many, who have gotten into a bad habit of toasting themselves during all the hours passed indoors, will find it is not so bad a thing to lower the temperature of their houses, or to sleep in cold bed chambers. Aside from the pitiful poor of the cities, who will suffer actual misery and among whom many deaths will result directly from the lack of sufficient heating, it is likely that the general results will be beneficial. But benefits conferred by violence are seldom welcomed in this world; and who that has a heart in him can consider unmoved the ghastly suffering of the poor that must inevitably accompany the existing situation? This thought chiefly stiffens the general resolve to put it out of the power of any man or set of men ever to renew this situation.

OPPORTUNITIES

If opportunities, like diamonds rare,
Were found but seldom, and with patient care,
What voyages to find them would men make,
With time and life and honor all at stake!

George Bancroft Griffith



SOMETIMES I wonder if there isn't a wee bit of virtue in having many tasks ahead to finish. Perhaps the thought is father to the wish in this instance, as I look upon stray heaps of unfinished manuscripts on my desk. When I try to measure or chance to meet the man or woman who always does things so completely and thoroughly that neither ever has any unfinished business on hand, there is likely to be a lack of real human interest in their undertakings. They are more like automatons than like human beings.

Spirit, sentiment and feeling are after all powerful factors, and it is interesting to study human moods, varying as shifting sunlight, revealed in manuscript. It requires no especially acute observer to read the thoughts that flash between the lines, in a way indefinable, and yet as positively discernable as the words and letters that make up the written page. Well, it is an array of these little bits of uncompleted work that sets me to philosophising; but the printer insists upon copy of some sort.

There are so many things I wish to do in the span of life that may be allotted me, that I will have to live to be 154 years old to get through; but I find it

makes things go easier and even swifter to keep a variety of work in hand, and when I grow drowsy on one thing, I take up another sort and keep moving. Activity—the activity that goes after results—counts. Even the vacation days are made more restful by occupation. The cool, steel blade brutalities incident to business operations are only a means to an end. Trace the ambition of the average American to its source and you will find it often is a home—perhaps even a summer home—near the old farm; a simple bit of sentiment that clusters about old scenes. I care not what the cynics and pessimists may say, if the ambition and heroic impulse of our people are centered on home building there is no need of fear for the future. Lofty idealism may seem quixotic, but if the national home ideal remains pure and unsullied, if our hearts beat in harmony with the simple pulse of Nature and the home ideal, the destiny of the greatest nation known in history will be fulfilled.

There are millionaires who back race horses; those who yearn after yachts; others have well defined hobbies for collecting pictures, rugs or dogs, mayhap old coins and old books, but I cannot

resist paying a tribute to the hobby of a man who has forbidden me to use his name. A score of young men launched in life through his kindly interest—and that was not all. He followed the launching with the glass to his eye. Out of twenty, ten succeeded; that is, stood the stress of hard times and prosperity and clung tenaciously to the old fashioned ideal of integrity and did just exactly what they said they would do. One makes ten thousand, another makes one thousand per year, and nearly all are counted equally successful in the larger purposes of life.

It is truly gratifying to know that we have men who, having fought their fight and gained their millions, still believe in young men. There would be more of them, but the stinging remembrance of ingratitude leaves a scar and often transfers affections belonging to human beings to the grateful dog with a wagging tail. To the patriarch who insists in putting his faith in the boys of today, as the hope of the future, and gives away his money and time and advice to assist in launching careers instead of yachts; who has permitted human interest to extend beyond his own family circle—a true philanthropist—his memory will not fade or his good influences cease to operate.

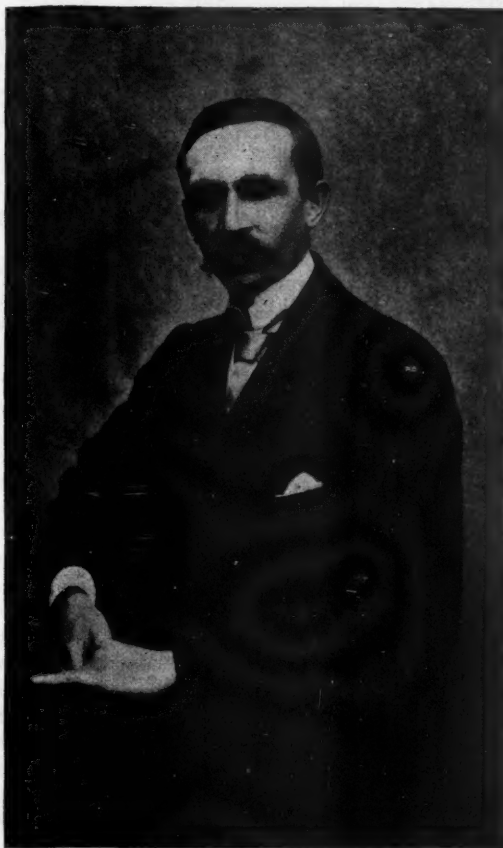
There are numerous letters that come to my desk from young men and women asking for concrete advice as to how to "get on" in the world, how to "make a good living" and "win success in life." It is

the old, old story, and I am trying it on myself. It seems to me that the proposition is simply to do your level best in whatever work you have undertaken, and for which you feel fitness and enthusiasm.

Do not smile—I prescribed canvassing for the National Magazine for six college graduates. Four of them went at it with vim and vigor, and three have succeeded in earning larger incomes than

PROFESSOR H. J. CRUMLINE

Boston music lovers are soon to have the pleasure of attending the first recital of this remarkable man. He comes with introductions and testimonials from the foremost musicians of Great Britain and the continent.



the salaries of their college professors. But that is not all. Their experience of six weeks in meeting men and, notwithstanding rebuffs, in mastering difficult situations, cultivating the art of moving men, has been to them—they say—of more practical value for “getting on” in the world than a college course. Remember this is their verdict, not mine. “And why?” I asked innocently. “It has taught us how to make friends, and how to look the world and men square in the face, asking for just consideration. We are cultivating that vital part of life’s curriculum—meeting men fearlessly with our head up; tactfully and with a smile and the genial sense of humor the world loves.”

This is a composite paragraph. The sentences were selected from three different letters. The young men have been engaged in plain, simple, old fashioned canvassing, with a frank, hearty story to tell why the National Magazine is worth \$1.00 a year, in connection with a series of articles on “Progressive American Cities.” And the National’s circulation has grown like a sunflower during the dull summer months.

It was certainly interesting to hear them relate their experiences—because I have been through it. The cold, frigid stare at first; the mental duel before confidence was established; then the story of “No time to read,” “More than I can read,” etc., etc.; but the way those three young canvassing lawyers briefly pleaded their cases for subscriptions to the National Magazine (and they usually succeeded) proved their fitness for a practical professional career. The world takes pretty good care of those who take care of themselves; and, after all, Human Nature, pure and simple, is the great text book. If there is any one thing the National is interested in, it is helping young people to get a start; but the result must depend upon the force and

capacity of the individual in the last analysis, despite the best laid plans.

Pride—common, ordinary, coquettish pride—often stands in the way. Every thing of value costs something; and when will the average young man remember that simple grit, industry and temperance, with a will power as carefully cultivated as intellect or biceps, are certain to make a dent somewhere. And the world is full of men willing to assist young people with the right kind of stuff in them; and those young people who retain that rare virtue in these days—just old fashioned gratitude to people who do try to help them on—are wise. The one word gratitude comprehends the highest virtues, as ingratitude includes all that is despicable and contemptible. Just measure yourself up occasionally and see where you stand.

On the links at North Berwick—(pronounced Berick, the *w* silent) I had my first stroke at a real live golf ball. Attired in a top hat and frock coat, I started toward the links. My friend gave me a timely warning, and I donned a golf cap and exchanged coats at the little cabin where golf sticks are repaired. On the outskirts of this picturesque sporting ground and rest retreat, is the summer home of Ambassador Choate, commanding a fine view of the sea. As a toastmaster, Mr. Choate has an international reputation, and as a tea maker he is also entitled to high honors. He “drew” the tea, and we talked “Affairs at Washington,” and American affairs generally. The ambassador had a hearty laugh over my adventures on coronation day, but said at the close of the story, “Done just right.” Mr. Choate’s kindly brown eyes at his hearth-side would scarcely be recognized in the flashing glance that illumines his countenance in debate or public speech. He has a great, broad, gentle simplicity that suggests McKinley, is without the least affectation, thought-

ful and deep in his pursuit of his favorite studies. America has reason to be proud of her ambassador at the court of St. James. He is especially popular throughout Scotland, and is better known among the people of Great Britain than any of his predecessors since Lowell. The addresses made by Mr. Choate in Edinburgh are events of great public interest. "Aye, he has always a bit to say—and he says it," was the characteristic comment of a Scotchman.

Every one in Berwick, from highest to lowest, from youth to age, plays golf. In fact, they use golf clubs for walking sticks, and the driven snows of winter but add zest to their pursuit of the game. The great links, which date far back into the misty days of Scottish history, are common property. There are twenty holes and each has a unique and characteristic name painted on the little red iron flag which marks its location. The first hole drives across a sand cove, and over the fine-grained springy Scotch turf that has no equal anywhere. The course is about seven miles long. It was a rare sight to see Mr. Balfour, premier of Great Britain, bare-headed and grim, start from the same tee and over the same course with Sandy McDune, the butcher's lad. Love and sport are true levelers—and if pursued in the right

spirit, both level upward. The women's championship on these links was won by Miss Griscom of Philadelphia, daughter of Clement Griscom, president of the American steamship line.

It was in this quaint town that I met Professor H. J. Crumpline, the blind musician so highly recommended by Sir Joseph Barnaby and Sir Alexander McKenzie of London. He has since come to Boston and established himself as a musical instructor, as he had long ago made up his mind to become an American. Professor Crumpline has few peers in his profession, and the farewell greeting given him on his departure for America was one of the happy events at North Berwick. Professor Crumpline was born in London in 1875. His family removed to Edinburgh when he was six years old. An accident deprived him of his eyesight in his seventh year. He fairly "lisp'd in numbers," and at the age of eight had composed his first piano piece. Studying several years under the best masters of the city, he gave his first public recital in his fifteenth year, at Ayr town hall, before an audience of 2,000. Three years later he was appointed organist and choir master of one of the leading provincial churches of Scotland, a post he held until his departure for Boston, September 10, 1902.

COMET OF 1882

BRIDE of the morning star, hath not my soul
 Enough of envy in these nightly hosts?
 Com'st thou to wake our spirits from their sleep
 Of dumb, dull discontent? Bright apparition, fade
 O fade not from my clinging eyes! Take me—
 Take that of me thou wilt—from off this orb
 Where Sin and Death are prisoned; let me join
 Thy splendid train, and aid, in dawning skies,
 Those happier stars that bear thy shining veil.

John McGovern

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